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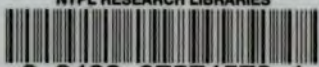
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THE
GERMAN ROMANCES.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1837.
G. M. H.



CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

	PAGE
POPULAR TRADITIONS.—Popular Traditions collected and narrated by OTMAR.....	
Introductory notice.....	3
LOCAL POPULAR TRADITIONS FROM THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE HARTE.....	13
The Horse-shoe on the Church Door.....	15
Jacob Nimmernuchtern, or Jacob of the Bowl	18
Lora, the Goddess of Love	41
LOCAL POPULAR TRADITIONS FROM THE GOLDEN GREEN.	
The Knights' Cellar in the Kyffhäuser	49
Peter Klaus, the Goatherd	55
LOCAL POPULAR TRADITIONS FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF THE HARTE.	
The Monk of Conradburg's Tale	63
Castle Dumburg	72
The Wild Hunter of Hackelnberg	81
The Wolf Stone	87
GOTTSCHALCK.	
Introductory notice	90
The Witch-dance on the Brocken	94
The Meadow Dance	98
The Devil's Fight in Goslar Cathedral	106
The Mouse Tower	111
The Castle Spectre of Scharzfeld	115
The Kingdom of Heaven	119
The Monastery	122
The Devil Stones	126
Notburga	131
Ritter Bodo	141

The Lion Fight	148
The unlucky Miser of Questenberg	152
The Miraculous Fish	157
The Prudent Princess	171
The Devil's Mill	173
EBERHARDT.	
The Bet	179
Treachery its own Betrayer	198
BÜSCHING.	
Introductory notice	213
History of Count Walter and the Lady Helgunda	217
Assassination of the Empress of Tartary at Neumarkt in the Year 1240	227
M. M. GRIMM.	
Introductory notice	235
The Twelve Dancing Princesses	238
The Oldenburgh Wonder-Horn	245
The domestic Goblin Hutchen	248
Frederick the Red Beard upon the Kyffhäusern	256
The Wild Hunter in Chase of the Moss Hoppers	258
The Familiar of the Mill	260
Johan Hübner	264
Johan Von Passau	268
The Magic Glass	270
The Devil turned pleader	276
Rebundus in the Cathedral at Lubeck	278
The Gallows Guests	281
Hildegard	283
LOTHAR.	
The Arch Rogue	287
Castle Christburg	297
LA MORRE FOUQUE.	
Introductory notice	306
The Field of Terror, or the Haunted Field	310
The Mandrake	327

POPULAR TRADITIONS.

VOL. II.

B

POPULAR TRADITIONS

COLLECTED AND NARRATED BY

OTMAR.*

AMONG those modern German writers, so justly eulogized by Madame de Staël,† for their anxiety in investigating and preserving the literary reliques of their country, we shall first touch upon the labors of the above author. These it would appear, were some of the earliest instituted during the last century, which afforded an example for researches of a similar kind. They were speedily followed by other efforts of congenial spirits, whose veneration for their national literature and antiquities has rendered their names so popular at the present period; by those of Gottschalck of Büsching, and of the Brothers Grimm.

In the collections of the latter authors, frequent reference occurs to the stories contained in the work of Otmar, who as a foremost gleaner in this wide and

* *Folks-sagen, Nacherzählt Von Otmar*, with Plates, Bremen, 1800. His real name was Nachtigal.

† See her *Germany*, Vol. II. Chap. Novels.

fertile field, has enriched his pages with some of the boldest and most characteristic features of the "Olden Times." Several of them, indeed, have been borrowed and imitated by succeeding writers, (few equalled or improved) in their different collections, and present us with subjects of a very striking and diversified class—convivial, chivalric, terrific, and amusing. Specimens of all of these are to be met with in the following selections. In truth, no collection of popular stories better deserves to form the ground-work of a succession of national traditions and tales, such as is here proposed, embracing, as it does, a space of four centuries, (from 1200 to 1600) and, for the most part, boasting the merit of oral and local communication, received upon and referred to the peculiar traditionary site, by the relater's own industry and perseverance.

"The popular stories here offered to my countrymen," observes the collector, "are not the effusions of fancy, not mere historic remnants of the manners of the Middle Ages adapted to garnish a modern romance, often founded only upon some current tradition of little worth. They are real tales of the people, collected among them with much care, as they were fast dropping into oblivion, and are here narrated in the most simple and faithful language."
—*Preface*, p. iv.

"Simple and unimportant as the subject may at

first appear, it will be found upon a nearer view, well worth the attention of philosophical and historical inquirers. All genuine popular tales, arranged with local and national reference, cannot fail to throw light upon contemporary events in history, upon the progressive cultivation of society, and upon the prevailing modes of thinking in every age. Though not consisting of a recital of bare facts, they are in most instances, founded upon fact, and in so far connected with history, which occasionally indeed borrows from, and as often reflects light upon, these familiar annals—these more private and interesting casualties of human life. Their poetical origin, frequently a corruption of the old ballad, does not impugn their veracity; inasmuch as the earliest history and the laws of nations themselves are known to have been first recorded in poetry. Hence heroic poems, the earliest annals of a country's glory, will be found the most frequent store-house of the national tale and the ballad; the *Iliad*, the *Edda*, and the *Nibelungen*, having equally given birth to prose fiction founded upon facts borrowed from poetry and infinitely diversified.

“The popular tale, may, therefore, be most aptly illustrated, by terming it the memory of some event preserved in its contemporary character and ideas, though divested of its native poetical ornaments. In this form, its earliest origin and ramifications in

different countries, growing gradually more obscure, it again furnishes materials for the poet or the historian, as appears sufficiently evident from Greek and Roman history, no less from their mythological outset, than from scenes and events recorded by their subsequent historians, by Thucydides and by Livy.

"It is thus that popular tradition, connected with all that is most interesting in human history and human action, upon a national scale, a mirror reflecting the people's past worth and wisdom, invariably possesses so deep a hold upon its affections, and offers so many instructive hints to the man of the world, to the statesman, the citizen and the peasant.

"The voice of the people is heard in deep and earnest discourse; its peculiar features and disposition are strongly marked; here it is dissolved in unaffected tenderness, there it rises into ferocity or borders upon despair. Sometimes it accosts us in joyous and playful tones, at others it is as bitter and satirical; now it bursts like a torrent against its feudal oppressors, and again subsides into servility, wretchedness and craft. Often it groans under the united weight of superstition and of chains; again looks out on nature with a more clear and cheerful eye, presenting us with congenial pictures of rural festivity and repose.

"Signs of approaching changes, no less in manners than in states, may likewise be traced, floating down this popular current of opinions, fertilizing the seeds

scattered by a past generation, and marking by its ebbs and flows the state of the political atmosphere, and the distant gathering of the storm.

“National traditions farther serve to throw light upon ancient and modern mythology, and in many instances they are known to preserve traces of their fabulous descent, as will clearly appear in some of the following selections. It is the same with those of all nations, whether of eastern or western origin; Greek, Scythian, or Kamtschatkan. And hence among every people just emerged out of a state of barbarism, the same causes lead to the production of similar compositions, and a chain of connection is thus established between the fables of different nations, only varied by clime and custom, sufficient to prove not merely a degree of harmony, but secret interchanges and communications.

“And though it be impossible to trace their course, it is certain that a variety of popular sayings and traditions early spread over different countries, where they became naturalized, and have been considered as national for centuries. Others, which are purely so, have on the other hand, been confined to a narrower sphere, and are generally of an inferior character, failing as it were in the strength of pinion, to soar beyond their native boundaries, boasting less of that mercurial spirit which gives wings to more golden thoughts. The choicest productions, indeed, may

thus be said to become the property of various nations; they travel far, every where claim a home, and seem to lose their origin in the mists of antiquity.

“Not so, however, with the more local spiritual world of water-fairies, of dwarfs, of wild hunters, and of were-wolves* with a long appalling list of robber-knights, who cast more gigantic shadows as their sun went down; all of whom, as if spell-bound, continue to haunt the native spots and solitary places assigned to them by immemorial tradition. Obedient to the same superstitions that embodied and commemorated them, they seem to refuse, with a sort of national partiality to wander far from their appointed walks, to “pass the nocturnal pale,” or to become domesticated in foreign regions.” *Preface*, pp. 10-11.

These, though not abstractedly the most excellent, are some of the most favorite and valuable traditions belonging to Germany. They do not, indeed, like others, tend to illustrate the history and migrations of different people, they disturb not the cavernd slumbers of the great Barbarossa, nor consecrate Charlemagne's holy crusades against the Saxons. They are the peculiar heritage of certain districts; they exhibit many beneficent and even humourous traits;

* A peculiar, but well-known species of wolf, in Germany, (and elsewhere) which assumes the human shape, in order to gain access to and prey upon the fold. *Verbi gratia*—the modern priesthood of France and Spain.—*Ed.*

their agency is for good as well as for evil ; and in so far they differ from the sterner character of the old northern legends, and from other branches of the Scandinavian, Danish, Scotch, and Irish, all of whose invisible agents are gifted with little benevolence and less mirth. Their appearance almost invariably announces fatal events ; they have all a funereal aspect ; they come to alarm and prepare us ; and they are all seen by a species of second sight that bodes no body any good. They are not half allied to us like the German dwarfs and fairies, or the still more sociable house goblins ; they are not even like Shakspeare's and Milton's more fanciful world of spirits : but dim disembodied essences whose proportions we cannot measure ; real ghosts, demons, giants, sorcerers, and ugly Scotch dwarfs, who surprize us among hills of mist, or beside the solitary tarn where the water-spirit couches in wait for her prey.

“ Thus,” as it is justly observed by the writer before us, “ popular traditions take their color from the aspect and character of the country. Amidst deep dark woods, impervious to the sun's rays, upon solitary heaths, and wild waste marshes, whose floating mists darken the face of the sky, and cast a gloom over the eye and over the soul, must we not expect to find the pictures there delineated alike stern and mournful ? So the secret caverns, the dizzy precipices, and the frowning ruins of the robber castles,

fill the minds of the neighbouring people with wonder and with awe. For here were the dread mysterious oracles heard of old, at whose voice a temple of human bones rose, for a sacrifice, into the air, and priests hastened to immolate thousands of their brethren, as their gods thirsted afresh for their victims' blood.

“What must be the character of a people's traditions, whose earliest festivals consisted in violence and bloodshed; whose succeeding centuries passed in a series of mutual wrongs and oppressions, continued down to a period when their children, yet alive, recollect the accounts given by their grandsires, of fierce wolves and bears entering the houses and tearing the mother, or the babe from the mother's arms; or of the descent of the robbers from their mountain castle!

“What a contrast here offers itself to the rich sunny sky, well-peopled cities, and fertile fields; streams and groves and gardens, fit residence for the gods! Here, a joyful feeling communicates itself, as if for breathing through the heavens, air and earth; and must not such a clime give birth to pictures of human nature, of natural agencies and natural scenery, of like fervid and animated colors? Will not gladness and happy fancies, and good humor, mingle largely with the favorite traditions of such a country, and are not such the fictions of Italy?

"Yet this their natural aspect is modified by a variety of circumstances; the improvement or the decline of society, different government, wars and commerce, gradually forming a new people, and arraying their ancient traditions in a new dress. At one period, those of Italy bore a more striking resemblance to what the fictions of northern nations now are; they were fierce and wild and gloomy as the human beings, the woods and mountains of the country, that gave them a "local habitation and a name." Hence the popular traditions of the Minotaur, the Fawns, the heaven-scaling Giants, and of passionate rapacious gods, who seduced women, ravaged countries, and called for human sacrifices, at the hands of Pelops and of Œdipus. Such too is the origin of dread Medea; of Circe and of Titan, no less than of the giant and robber-queller, Hercules, the Furies and the Harpies, the robber-scaring Pan, with the whole mythological race of thieves, of godlike men and of human deities."—*Preface*, pp. 21-2.

And no where is this variation in the tone and coloring of ancient traditions, more observable than in Germany. Many have assumed a more mild and cheerful character with the progressive cultivation of the people; affording a richer variety, in every branch, for specimens of their traditionary narratives. Such as we have here offered from the collection before us, will be found, we trust, both of an amusing and di-

versified character; and divested of some of the more heavy and voluminous commentaries and dissertations of purely national application, with which, like most others of the kind, the original work (at least to the eye of an English novel-reader) is sadly overladen.

As the first of a series, holding forth an example to succeeding collectors, most of whom have drawn largely from its stores, we have here entered more at length into the subject than we propose to do in subsequent specimens; in which, however, we shall always faithfully adhere to the views and illustrations afforded by the respective collectors.

LOCAL POPULAR TRADITIONS

FROM THE

SOUTH SIDE OF THE HARTZ MOUNTAIN.

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LOCAL POPULAR TRADITIONS.

OTMAR.

THE HORSESHOE ON THE CHURCH DOOR.

(A MORAL TRADITION.)

COUNT ERNEST of Klettenberg,* once rode at speed upon a fine Sunday morning, not to church, but to meet a large convivial party, assembled at Elrick. A number of knights had been invited; for

* Most probably the same noble knight whose monument is shewn in the monastery church at Walkenreid. It is placed in a kneeling position, in the act of prayer, doubtless as an expiation for errors and offences, similar to that recorded against him in the above tradition; though not in the tenor of the following one. "At the close of the wars with the tenants, during which the monastery of Walkenreid, among many others, was destroyed; the knight ordered all the rebels in his district who could be taken, to be brought to the large pond near Schiedungen, in order to receive judgment. Most of their judges were of opinion that they ought to be immediately executed; with the exception of Counsellor Wiegmanshausen, who declared in favor of a penalty in money, which the Count adopted, and by which he replenished his exhausted finances. He thus secured the double object of saving his tenants' lives and of receiving three gold pieces a-head from every peasant."

it was a hard drinking match, and a golden chain was the prize for him who could stand up last, to decorate himself with its honors. Many hours did these wine-proof knights remain unvanquished, until victory finally began to shew itself less doubtful, and first one and then another champion fell under the irresistible strength of the mighty goblets, amidst the triumphant laugh of stouter revellers, and were borne from the scene of action. At length, there were only four champions left to contend with each other, all noble; and nobly did they maintain their ground. Three of them, however, were obliged to support themselves against the wainscot, and congratulated themselves that they were still able to guide the cup to their trembling lips. But Ernest of Klettenberg stood bolt upright upon his feet, and victoriously snatching the gold chain, which lay upon the table, he shook it high in air, and hung it round his neck.*

In order to exhibit himself, as sole victor over all

* As an apt illustration of this drinking party, I may here cite a passage from Becker's History of the Grand Master in Prussia, 1798. In the year 1351, the Grand Master Winrich of Kniprode celebrated his instalment. To this festival each guest was expected to bring a silver basin with eight flasks, each of which he was bound to empty at a single draught. The stout toper, Guy of Bassenheim, emptied the spacious basin, three-times full, at a draught, and was immediately nominated by the Grand Master one of the castle chieftains for his prowess.

his competitors, he walked as he could, out of the room, and ordered his horse to be saddled. Four grooms succeeded in placing him on the saddle, to ride through the crowd of eager spectators, still gathering more and more numerous about him, and proceed towards his own domain of Klettenberg.

As he rode apace through the suburbs, he heard the good priests ringing for vespers, and as he got nearer, they were singing hymns to the Holy Virgin. It was in the church of St. Nicholas, and in his confusion, the good knight rode through the gates, and away through the open church doors, till he arrived opposite the altar, before the whole congregation. The hymn of devotion suddenly ceased, and was converted into a cry of terror and surprise. But on rode Count Ernest, as if nothing unusual had occurred; though his crime was not long suffered to go unpunished. For spurring onwards up the steps of the altar, behold a miracle! the horse's four shoes fell from his feet, and down he sunk, deeper and deeper, with his sacrilegious rider—doubtless into the infernal gulph.

As an eternal warning and memorial of this event, the four horse-shoes were nailed fast to the church door, where they long remained, and were admired for ages, no less on account of their immense size, than for the dreadful tradition connected with them.*

* In the foregoing story, the English reader cannot fail to

OTMAR.

JACOB NIMMERNUCHTERN, OR JACOB OF T.

JACOB, spite of his name, was once a thriving rustic, who flourished in a small hamlet of Thuringen, possessed of an inheritance that had gone down from father to son, through a long line of ancient villagers. Stout and well built as a castle wall, of irreproachable reputation, quiet, husbandly, and laborious, he was loved and respected by all his neighbours, until a fearful reverse came across him; and no robber knight was ever so dreaded as he. By the oppression of the young Lord Guy, a second Nebuchadnezzar in his way, he was driven from house and field, and from a friendly open-hearted landsman, became a wild, drinking, swearing and tearing tyke; finally a fierce avenger of his wrongs, who steeped his hands in blood. His adventures will afford all ranks of people an instructive lesson.

One day as the industrious Jacob was yoking his corn-waggon for the last time, to go to field, he heard his great house-dog Packan (Hold-fast) a very trusty and serviceable hound, barking violently

be strongly reminded of the celebrated Scotch drinking song of Burns, entitled the "Whistle," founded likewise upon northern tradition, with the difference, in this instance, that the prize contended for is a gold chain.—Ed.

in the ^{hand} He hastened out, with a cudgel in his ^{hand} saw his noble dog sinking under the gripe ^{grocer} as large as himself, until Jacob ^{grocer} hard with his staff, his own dog fought himself, and even boldly pursued his enemies. But in the same instant appeared the young Lord Gury, with a whole pack of hounds and a number of followers, all swarming round him, just as his cruel neighbour Maria shouted to Jacob to take care, and then informing his lord that he was pursuing the dogs, bestowed her malediction upon the whole race of boors. The inoffensive Jacob was surrounded, and cruelly beaten for having driven off the hounds. After this he was dragged half dead to the castle of the savage man, who inflicted the pretended punishment with his own hands: the castle was situated in the woods, about a mile from the village, belonging also to this hunting lord.

It was in the time of the club laws, when the too powerful knights, taking advantage of the impotence of their princes, acknowledged no laws, loudly proclaiming their rights but never their duties, while the oppressed tenant obtained no kind of right, which was thus monopolized by the landlord. As bondsman and a responsible character, the latter was courted and respected by the real possessors of the soil, and could do any thing with the poor rustics at pleasure. Accordingly Jacob's case was heard, and com-

miserated by none ; none undertook his defence ; and five months he continued to languish in prison, a prey to cold, hunger, and vermin. His dungeon was called the hound-lock, though thus appropriated to human wretchedness ; a piece of mouldy bread was the highest happiness it afforded.

Yet worse than all this were the insults of the knaves who caught the contagious example set them by their master. To these were added the bitter and heartless jibes and mockery of the knight's only daughter, the vain and haughty Catherine. She was thus the favourite of her father, rode with him every day to the chase ; and whenever she came opposite to Jacob's dungeon, which had a small grated window in the iron door, to admit air and food, she encouraged one of the fiercest hounds to run at the prisoner, as he stood at the door, inquiring with an insulting laugh, seconded by Lord Guy himself, " If the hound wished to drive the hounds away ? " Alluding doubtless to Jacob's pursuit of the lord's two hounds with his dog, at the time he was secured. Often too, she would ask him how he would like to have such a lady for his wife, or for his son's, as they seemed to think the poor Maria hardly good enough ; besides many other sarcasms equally unbecoming her sex and youth.

Jacob bit his lips, and said nothing, only once when she threatened to have him cast down the

precipice round the castle, in order not to deprive the hounds of their bread, he felt a sudden transport of indignant revenge, and vowed to break his prison-house, feeble, naked, and worn down as he was. On a stormy night, towards the end of winter, he first began to make an attempt upon the old, and in some part, dilapidated walls, which by repeated and incessant exertion at length gave way. He crept through the opening on his hands and knees, with much difficulty cleared the castle ditch, which was covered with ice ; and at length found himself free.

But whither to turn his steps ! there was no magistrate to whom he could apply for refuge from the oppressor, who would redress his wrongs ; there was no justice for such as he. His only chance of escaping from the vengeance of Lord Guy and his haughty daughter, lay in speedy flight, far from his paternal village ; for he fancied he saw streaks of light, and heard shouts and the baying of the hounds in pursuit of him. Years must pass over his head, ere he ventured to indulge the thought of returning to his home, when the vengeance of the savage lord should be laid asleep, or he himself laid asleep with his fathers.

He could not, however, resist his desire to behold for the last time, his once loved home, his wife, and his two sons, both stout young men, of whom he had not heard a word, during his long captivity.

He should weep and rejoice with them over his wrongs and over his escape; he should warm his stiffened limbs in a human dwelling; clothe himself in clean garments, and then armed with a single bear spear, fly to the forest.

Guided only by the light of the moon, he speedily reached the village, and in a few minutes stood with beating heart before his own fields, but heard neither the baying of his faithful hound, in reply to his calls, nor the sound of a human voice. He cleared the hedge in an agony of impatience; ran forward, found his house door open, but neither wife, nor sons, nor any living thing to welcome him. All was empty and deserted, chair, bed, and table, there were none; only the bare cold walls falling to pieces. Jacob shuddered, struck his forehead, and then threw himself upon the ground, where he lay buried in thoughts of agony and revenge for some hours. At length the bitter cold, and gleams of coming day, aroused him. He shook himself, doubting whether he still existed. He felt all round the walls, as if to ascertain that it was really his own dwelling. Almost frozen to death, he had nearly fallen as he again attempted to walk. With tottering steps he passed his deserted door, his garden, his little field, away into the open waste of the wide world before him.

Now he heard the well known voice of the village

watchman, crying one; and the first beam of hope lighted up his countenance. He heard the baying of dogs, and soon he distinguished that of his own faithful Hold-fast. Jacob whistled; and soon the dog came bounding to his side, whining with delight at this sudden appearance of his master. Jacob caressed his old half-starved companion, and hastened with bolder step to gain the mountain: for he was no longer quite alone, his faithful dog would not desert him.

Before sun-rise, he already found himself in a wild, secluded spot, where he discovered a still more secret and secluded cavern, at the foot of Rothenburg, upon the Kyffhausen hills, already familiar to him, before his captivity, even from his boyish years, for their hiding places. It was now day, and Jacob stretched his weary limbs to warm them in the sun, and for the first time during seven months beheld the trees and fields under the refreshing light of heaven.

Soon the pangs of hunger assailed him, and his poor dog looked up in his face wistfully. By chance he cast his eye upon an old mendicant, winding his way down the hill-side into the road, apparently with a well-filled wallet. Jacob had never solicited bread in his life, though he had often distributed it to others; but now he hastened with his dog down the mountain. He found the old beggar-man lying down on the road side, hailed him, and intreated he

might have a piece of bread, for his dog and for himself. The beggar turned his head round at his voice, and in his features Jacob recognized with more than a father's delight, his oldest son, near five and twenty years of age. Both gave a shout of triumph at the same moment; they had met in spite of the malice and oppression of their enemy.

Jacob first gave his dog to eat, then devoured a few mouthfuls in silence; drank sparingly from the proffered flask, and beckoned his son, without speaking, to accompany him back to his cave. Yet he greedily listened to every thing his son said, and on reaching the spot learned the full extent of his misfortunes.

Only a few hours after Jacob's capture, Lord Guy's overseers entered his house, and drove out his wife and sons, scarcely permitting them to take with them enough to shield them from the weather. An envious neighbour possessed himself of his little ground, one who had formerly been his lordship's groom, and was engaged to marry one of the village girls named Maria. But Lord Guy, out of his mere tyrannical pleasure, resolved that Jacob's son, who was attached to one of the loveliest and most virtuous maidens in the village, should wed the girl he did not like; Jacob's avowed enemy, by whose family she supposed herself slighted. And on Jacob's capture she was permitted to seize his corn and goods, as a

penalty for the lord's hounds, that had been bitten by Holdfast. On the following day, as the proud lord's daughter, Catherine, rode through the hamlet, she took a fiendish pleasure in permitting her minions every licence and ill usage towards Jacob's wife, and his son's intended bride. "Both fell victims," continued Jacob's son, biting his lips till the blood sprung, "to our fierce malignant destroyers; my mother died three days after you disappeared, and my—my—" he could not pronounce her name, he drew his hand over his eyes, he gasped for breath; "she too followed her within two months afterwards to the grave. My brother Kurt has enlisted in a troop of lancers; but my enemies were nearer at hand, and I turned beggar."

Jacob started and groaned as his son brought this sad story to an end; he threw himself on the ground, gnashed his teeth, but spoke not. Again he rose and gazed wildly round, cursed lord Guy and all his race in his secret heart, but could not speak.

Absorbed in thought, he at first determined to take his own life, which the next moment became dear to him in the hope of revenge. Days were spent thus, for his despair was yet too strong to permit him to decide upon any prudent plan, though he swore that his revenge should be dreadful,

In the mean time, Friede was employed in begging; and one day he returned with an account that

lord Guy and his followers were all up in chase of them; that their cave was no longer safe, for that their enemy had sworn to beat up all Rottenberg, and the Kyffhäuser hills on the following morning. This roused Jacob; and ere nightfall, he was on his way with his son and dog towards the still darker and deeper fastnesses of the Hartz, near Stolberg; and thence in a few days he pushed forward into the thick, and then impenetrable mass of woods by Lora. Here, after long wanderings, he fixed upon a safe abode which might defy whole years of painful pursuit and researches on the part of their enemy.

Between the mountain heights of Lora, and the solitary hamlets of Wöllferoda and Lollstädt, there lies, surrounded by dark thickets, and overgrown with thorns, a deep rocky glen, on either side of which, there opens frightful precipices, where none but the experienced guide dare venture to pass over the narrow ledge which separates them. At the other end of the fell, he found a steep cliff, upon reaching the summit of which with difficulty, there appeared two spacious cavities, through which was a passage of some feet wide, communicating with another line of rocks below. The remote part of this secret defile, opened upon a wide chasm thick grown with bushes, on one side of which was the entrance to a smaller cavity leading to another larger cave. These last were then unknown, even to the oldest inhabitants of the dis-

trict of Lora ; and the foot of man has since rarely ventured to enter their defiles, though the mountain is now less wild and woody, and the paths more apparent than of old.

Here Jacob resolved to take up his abode, hither his son Friede brought their daily provisions, tools of various kinds, and new clothing. His father in the mean time, broke in Holdfast to his new destination ; cleared a footpath along the ridges of the cliff, and dreamed of revenge. Curses on the tyrant Guy ! was his wakening thought ; curses on all these castle rulers who trample their tenants under the corn they grow ! was his sole evening prayer. He was long at a loss how to frame his scheme of vengeance ; yet he persevered and cast about on all sides for further assistance to promote it. If he slackened, an inward voice seemed to rouse him afresh, in the name of all the wrongs perpetrated upon his wife and children, and he often added fuel to his fire, by drinking. His son was ever welcomed when he returned with the strongest liquors, and he entreated him to bring more to hoard up against their future wants. And Friede continued to beg from house to house, often obtaining wine or brandy from the more charitable, on the plea of providing medicine for a sick father, who was sinking fast under a lingering disorder in a wretched hovel in the woods. But as Friede so frequently preferred the same prayer in behalf of strong liquors for

his aged father, the neighbouring people at length christened the invisible old beggar by the name of Nimmernächtern, Old Swill-Bowl.

When Jacob found that he had now obtained provision sufficient for some months, he sent his son forth again, with a command that he should not return without his brother Kurt, from whom he expected additional support and courage in his plans; and he remained with his hound Holdfast, alone. For he had concluded to become a robber, in order to secure vengeance; as he found he could never bring down his proud spirit to beg his bread.

Better to accustom his powers to such a task, he began with the help of his bear-spear, and his trusty hound, to support himself solely on the flesh of wild animals. To ease his impatience for entering on his great work of vengeance, he fell upon the flocks and herds of the nearest castles and cloisters, inso-much that he shortly became, with the help of Holdfast, the pest and terror of the country round. For the dog soon took a delight in hunting the flocks himself, frequently bringing numbers of them so near the robber's quarters that he could easily destroy them at night.

In order to lighten his labors, and remove all chance of detection, he wrapped himself in a black frock and conducted his depredations at midnight. And for emergencies in which it was necessary to in-

spire dread, he prepared a large mantle of cow-hide, upon which he fixed a ram's head, the horns of which served for a mask to disguise his real features. In the jaws he placed a light obtained from old dead wood, which he knew how to make more vivid or to extinguish as he pleased. As he proceeded equipped in this manner, with his great black hound before him, that never gave mouth but rushed silent as death upon its prey; it was no wonder that he should be mistaken by the trembling hinds and villagers, in his black apparel, for the great adversary of light. All flew before him, and he never once had occasion to apply for assistance to his sheep's head with a fiery mouth.

When the people found however, that the black demon did not actually devour them, they grew a little bolder, one or two even spoke to him at a distance, and declared that though he must doubtless be a devil, yet he was a very good natured one of the kind. One dark night, Jacob overtook a shepherd in the woods, driving a dozen fat wethers before him. In a voice of thunder he called out; "Where are you going with them?" "To the Abbot of Elend," replied the trembling hind. At this, Jacob blew fire out of his mouth, and said; "But I am the devil himself, and both Abbot and sheep are mine!" The shepherd crossed himself and prayed. Then Jacob added: "Oh, you say your beads, so I cannot touch

you; but get along and tell the Abbot that his brother Satan has taken the sheep." At this proposal, though the poor fellow's hair stood on end, he demurred a little; "Ah, my good devil, be merciful and give me at least a ticket to shew my master and the good Abbot, or they will never believe me!"

"I say, tell the Abbot," replied the devil, "that he shall see me at his chamber window, exactly at twelve o'clock to night, and present him with a fine piece of roast beef in return." So the hind was fain to give his charge into the care of Holdfast, who drove them in the direction of the robber's cave; while the trembling shepherd proceeded to inform the Abbot and his flock of the misfortune that had overtaken his own, not omitting to deliver the devil's message, that he would pay him a visit that night. The poor monks were immediately roused from their beds, and all the monastery summoned to the Abbot's chamber; consecrated water was sprinkled all over, and the usual adjurations against spirits adopted, after which they awaited with no slight anxiety the arrival of the fatal hour. It came, and with it Jacob in his most imposing costume; his black cow skin, crowned with the great ram's horns, spitting fire, while his large swart hound stood by. In a few minutes the devil disappeared, which the good monks attributed to the efficacy of the holy water, which the exorciser did not spare. No one ventured to partake

of the roast beef which he left behind him, and it was given to the hounds and ravens.

Jacob had now recovered his former strength, or rather it was doubled, by this new mode of life; and he now sighed for more important undertakings, which might tend to forward his ultimate views. He already aspired to mount horse; and the noble hunter belonging to the lord's proud daughter came directly into his mind; as he used to see him prancing past the grate of the prison. Black as night, and swift as a dart, he had been long accustomed to the mountains; and he promised himself a grand triumph when the proud lord and his daughter should behold him mounted upon their favorite steed and galloping off.

About Midsummer he disguised himself in the dress of an old woman, and sought the neighbourhood of the castle. It was not long before he beheld his deadly foe mounted upon her black charger, and her savage father riding by her side. Away they rode through the fields, and gardens and standing corn of the tenants, leaping and breaking through the copses and hedges. At twilight, on the third day of his watch, he found his opportunity: he saw the bold lady give her horse to two grooms; he was covered with foam and the grooms led him into an open meadow to walk him round till he was cool. In going to bring corn and water, they left him tied up to a

tree near the wood; and it was now the old woman crept softly towards the spot, caressed the noble steed, caparisoned him with the saddle and bridle that lay near; mounted his back, and made at full speed for the woods of Lora. He had quite disappeared before the grooms returned, who imagining that he had broken his hold, searched all the neighbouring places for him in vain. The indignation of the lord and his daughter was terrific; but while all were busily employed in making enquiries, Jacob had time to reach the woods, the mountain, away along the well known path up the cliff, nor stopped till he found himself at the entrance of his spacious cavern. Here he had made ample provision for the noble steed; and his sole care for days afterwards was to attend him, to accustom him to the precipitous paths, before which he at first trembled, and to train him to bear a part in the great task he had at heart. In two months he succeeded in training him so well and using him to every call and motion of his hand, that he would ascend the steep without a rider, stand still at a word, lie down and spring up again at pleasure, and scour the whole mountain round, like his master.

The day now drew near, according to Jacob's reckoning, when just a year before he had been beaten and imprisoned by the savage lord. He resolved to celebrate this anniversary by appearing before him and his haughty daughter, mounted upon their fa-

vorite hunter. For this purpose he arrayed himself in his best attire; the best he had ever worn when a tenant; and mounting his horse, rode away towards the lord's castle. When arrived opposite to it, he blew loudly an old hunting horn which he had found in the woods; and the strange tidings were quickly brought to the proud inmates' ears, that a boor had appeared riding the lady Catharine's steed and blowing upon a horn, high treason throughout the whole of Lord Guy's domains. But they had hardly caught a glimpse of Jacob, who curvetted in great style before the castle, before he had again disappeared; calling aloud to some tenants near him, that Jacob would pay them another visit in the morning. It came, and found Lord Guy and his followers all ready mounted and ready for pursuit. Jacob appeared, their blood hounds were let loose, but only a few of the first riders kept Jacob and his dog in sight, and lost him on the skirts of the woods near Lora. Some of the strongest hounds, however, pursued him to the very entrance of the cavern, where Holdfast, who had grown wild and fierce, fell upon them, like a tiger; and while engaged with them, his master approached with his bear spear and put most of them to death.

It soon spread through the country round that Jacob had entered into a league with the devil, and could make himself invisible at pleasure. But Lord Guy regarded him as a human enemy, whom he

swore to pursue unto death ; careless how far he perjured his soul. Many an ambush did he lay ; and one day in particular, smarting with rage under some fresh insult he had received, his finest hounds having disappeared, he awaited him attended by more than twenty horsemen who had taken the same oath, concealed half way between the castle and the woods. This time Jacob had a very narrow escape. He imagined his enemy to be much farther off, and was engaged in teaching his horse to spring forward, and run towards him at the sound of the horn, and to make a charge as if in battle. Suddenly, he heard the deep baying of his hound announcing his foes, and he had with difficulty sprung on his saddle before his enemies rushed forward, and tried to surround him. Still he was too quick, for he gained upon the foremost who had at first brushed close up to him, and imagined they had him safe. Again he disappeared in the woods of Lora ; though the lord and two more still keenly pursued the track. They held on, Jacob was again in view, nearer than before ; they gained upon him, they reached the foot of the cliff, within a few yards of him ; when up went his horse like a hawk, and seemed to be swallowed up in the centre of it ! “ There,” cried George, his lordship’s favorite squire, “ did I not say he was invisible ? The world ends here ; they may follow him into the next who list with the help of a broken neck. For one I will

not serve in the devil's kitchen." But his lord heard him not, he spurred his steed up the heights ; it stumbled, threw its rider, and then followed Jacob's steed down into the cavern. He thus became possessed of a good saddle of which he was greatly in want.

From this period no one ventured to follow Jacob into his strong hold. All drew back at the sight of the yawning precipice ; and for a period he was permitted to pursue his devastations among the neighbouring herds belonging to both cloisters and castles, on horse and foot, sometimes arrayed like the devil, and accompanied by his large black dog that drove them together, and attacked or tore them at his beck. He particularly lessened the number of his enemy's flocks, and none of the shepherds dared to keep their ground when they beheld Jacob in the devil's shape at a distance. Yet this was insufficient to satiate Jacob's revenge ; its shafts must reach the heart of the haughty lord himself and his daughter. Hitherto he had haunted only the outskirts of the castle ; he now determined to penetrate its walls. He shortly ascertained that Lord Guy had never left his couch since the day he fell from his horse. Jacob paused : " No," he said, " he would not disturb a sick man upon his bed ; he would turn his attention to his heartless and cruel daughter." On a misty autumnal night, dimly lighted by a waning moon, he

stood before the haughty Catherine in his devil's form; for while a prisoner he had discovered the exact situation of her apartment. Fiercely did he awake her, and her honor now paid the forfeit of her former bitter sarcasms and cruelties. "You have kept your promise," he then exclaimed, "and I am avenged. This day two years with bitter mockery you vowed you would become my wife. I am Jacob, he whom you called the hound, and threatened to precipitate from the castle heights!" The next instant he had disappeared.

Yet even this disastrous scene would have been forgotten, except from feelings of vengeance, by the relentless and unfeeling Catherine; could she have kept it secret. But Jacob recollected the fate of his wife, and his son's betrothed wife; their wrongs were known, and he published the disgrace of the high born, cruel, Lady Catherine. It was bruited abroad, and the proud lord heard it. His rage knew no bounds, but as it could not reach the criminal, it turned upon his daughter, whom he now detested as much as he had formerly loved. He accused her of having been seduced, of having kept it secret from him, and wilfully brought lasting dishonor upon his name. He was just on the point of having her immured in one of the castle vaults for life, when she suddenly eloped with an old lover, no other than the husband of her father's mistress.

Towards the close of the ensuing winter Jacob's sons returned to their father's cavern, expert robbers. They had recognised each other in the troop of lancers; the French and the Swabians being then at war; and they rifled every thing which as defenders of their country they were bound to protect. In this service they acquired as much villany in one year as they could under their father in ten. They brought along with them two enormous black bull dogs, which they had stolen from one of their most celebrated captains who had trained them up to man-hunting. Jacob related to them, how far his revenge had transported him; and was not a little astounded when his sons assured him that all he had communicated to them were mere trifles, the result of intoxication, and that in fact he was then so tipsy as hardly to be able to speak. They told him of the far more glorious license permitted in war; of excesses not only permitted but lauded and rewarded; such as burning, spoiling, razing cities, destroying, deflowering, and the waste of all kinds of property, besides torturing, cruel deaths, &c. the daily employment of our lancers.

At first Jacob shuddered as he listened to them, but by degrees his repugnance vanished, and encouraged by his sons he determined to imitate upon a small scale, what he heard of on the grand theatre of the world.

Friede and Kurt soon provided themselves with horses and arms in the best style of the times. Wherever the six ferocious outlaws, three human and three brute, all black as night appeared, they were called by the surrounding peasants, "the *swart gang riders*." In the mean time, lord Guy had recovered from his fall, though he ventured not beyond the precincts of his castle, having heard that Jacob had sworn to have his life. In order to rouse the lord of the forest from his lair, the *swart gang* set fire to the old wood round the castle, determined to bring their enemy into the open field. The flames consumed a portion of the out-buildings; still their master did not make his appearance, only a few days before this event he had died of rage and disappointed revenge.

Jacob's task of vengeance was thus accomplished, yet he now swore eternal hatred against all the neighbouring lords of the soil. The *swart gang* soon became the terror of the surrounding country; though they neither destroyed nor injured the peasants, but feasted upon the herds and flocks of the nobles, and frequently set fire to their barns and corn fields. Whole districts were up in pursuit of them, but all to no purpose. Long did the secret cavern in the heart of the cliff, which concealed these night troopers, remain undiscovered. For the chief part of their pursuers held them in such awe as to imagine that they must either be demons or in league with the

devil, though the peasantry residing nearer them conjectured the real truth, declaring that no other than the banished family of the Swill-bowls were the leaders of the swart gang. But these last were not displeased at the appearance of this scourge of the more powerful land-owners, which inflicted no sort of injury upon the people, opposing itself to the tyranny and oppression of the stewards who for centuries had considered the property of their poorer neighbours as their prey. Many regarded it as a judgment from heaven, which inflicted such kind of retaliation upon the heads of their masters.

In time, however, Jacob and his sons, living on nothing besides raw flesh and the strongest drink they could obtain, became cruel and ferocious as wild beasts, and instigated by fresh pursuits and provocations, they entitled their depredations by the name of revenge, and like their hounds thirsted only for blood. At length they betook themselves to the high roads, particularly that leading through the Golden Green, levying heavy tolls upon all tradesmen and passengers, whom on the least resistance they did not scruple to despatch. But this public invasion of life and property speedily brought down upon them the incensed overseers and landmen of the surrounding districts; of Quastenburg, Rottenburg, Kyffhaus, Lachsenburg, and many more. They formed regular troops against the black bandits; and these last,

alarmed at their numbers, found themselves compelled to retire from the open roads into the recesses of the mountains. They again sought their ancient cavern, appearing only, arrayed like demons, during the night; but they could not always refrain from committing excesses, even against the peasantry of the Golden Green, whose houses they broke open. Here, however, they met with some colonists from the Netherlands, who occupied farms in these fruitful vallies, and who had sense enough to recognize in these demoniac shapes, mere human beings. With their aid the swart gang were one day decoyed into a house, where they were at length taken. For they had taken care to construct a concealed pit-fall, into which the half intoxicated robbers fell, and were secured to the great joy and triumph of the surrounding country.

Just before Jacob's execution, he was induced by the threats of his judges and the whole collected people, to confess the place of his retreat. In it were found the robbers' three black horses bound to their cribs. And down to the present day does the half dilapidated and choked up cavern retain the name of the *Robber Swillbowl's Stable*.*

* That the modern race of German robbers have not in the least degenerated, would appear from the name of Richehman who was lately apprehended in the town of Bremen. "He is not only," says a modern Journal, "a well-informed, but a very po-

LORA,

THE GODDESS OF LOVE.*

THE goddess, Lora, gave her name to the mountain

lite man, and truly elegant in his manners. His deceptive arts were carried to a rare degree of perfection and finesse. All the authorities with whom he had to deal, have one after another become the dupes of this extraordinary being. At length, however, fate decreed his arrest, after he had made preparations to be conveyed by a vessel from Hamburgh to the Brazils. Richelman was born at Hildesheim, and is the son of a postmaster. He is so notorious for his thievish propensities, that he has justly been called the Cartouche of Germany. He appears to possess the necromancy of ancient times, and has the art of disguising himself so effectually as not to be recognized. When the French were at Bremen, he escaped in the dress of a gendarme. His appearance is frequently so sudden and perplexing, that the peasants have pronounced him invisible. The genius of the man is so extremely subtle, that it has been alleged that he often went to hear trials merely to amuse himself and to laugh at the judges.

"On board of the vessel which was to convey him to the Brazils he had concealed a quantity of gold, but nobody knew where. He had his passports, certificates, and all other documents necessary for his safety apparently in the greatest order. It is said he has numerous adherents all along the borders of the Wever, where the inhabitants seldom venture out of their houses in the evenings."—*Bremen Gazette*.

* In some other of the provincial idioms, the name is spelled and pronounced Lara.—O_r.

fastnesses, so entitled, amidst the Hartz. Before the appearance of the Saxon-queller, Charles, when the mountain heroes refused to be baptized by his holy St. Winfred, save in their blood, the place was held in great reverence by the old Saxons. To this deity they dedicated a vast and dismal wood, whose strange monumental relics seem yet to lead us back into a former world of magic and gigantic power. There still remains some record too of another wood, filled with numberless flights of wild birds, and this was called Ruhensberg, situated between Rheinarts Berg, Bleicherode, and castle Lora ; besides some scattered groups of trees, among which rise to view, neat hamlets rendered fruitful by the waters of the Wipper, which lends animation to the delightful prospect, bounded in the distance by the abrupt points and terrific fragments and precipices of the Brocken.

Here in the centre of a dark wood, the young hunters were accustomed towards the fall of the year, to offer up to the goddess the first fruits of their chase. And in spring the young heathen girls assembled with dance and song, bearing garlands of flowers, in honor of the Queen of Love.* Her high

* The annual festivals still prevalent in many parts of Germany and of England, in which the village girls assemble with garlands of flowers to dance upon the greens, and at wakes and fairs, are evident remains of the religious superstition, above-mentioned, of our ancestors.—Ed.

priest then advanced, and selecting the most beautiful garland, with strange ceremonies adorned the head of the gifted maiden, whose domestic virtues of faithful love and unbroken troth to her vows had most signally triumphed.

Middle way upon the mountain, where Lora was more particularly revered, sprung up a fresh fountain, to which unhappy lovers, especially young maidens who had lost their betrothed in battle, were in the habit of resorting, in order to quaff peace of heart and oblivion of their love. Upon the summit of the same mountain, a noble Saxon lady whose lover had been slain fighting against the Franks, built Ruhsenberg, (Peace Castle,) near the fountain of oblivion, where the grove enclosing the spot, still bears the same name.

The castle received its name on occasion of the goddess having deigned to send the lady a new lover, worthy of the former, into this grove, who consoled the weeping fair one, and restored her peace of mind. But the sacred grove was equally terrible to all faithless, unbelieving heathens. It was here Herimrud expiated her crime with her life. She had plighted her vows to a noble young Saxon, who had been compelled to leave the arms of his betrothed, for the sanguinary field. At their parting, she vowed with hypocritical tears, to prove eternally faithful to him. Yet, a few days afterwards, the goddess Lora, beheld

the perjured and heartless maiden in the arms of Herrman. The guilty one had concealed herself in the Buchen, a thicket not far from castle Ruhensburg. Here Lora alarmed her, by sending a stag, which dashed at full speed through the spot in which she lay. Hermtrud rose and fled; rushing in her confusion, through Lora's sacred grove. Then the mountain trembled; the earth cast up its flames, and consumed the unhappy Saxon maiden where she stood. The priest came to the spot, collected her ashes, and buried them in a small hollow at the foot of the mountain. In the gathering gloom of night, the moans of the faithless girl may yet be heard, as if warning perjured lovers from encountering the religious terrors of that sacred grove.

Winfred, the terror of the Saxon deities, destroyed, with the aid of his fierce Franks, the walls of Ruhensburg: and Lora's tutelary genius disappeared. Still her expiring powers achieved the following exemplary revenge. Winfred, named the Converter, was hastening across Reinhart's mountain to rejoin his triumphant friends, when chariot and horses suddenly stopped short and stuck fast in the mud. Here he would, doubtless, have sunk deeper and deeper, and disappeared, had not speedy cries to the Holy Virgin saved him just in the nick of time. As a monument of his miraculous escape, he raised three crosses in commemoration of the Holy Trinity; where they are

now to be seen on the exact spot, where the earth gaped to swallow him up. He moreover vowed in his distress to build a chapel to the Virgin, close upon the skirts of the goddess Lora's wood. The place is still known by the name of Glend; alluding to the holy Winfred's Christian distress on that occasion.

LOCAL POPULAR TRADITIONS

FROM

THE GOLDEN GREEN.

LOCAL POPULAR TRADITIONS.

OTMAR.

THE KNIGHTS' CELLAR IN THE KYFFHAUSEN.*

THERE was a poor, but very honest, contented, and merry kind of man, in the village of Tilleda, who happened to be giving a christening treat, for about the eighth time to some of his neighbours. Desirous of shewing all respect to the party at the christening, he set before them the best country wine he possessed, which being quickly dispatched, his guests seemed to be looking for a little more. "Go then," said the father to his eldest daughter, a young girl about sixteen years old, "go, and bring us some better wine

* The Kyffhäuser, or Kipphäuser mountain commands a view of the Brocken, of the Golden Green, of that of Altern, Langherhausen, Wallhausen, Rosla, Holberg, &c. It takes its name from the old castle, which still excites our wonder amidst its ruins. It is called Kyffhaus, a word that without doubt was equivalent to Streitburg with the ancients. Kiff-machen, i. e. to fight, to quarrel—Germanics, Streiten, Zanken, which has also been turned into Keifen. At the foot of this immense mountain are situated the little city of Kelbra, and the villages of Tilleda, and Sittendorf, both mentioned in this tradition.—OT.

from the cellar." "From what cellar, father?" inquired his daughter. "What cellar, child?" repeated her father, merely in jest; "why, the great wine cellar belonging to the old knights upon the Kyffhäuser!"

With perfect simplicity, the young maiden took a firkin in her hand, and proceeded towards the mountain. About middle way, seated in an old deserted path leading down towards the spot, she found an aged housekeeper dressed in a singular quaint fashion, with a large bunch of keys hanging at her side. The young woman paused, not a little surprised at the sight; but the old lady inquired of her very kindly, whether she had not come to fetch wine from the knights' cellar? "Yes, I am," replied the timid girl, "but I have got no money." "Come with me," said the old housekeeper, "you shall have it for nothing; and better wine than your father ever bought in his life." They both then proceeded along an old deserted road, the old lady inquiring very particularly by the way, what the appearance of things then was in Tilleda—who was alive and who was dead. "Once," said she, "I was as young and pretty as thou art, before I was kidnapped and carried under ground by the knights, or rather night-riders, who stole me away from the very house that now belongs to thy father. Shortly before this they had also seized four young ladies of these parts, who were often afterwards seen about here, on their four richly

caparisoned steeds. They were entrapped and carried off in open day by these mountain knights, as they were coming from church at Kelbra. They made me, as I grew older, into the house-keeper, and entrusted me with the keys of the cellar, which you see I still wear."

By this time they had reached the cellar door, which the old housekeeper unlocked. It was a fine spacious cellar, and on both sides it was well laid out with rows of vats and butts. Most of them were either quite or more than half full; and broaching one of them with great dexterity, she took the little firkin and filled it up to the brim. "There," she said, "take that to your father, and whenever he may happen to be giving a treat, you may come again; only see that you tell no one, besides your father, where you have it from. And moreover take heed that you sell none of it, nor give it away, for in neither case will it be worth any thing at all. If any one venture hither to obtain wine for sale, let him be warned, his last bread has been baked:—now go!" So the girl returned with the wine to her father, and the guests found it excellent without knowing any thing as to whence it came.

Henceforward as often as there was a party invited to the house, Isabel went to fetch wine in the little kilderkin, from the Kyffhäusen. They did not

however long continue to enjoy the benefit of it ; the neighbours began to wonder where the poor gentleman met with such excellent wine ; none equal to it in the country. The father would inform nobody, nor would Isabel betray the secret.

Unluckily just opposite to them, lived the landlord of the village inn, who dealt as largely as he could in adulterated spirits. He among others, had also had a taste of the knights' wine ; and thought he to himself, " My friend, you might mix this with ten times its body of water, and sell it for good wine still. Where the devil can you contrive to get it from ? " He resolved to watch ; and he followed the daughter as she went for about the fourteenth time with her little firkin, towards the Kyffhäuser hills. He hid himself, and saw her come the exact way from the old cellar, with her firkin quite full shortly afterwards. Accordingly, next evening, he set out himself, having first rolled into a little cart one of the largest empty barrels he could find, intending to fill it with the same precious kind of liquor. He thought it would be easy to convey it down hill ; and he made a vow to return every night until the cellar became empty.

As he approached the spot where he had marked the path the day before, the sky suddenly began to grow dark and lowering. The wind rose, and whistled

portentously of the gathering rain, which soon fell in torrents. The tempest carried him and his hollow tub from one side of the road to the other. At last down the hill he went, and continued to fall deeper and deeper, until he finally found himself lodged in a burial vault.

Here there appeared an awful procession before his eyes ; a regular funeral, with a bier hung with black, and his wife and four neighbours, whom he recognized easily enough by their gait and garments, following in its wake. At this sight he very naturally fainted away ; and on recovering some hours afterwards, he still found himself in the dimly lighted vault, and heard right over his head the old familiar steeple bell of Tilleda striking twelve. Now he knew that it was the witching hour, and that he was there lying under the church and the burial ground of the village in a gloomy vault. He was certainly more dead than alive, and scarcely ventured to breathe.

But see ! a monk now approaches him slowly down the narrow steps, opens the vault door, and in perfect silence puts some money into his hand, and then taking him in his arms he laid him down at the foot of the mountain. It was a cold frosty night.

By degrees the good host came a little to himself, and crept without either wine or wine-cask, as far as home. It struck one just as he reached it ; and he

felt himself so unwell that he found he must take to his bed. In the course of three days he died, and the money which he had brought home, given him by the ghostly monk, was just sufficient to defray his funeral expences; his wife and the four neighbours, as he had seen them, following him to the grave.

OTMAR.

PETER KLAUS THE GOATHERD.*

IN the village of Littendorf at the foot of a mountain lived Peter Klaus, a goatherd, who was in the habit

* Similar tales of enchantment, in which dwarfs, goblins and fairies are the agents, are current among the Hartz mountains, a portion of which are likewise under the tutelary genius of the great Emperor Barbarossa. Here he holds his subterranean court, seated upon his marble throne, half entranced, or listening only to the strains of wandering harpers, whom he still delights to befriend, and enquiring ere he relapses into sleep, what century it is! Singular adventures, of which the miraculous lapse of time forms the chief feature, are referred to the same mountain, situated in the bosom of the Hartz Forests, among which the above is decidedly one of the best. The same incident may be found embodied in a number of German ballads and traditions, and it is most probably connected with the story of the "Seven Sleepers" current in the fifth century, and subsequently adopted by Mahomet, as well as by all the Mahometan nations, from Bengal to Africa from whom it has received a different dress. The "Seven Sleepers" was farther translated into the Latin tongue by order of the old French Historian Gregory of Tours; while the same story, referred to the eighth century, and to a more northern origin, as we are informed by M. M. Grimm, is to be found in the *Gesta Longobardorum* of Paulus Diaconus.

It has been adopted by Tieck, though, perhaps with less effect than in the present instance, in his tale entitled *Elfen*

of pasturing his flock upon the Kyffhäuser hills. Towards evening he generally let them browse upon a green plot not far off, surrounded with an old ruined wall from which he could take a muster of his whole flock.

For some days past he had observed that one of his prettiest goats, soon after its arrival at this spot, usually disappeared, nor joined the fold again until late in the evening. He watched her again and again, and at last found that she slipped through a gap in the old wall, whither he followed her. It led into a passage which widened as he went into a cavern; and here he saw the goat employed in picking up the oats that fell through some crevices in the place above. He looked up, shook his ears at this odd shower of corn, but could discover nothing. Where the deuce could it come from? At length he heard over his head the neighing and stamping of horses; he listened, and concluded that the oats must have fallen through the manger when they were fed. The poor goatherd was sadly puzzled what to think of these horses in this uninhabited part of the mountain, but so it was, for the groom making his appearance,

Land; and is finely developed in the "Dean of Santiago," a Spanish tale from the Conde Lucano, which has been translated in one of the leading Journals of the day. See *New Monthly Magazine*, August, 1824. Also notes to *German Popular Tales*, p. 257.

without saying a word beckoned him to follow him. Peter obeyed, and followed him up some steps which brought him into an open court-yard surrounded by old walls. At the side of this was a still more spacious cavern, surrounded by rocky heights which only admitted a kind of twilight through the overhanging trees and shrubs. He went on, and came to a smooth shaven green, where he saw twelve ancient knights none of whom spoke a word, engaged in playing at nine pins. His guide now beckoned to Peter in silence, to pick up the nine pins and went his way. Trembling every joint Peter did not venture to disobey, and at times he cast a stolen glance at the players, whose long beards and slashed doublets were not at all in the present fashion. By degrees his looks grew bolder; he took particular notice of every thing round him; among other things observing a tankard near him filled with wine, whose odour was excellent, he took a good draught. It seemed to inspire him with life: and whenever he began to feel tired of running, he applied with fresh ardour to the tankard, which always renewed his strength. But finally it quite overpowered him, and he fell asleep.

When he next opened his eyes he found himself on the grass-plot again, in the old spot where he was in the habit of feeding his goats. He rubbed his eyes, he looked round, but could see neither dog

nor flock ; he was surprized at the long rank grass that grew about him, and at trees and bushes which he had never before seen. He shook his head and walked a little farther, looking for the old sheep path and the hillocks and roads where he used daily to drive his flock ; but he could find no traces of them left. Yet he saw the village just before him ; it was the same Sittendorf, and scratching his head he hastened at a quick pace down the hill to enquire after his flock.

All the people whom he met going into the place were strangers to him, were differently dressed, and even spoke in a different style to his old neighbours. When he asked about his goats, they only stared at him, and fixed their eyes upon his chin. He put his hand unconsciously to his mouth, and to his great surprize found that he had got a beard, at least a foot long. He now began to think that both he and all the world about him were in a dream : and yet he knew the mountain for that of the Kyffhâusen (for he had just come down it) well enough. And there were the cottages with their gardens and grass-plots, much as he had left them. Besides the lads who had all collected round him, answered to the enquiry of a passenger, what place it was, " Sittendorf, Sir."

Still shaking his head, he went farther into the village to look for his own house. He found it, but

greatly altered for the worse ; a strange goatherd in an old tattered frock lay before the door, and near him his old dog, which growled and shewed its teeth at Peter when he called him. He went through the entrance which had once a door, but all within was empty and deserted ; Peter staggered like a drunken man out of the house, and called for his wife and children by their names. But no one heard him, and no one gave him any answer.

Soon, however, a crowd of women and children got round the inquisitive stranger, with the long hoary beard ; and asked him what it was he wanted ? Now Peter thought it was such a strange kind of thing to stand before his own house, enquiring for his own wife and children, as well as about himself, that evading these inquiries he pronounced the first name that came into his head : " Kurt Steffen, the blacksmith ? " Most of the spectators were silent, and only looked at him wistfully, till an old woman at last said : " Why, for these twelve years he has been at Sachsenburg, whence I suppose you are not come to day." " Where is Valentine Meier, the tailor ? " " The Lord rest his soul," cried another old woman leaning upon her crutch, " he has been lying more than these fifteen years in a house he will never leave."

Peter recognized in the speakers, two of his young neighbours who seemed to have grown old

very suddenly, but he had no inclination to enquire any farther. At this moment there appeared making her way through the crowd of spectators, a sprightly young woman with a year old baby in her arms, and a girl about four taking hold of her hand, all three as like his wife he was seeking for as possible. "What are your names?" he enquired in a tone of great surprise, "Mine is Maria." "And your father's?" continued Peter. "God rest his soul! Peter Klaus to be sure. It is now twenty years ago since we were all looking for him day and night upon the Kyffhäuser; for his flock came home without him, and I was then," continued the woman, "only seven years old."

The goatherd could no longer bear this: "I am Peter Klaus," he said, "Peter and no other," and he took his daughter's child and kissed it. The spectators appeared struck dumb with astonishment, until first one and then another began to say, "Yes, indeed, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, good neighbour, after twenty years' absence, welcome home."*

* In this very popular German tradition, the reader will easily recognize the original of one of Mr. Washington Irving's most pleasing productions, Ripp Van Winkle, which, however, it may be added, contains much additional cleverness and amusement.—Ed.

LOCAL POPULAR TRADITIONS

FROM

THE NORTH SIDE OF THE HARTZ.

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LOCAL POPULAR TRADITIONS.

OTMAR.

THE MONK OF CONRADSBURG'S TALE.

THE monks of Conradsburg* were jolly well-faring people, not overdone with hard work. This gave their great adversary the devil, however, a fair opportunity, a handle to work them by, which he did not neglect. Their noviciates only were subjected to labour, and for some years after taking their vows were compelled to restrain their passions, especially when they were observed, strictly within rule of the order. But as they gradually grew into power, and exercised some influence over the affairs of the monastery, they amply repaid themselves for this their period of probation, by indulging all their wishes. Yet they were always ready prepared with the Lord's name in their mouth for every emergency; give them a quarter of an hour's preparation, and the day was their own.

* Conradsburg situated near Eadorf and Ermsleben, in one of the most romantic and fertile districts of Germany, is now incorporated with the Prussian territories; but during the middle ages, it was under the dominion of a large monastery.

In particular those who were selected to discharge the out duties* of the establishment, to levy the quit-rents, fines, and contributions, found themselves in a very comfortable situation. They lived much according to their fancy, like free citizens, and deprived themselves of no kind of gratification. One of their chief characteristics was that of decoying simple women, who believed them according to their own representations to be the lords of church, power, service, and absolution.

Among these very lucky, self complacent, pious men, who were either gracious or severe, according as they judged best, was also Brother Marcus, one of the most popular and reputed among their spiritual lords. He enjoyed the office of warder of the lands and forests, which extended many miles round the monastery. One of those woods lay close to Stangerode, and it is to this day called the Monk's Wood.† Now as Marcus happened to have too sociable a taste to confine himself to the company of young trees, he so contrived to manage matters at an election, with the Abbot, as to be chosen to fill the office of gathering fees in some adjoining villages, finding this the most

* They enjoyed a number of privileges in Conradsburg, besides others in Endorf; in which last place, however, the monks' tax of the Kutter Zins (cowl rent) was evaded.—Or.

† The same wood now belongs to the Church of Alterode, which is considered the Alma Mater Church of Stangerode.—Or.

convenient method of forming such connexions as he most approved. In this way Brother Marcus spent his time, journeying from house to house, and tarrying long or short just in proportion as he liked the treatment he received from the good house-wives; sometimes a week, sometimes a month at a time.

Among others whose acquaintance he thus cultivated, was the young and sprightly wife of an honest man of Stangerode, named Hartung, whose house lay on the skirts of the monks' forests. Certain days in every month he was obliged to be absent from home, being then engaged in providing himself and his neighbours with salt which he brought from Halle.

During some little time past, Hartung found his wife Isabel quite altered. Once she had been a sharp, active, housewifely woman, and now she complained of taking the least trouble; all kind of work became exceedingly disagreeable to her; and instead of welcoming her good man home as usual, and sharing in all his labors, she fairly turned her back upon him; scolded him when he came in, and scolded when he went out. She began to lament her hard lot, the low drudgery to which she was consigned, and the little estimation in which her services were held. "Such hands" she declared (they became softer and whiter every day) "were not made for labour;" her husband stared at her with all his eyes, and could by no means make out how she possibly became embued with such maxims,

nor what she meant. He was inclined to lay the blame upon some mischievous meddler; but he had no idea that he was so very near him.

In fact Isabel made the poor man's house so uncomfortable, that he could no longer live with his wife and children, but went out, and rambled round the country full of vexation and dissatisfaction. In such a mood his brother-in-law, Hierscho, and his next neighbour Probst, one day joined him. At first poor Hartung wished to avoid them, and would not enter into discourse. But they who had for some time back heard a report of a bleating ghost, which haunted the monks' wood, and made towards Hartung's court, had determined to watch and plainly traced him into the house; and they now came to say that the source of all his sorrows was no other than Marcus, the monks' taxman. They proceeded to state that during his late visit to Halle, they had twice seen a Monk creeping upon his hands and knees, at the back of Hartung's barn; that he concealed himself in some hazel bushes, and set up a long continued bleating like a calf, to which Isabel replied by imitating the barking of a little dog, intended as a signal, and then opening him the door. Probst here added, that he had vowed to be the death of Marcus, as he found he was laying snares for his two unmarried daughters, and had been heard to say

that he should shortly have the younger of them in his power.

It was some time before Hartung could be brought to credit these charges against the holy man; but when he did he appeared equally ready to put the monk to death. On the 20th of November, Hartung seemed preparing himself for a fresh journey, and on the evening of the same day he learnt that Marcus, in consequence of these tidings, had shewn himself on the skirts of the monks' wood. Shortly after the hour of midnight he left his own court, but had hardly gone a mile before he turned into a shady part of Welbeck forest, well known to him, and joined his neighbours, already lying in ambush.

They had not waited long before they heard the bleating of a calf, which came nearer and nearer, and then the barking of a little dog. Soon by the light of the moon they saw their enemy appear in the shape of a dark animal, creeping upon its hands and knees, bleating and bellowing towards Hartung's house. The door opened, and the calf went in; and the three neighbours, leaving their hiding-place, proceeded to dig a large hole in one corner of the garden, under some thick hazel trees, and when they had finished their work they proceeded, arrayed in white sheets, into the house. They entered by the back door, without being perceived, and hastening into his own chamber the good man found Marcus asleep in his

wife's arms. She concealed herself under the clothes; but Hartung scarcely giving the monk time to awake, hit him a blow upon the head with his axe, which killed him on the spot. He was immediately carried out and interred in the grave which they had just dug for the purpose.

Hartung then harnessed his waggon and proceeded very quietly towards Halle, in order to bring back his accustomed load, nothing having yet given rise to the least suspicion. The good monk, to be sure, was missing, and not to be found, in spite of the enquiries of the whole monastery. For he was just then in great request, and esteemed by the whole order as the most worthy brother that could be found, to fill the vacant office of kitchen and cellar master, which the next monastic election was to decide. In the meanwhile his brethren consoled themselves for his non-appearance by listening to the amusing histories which were quickly circulated, of his nocturnal excursions and intrigues, to some of which he had doubtless fallen a martyr.

About the third day after the murder of poor Marcus, the whole village of Stangerode was excommunicated, and declared a place calculated only to inspire feelings of dread and abhorrence. For, of a truth, the bleating continued louder than before, nor did it haunt the monks' wood only; the hobgoblin got into the houses, and ran both at men and

women; many of the inhabitants, and in particular Hartung and Isabel were frightened out of their senses and their houses, too, while others hastened to Conradsburg in order to bring a priest to lay the unquiet spirit of the calf.

The priest came, encountered the bleating Marcus in the wood, and with the help of holy water drove him before him. Still he could get him to proceed no farther than the hazel-trees; there he kept his ground, in spite of all adjurations and sprinklings. At length after long consultation, it was given out by regular notice, that on St. Thomas's day there would be a solemn procession of the whole monastery towards the fatal village of Stangerode. The abbot commanded strict search to be instituted, and particularly under the hazel trees. They began to dig, and there found the body of the slaughtered monk, with the instrument of his destruction, not Hartung, but Hartung's axe, buried at his side. The body was conveyed back in solemn silence to the monastery, where it was freshly interred with all due ceremony.

All Stangerode was now under the greatest alarm at having thus wilfully provoked the wrath of the Lord. It was in momentary dread, not without reason, of being destroyed by fire and brimstone, of being excommunicated, or swallowed up alive. But whether it were that in the good monastery of Conradsburg farther enquiry was judged inexpedient, as

Fame with her thousand tongues had already bruited the matter far and wide; or whether the culprit could not be found, or that the holy brethren speculated upon filling up the empty spaces in the saints' and martyrs' calendars for future centuries with their own names; it is certain that the upshot of their whole judgment upon the nefarious place, resolved itself briefly into the following sentence:—

“Whereas one of the holy monks of Conradsburg, being officially engaged in the discharge of his public duties according to the rule of his order, has been scandalously and criminally interrupted, attacked and cruelly murdered, while in fulfilment of such trust, by some person or persons unknown;

“It is hereby enacted, that the village of Stangerode shall, in consequence, be fined in perpetuity, in the penalty of a new cowl tax, and that each of the fourteen houses (all of which the place then consisted) shall be first merced in the sum of a silver penny. That such cowl tax shall be annually levied upon St. Thomas's day in a public assembly, and to be paid under penalty of one barrel of herrings and a cask of wine, for every minute that such payment is delayed after the hour of sunrise; and that such forfeits be brought in penitent procession by the inhabitants of Stangerode to the monastery of Conradsburg.”

The spirit of brother Marcus was thus propitiated,

he was avenged upon the wicked inhabitants where such a deed had been perpetrated, and from that day forth, St. Thomas's day, he no longer appeared in his real form, but merely in the shape of a dumb hound or a calf. And even to this day, though more rarely in proportion as infidelity begins to prevail, he still permits himself to be seen between the days of the 20th of November and 20th of December, by moonlight, either bleating like a calf or baying like a hound. But seers only can distinguish him; though all may plainly enough hear him bleat, and sometimes feel him too, like the burden of a hundred weight upon their shoulders. At other times he comes in the shape of a night-mare, and presses the poor sleeper down so heavily upon his couch that he can scarcely get his breath.*

* For the sake of illustration, we shall here add a few remarks connected with the above tradition. It is most probably referable to the fifteenth century; though it differs from the rest of the old popular sayings or traditions, which seldom preserve local names uncorrupted, having different ones in different versions of the same tales, while the names of Hartung, Hierscho, Probat, &c. are yet dwelt upon by the people in their narrative without any alteration in them. This clearly proves, that there is some real historical fact which laid the ground work of the present story, and impressed itself even in some minute particulars upon the memory of the people.—Or.

OTMAR.

CASTLE DUMSBURG.*

No traveller approaches the dismal ruins of the Dumburg without a feeling of involuntary awe. If night happen to overtake him near this melancholy spot, he becomes anxious, he shudders, and shrinking as it were within himself, tries to pass more rapidly along. For when the sun is sunk in the west and he treads over the site of the ancient castle, he may hear deep sighs, stifled groans, and the rattling of chains from the hollow graves and vaulted passages below. Then about midnight, there will appear to his view through the thin moonshine, the spirits of those ancient knights who erst swayed with iron sceptre all the trembling land. In fearful fiery guise rise up twelve long white figures out of the mouldering vaults, the ruins of a thousand years, bearing along a gigantic coffin which they set down upon the old walls and then silently vanish away. Then also the skeletons and skulls scattered along the cliffs may be seen in motion; but not a voice is heard.

* Dumburg, whose massy walls still bid defiance to time, is situated between the monasteries of Hedersleben and Adersleben, to the east point of Hakels, a wood belonging to the principality of Halberstadt, between Kachstedt and Gruningen, which once formed a portion of the Hartz.—Or.

Robbers are known to have long haunted the regions of Dumburg, who ravaged the country, and despoiled or murdered poor way-faring men, and merchants whom they met proceeding from Leipsic to Brunswick. These treasures, with those of violated churches and convents, they heaped together and buried in caverns deep under ground. The deep wells were filled with corpses of the slain, while the frightful castle precipices were often heard echoing to the groans of dying wretches, dying the worst of deaths, that of hunger; and long did these infernal retreats of the robber chiefs remain undiscovered; till at length they provoked the vengeance of the allied princes of the adjacent districts.

These despoiled treasures—gold, silver, and precious stones, are still said to lie in heaps in some of the secret undiscovered cellars and vaults belonging to Dumburg. Seldom is it permitted the casual passenger to behold them; to find a single entrance, though the long fallen door-ways can yet be traced. Spirits of monkish days, and also real monks have been more than once seen winding down the silent passages.

One evening a poor woodman engaged in felling a beech, growing behind some of the rocky ruins, saw a grey monk come forth and walk slowly into the forest. The woodman hid himself behind the tree; the monk went by, and then returned towards the

caverns. But the rustic was too quick for him; he slipped after him, and watched him standing at a little door which none of the villagers had ever discovered. The monk tapped softly, and said, "Open, little door!" and the door sprang open; "Shut, little door!" and the little door closed. Trembling from head to foot, the woodman had hardly presence of mind enough to mark the spot with some twigs, and stones piled upon each other. From this time, he could no longer eat nor sleep, such was his curiosity to inspect what it was the cellar contained with the wonderful door.

The next Saturday evening, he prepared himself; and when the sun had risen on the ensuing morning, he proceeded with a rosary in his hand towards the identical caverns. Shortly he stood at the door, his teeth chattering in his head; for the ghost in the monk's dress still haunted his fancy. But no ghost appearing, he tapped with trembling hand at the little door, but ventured to say nothing. He first listened, and listened long, but heard nothing.

At length he began to pray with all his heart and strength to all the Holy Saints, and to the Virgin, and then knocked quickly, without knowing hardly what he did, saying: "Open, little door!" though his voice was weak and low, yet the door sprang open, and he saw before him a small twilight passage. He ventured in, and very soon the path brought him to a spacious well-lighted vault. "Shut, little door!"

said he, quite unconsciously as before, and the door closed behind him.

He proceeded doubtfully forwards, and beheld large open vessels and bags filled with fine old dollars and heavy gold pieces. Caskets of rich pearls and jewels were also there; very costly tabernacles and heathen images placed upon noble tables, which excited the poor man's utmost astonishment. He crossed himself, and wished he were a thousand miles from the enchanted spot, yet could scarcely resist the temptation of appropriating some portion of these useless treasures, were it only to buy clothing for his poor wife and eight children who were almost in rags.

Shutting his eyes, he stretched out his hand, and took a few gold pieces from the bag which stood next him; he then felt to see whether his head were still fast upon his shoulders, and at last ventured to open his eyes. Next he proceeded to the dollars; took two handsfull, thrust some silver plate under his arm, and turned round to go. "Come again!" cried a hollow voice, from the depths of the cavern; the whole place seemed to whirl round with the poor woodman. "Little door, open! Open, little door!" he cried, as he reached the spot, in haste. The door opened, and then, "Shut, little door!" he added in a bolder voice, and it closed behind him.

He ran home as fast as his heels could carry him; said nothing about his new fortunes, but piously went

to the first convent church, and offered two tenths of all he had brought with him, to be given as alms to the poor. The following morning, he went to town, and purchased some new dresses for his wife and children, of which they were much in want. He said he had luckily found, while delving up the roots of a beech tree, an old dollar and two gold pieces, which he employed to buy them.

On the ensuing Sunday, he proceeded with quicker step towards the little door in the cliffs; repeated the former process, filled his pockets fuller than before, and turned to go. "Come again!" cried the same deep voice, and according to invitation, he went the third Sunday, and met with as good a reception as before. He now began to esteem himself a rich man; but what was he to do with his riches? He bestowed two tenths, to be sure, upon the church and the poor; and he had no resource but to bury the rest over again in his own cellar; applying to it only, like a sensible man, when his family was in want. Still he could not resist his inclination to measure his amount of treasure; for as it happened he had never learnt to count.

So he went to his neighbour's, a thriving wealthy man, but one who pined for more amidst his abundance; garnered up his corn, defrauded his labourers of their just hire, oppressed the widow and the orphan, distrained upon his tenants, though he had no family

of his own. From him the woodman borrowed a measure to mete out his gold.

Now the said bushel had several chinks in it, through which the miser was in the habit when buying to shake a good deal of corn, filling up again from the poor salesman's heap; and when selling, to shake it back into his own: for he was wealthy, and none ventured to gainsay him. In one of these said chinks, some bits of gold happened to stick fast, and escaped the attention of the woodman when he meted out his gold. But on returning the measure, the hawk-eye of the miser was not so easily deceived. Off he went, in search of the poor woodman, whom he found at work as usual in the forest: "What were you measuring this morning in my bushel?" was his first salutation. "Chips, and beech nuts, to be sure;" was the reply. Shaking his head, the usurer displayed the precious fragments he had found; and at the same time threatened his neighbour with justice and the rack, unless he confessed every thing connected with the affair. In this case he promised to reward him, and pressed the woodman so hard, that he was compelled to reveal the whole secret, not omitting the fearful words.

From this time forth, the vile usurer did nothing but devise methods and consult the woodman, how best to transport the whole treasure, at one time, from the hidden places to his own house; and next

how to proceed in search of new. He had set his heart upon having the whole ; had made his calculations and fixed the manner in which he would purchase daily one hide, and one acre after another ; or in default of purchase, to threaten and to swear his neighbours out of their rightful possessions, until he became master over all. In this way he imagined he might soon be able to possess himself of the adjacent villages, and becoming a great lord of the manors, perhaps receive from the emperor letters patent of nobility, and render himself undisputed despot of the country round.

The woodman did not at all approve the idea of his wicked neighbour going in person to the ruined castle. He even entreated him to desist from his design, described the great danger, and illustrated it with a thousand hapless examples of the fate of gold diggers. But what argument will restrain the hand of avarice from dipping into an open money-bag ? By dint of threats and promises, the woodman was induced to bear the miser company, as far as the door ; farther he would not go. So he was to take his station there, and receive the bags which the usurer proposed to bring out, and to conceal them among the surrounding bushes. He was promised one-half, and the church one-tenth, (he would not agree with the woodman for two,) for this service ; while the village paupers were all to have new clothes.

This was all the miser would do; though in fact he had concluded, within himself, that the moment he could dispense with the woodman's services, he would find an opportunity of tripping him down the deep well under the castle walls; to give the poor nothing at all, and present the church only with a few light pieces, which he was then weighing in his own mind.

On the next Sunday every thing was prepared, and ere sun-rise the miser was on his way, with the woodman at his side, towards Dumburg cliffs. On his shoulders he carried a three-bushel sack, with some twenty smaller ones in it; a large grubbing-axe, and a spade. Once more, the woodman warned him earnestly against all such proceedings, but all in vain; he then entreated him to recommend himself to the holy saint; yet all in vain. The wicked miser walked on, grinding his teeth and blaspheming within himself.

They now approached the door, and the woodman who did not at all like the adventure, but whose fears of the rack were stronger than those of the ghost, kept at as decent a distance as he well could, to receive the sacks. "Open, little door!" cried the corn usurer eagerly; longing to behold the gold. It opened, and in he went. "Shut, little door!" again he said, and the door was shut. Scarcely had he reached the vault, and saw the bags and caskets full of sparkling gold and precious stones, feeding his

greedy eyes upon them for a moment, than he seized his sacks, opened one, and began to fill.

Then came, heavy and slow, from the further end of the cavern, its fiery eyes fixed upon the miser, a huge black hound. It came and lay down, first upon one and then another of the gold bags, until it had gone over the whole. "Away, thou rapacious man!" sounded in the miser's ears, and the black hound grinned horribly in his face. Half dead with terror, he crept upon his hands and knees towards the door. But in his alarm, he forgot to say, "Open, little door;" repeatedly crying out, "Shut the door, shut the door;" thinking of the hound that was slowly following him; and the door remained closed.

Long did the poor woodman with beating heart, await the miser's return. At length he approached the door, and thought he could hear stifled sighs and groans, mixed with a deep hollow howling; and then all was still. He now heard them ringing for mass at the neighbouring monastery. He crossed himself, took his rosary and prayed. Then he tapped at the door, "Open," he said, "little door;" and it opened. What a sight! there lay the bleeding body of his bad neighbour, stretched lifeless upon his own sacks; and behold farther in the cave, the whole array of bags and caskets filled with gold and diamonds began to disappear; down they all went, deep and deeper, before his eyes, into the bowels of the earth.

OTMAR.

THE WILD HUNTER OF HACKELNBERG.*

FAR around this castle, among the mountains of the Hartz and in the Thuringian forests, appears the wild hunter of Hackelnberg. His favorite haunts, however, are in Hackel, from which he derives his name, and more particularly in the district of Dumburg. He is often heard at midnight, as he drives through storm and rain, or in the dim moonshine, when the heavens are overcast, he chases with his swart hounds the shadows of wild animals he once destroyed, through the clouds. Most frequently the chase goes over Dumburg, straight athwart the Hackel towards the now ruined villages of Ammendorf.†

* It is related by Hondorff, (in his Theat. Hist. p. 188,) that in the year 1272, a certain necromancer who arrived at Creusnach from the Netherlands, one day in the open market place struck off his page's head, and after leaving the body for the space of half an hour upon the ground he again united it to the trunk. The page then rising with his dogs into the air, gave the huntsman's cry, and rode about as if engaged in the chase. A similar exhibition in the clouds was displayed by Doctor Faustus to the Italian Ambassadors; and is likewise said to have been in the power of J. Scotus of Frankfort, of Zoroaster, and of Robert of Normandy. (Görres Deutscher Volksbücher, p. 220-1.)

† Upon the limits of the village of Hakeborn, not far from the little town of Egelu.—OT.

He has never been seen except by a few sabbath-born children. Sometimes he meets them as a solitary hunter with a single dog, at others borne in a chariot with four horses, attended by six large hounds. Ah, however, may hear his fierce progress through the rushing air, the hoarse cry of his dogs, and the tramp of his steeds, as if dashing through the moor waters, and often, too, his wild *hu! hu!* as he speeds along, preceded by his guide, the large horned owl, with her solitary whoop.

There were once three travellers who had sat down to refresh themselves, not far from Dumburg. The night was gathering fast, the moon shone fitfully through the fleeting clouds, and all was silent around as the tomb. Suddenly was heard a rushing like a strong current over their heads. They looked up, and a great horned owl flew over them. "Ha!" cried one of the travellers, "there is the Stut-ozel, and the wild hunter Hackelnberg is not far." "Let us fly then," exclaimed the second in great alarm, "before the monster overtake us." "There is no time," said the other, "and you have nothing to fear if you will not provoke him. Lie down on your faces while he passes over us, and say not a word; remember the fate of the shepherd."

The travellers laid themselves down among the bushes, the loud rushing of the hounds, as if tramping down the grass, and high above them in the air

the stifled cry of the hard pressed animal, mingled from time to time with the fierce sound of the hunter's *hu ! hu !* Two of the travellers pressed closer to the ground, but the third could not resist his desire of seeing what passed. He glanced sideways through the bushes, and saw the shade of the dark hunter, urging on his dogs as he speeded by. As suddenly again every thing was still. The travellers rose trembling from their hiding place, and gazed wistfully towards Haackelnberg ; but all had vanished and was seen no more. But what is the Stut-ozel ? enquired one of them after a long pause.

“ In one of the convents at Thuringen,” replied the other, “ there once resided a nun of the name of Ursel. This creature being of a violent temper, beat the sisterhood, and often interrupted their hymns with her harsh sharp voice ; so that they soon gave her the nick name of Tut, or Stut Ursel. But they bitterly repented having done this after her death. For always after eleven o'clock at night, she appeared in the shape of a screech owl, and thrust her head into the choir of the church, destroying the harmony of their hymns with her harsh tones, stammering worse than before. The same occurred in the morning at four o'clock, as she never failed to join in their choral songs.

“ With trembling limbs the sisterhood supported this situation for a few days ; but on her fourteenth visit one of the nuns whispered her next neighbour in

great alarm; "Now I am sure it is the Ursel!" The hymn ceased, a sudden terror seized on all; their hair bristled up, the colour forsook their lips, and they all ran out of the church during service, shrieking, "It is the Ursel, the Tut Ursel!" and no threats or persuasions could induce them again to enter it, until the persecuting spirit of Ursel was banished from the convent walls. One of the most celebrated exorcists of his time was sent for from the borders of the Danube, belonging to an order of Capuchins, and by dint of fast and prayer, he succeeded in expelling Ursel in the shape of a great horned owl, and driving her among the ruins of Dumburg.

"At that time the wild hunter was passing over Hackelnberg, and hearing the *hu! hu!* of the great horned owl as he drove along, he found it so well adapted to his own cheer for his hounds and horses, that he entreated to have her company in the chase, and they were never afterwards separated. And away they speed, pursuing their prey through storm and rain and cloud, rejoicing to be freed from the close convent walls, and listening to the mountain echoes of their own wild shouts and songs, mingled with the cry of their hounds, and the sighs and pantings of their prey.

"Such," said the traveller, shuddering, "is the story of the Tut-ozel; but what became of the young shepherd who hailed the hunter as he passed?" "Listen to his strange adventure:" was the reply.

"This shepherd once heard the wild hunter drawing near the place where he fed his flock. He gave the hounds a cheer, and called out, 'Good luck to Hackelnberg.' The wild hunter checked his speed, as he shouted with a voice of thunder, 'Hast thou helped me to urge my dogs! so shalt thou have a share in the quarry.' The poor hind shrank trembling away. But Hackelnberg flung after him a half devoured thigh bone of a horse; which smote him as he sat in his sheep cart, so severely, that he has never since been able to hold himself upright, or to move backwards or forwards."*

* It is most probable that some great hunter who rode in the middle ages, gave occasion to the preceding tradition, belonging likewise to the family of the nobles of Hackelnberg or Hackelberg. The last distinguished Nimrod of his race was Hans Von Hackelnberg, who ended his days in an hospital, during the sixteenth century, at a place not far from Hornberg, which lies on the borders of the Duchy of Brunswick. Upon his grave-stone in the church-yard of that place, is engraved the figure of a full equipped knight, mounted upon a mule. Travellers passing through Wulperode, used to stop to admire the heavy armour of Hans there exhibited to view. But the helm alone now remains; the rest of his accoutrements having been transferred to Deersheim.

In regard to the strange manner of his death, the following tradition has obtained currency; and this, as being historically connected with the foregoing, may here be added.

Hans von Hackelnberg, the ducal master of the forests in Brunswick, appeared to live only for the chace. In order to

indulge this propensity he bought or hired a number of neighbouring chases, and devoted the whole of his time to the hunt, traversing with his followers and his large stag hounds, all the fields, forests, and mountainous districts round the Hartz, year after year, both by day and night. He once passed the night in Hartzburg; and there he dreamed that he saw a terrific wild boar, which he attacked, and after a long struggle he fancied that he was overcome. As he waked, the dreadful apparition seemed still to haunt him; he could in no way vanquish its impression, though he was the first to laugh at the occurrence.

Wandering a few days afterwards among the Lower Hartz, he encountered an immense boar, the exact image of that he had beheld in his sleep; in colour, in size, and in the length and strength of his tusks. But Hans knew no fear, and was the first to begin the battle, which was equally ferocious, crafty, and unyielding on both sides. It long remained undecided, and it was only by employing his utmost dexterity and courage, when nearly reduced to the last extremity, that Hackelnberg succeeded in laying his enemy low. Long he gazed upon his savage foe as he lay dead at his feet, and then stamping upon his head, with all his force, he cried: "No, thou hast not, and thou shalt not tear me, as thou tore me in my dream!" Such was the violence with which he struck him with his foot, that one of the sharp tusks pierced his boot, and wounded him in the foot.

At first he thought little of the wound, and even continued the chase until late at night. When he reached his castle, however, his wound grew so much worse for want of proper care, and bandages, that he was compelled to hasten towards Wolfenbüttel to gain assistance. But the motion of the car so greatly aggravated the symptoms, that it was with the utmost difficulty he reached the hospital at Wulperode, in which he shortly after his arrival died.—Or.

OTMAR.

THE WOLF STONE.*

IN and about the Brandsleben woods, which were once united to the district of Hakel and the Hartz, there once dwelt, ages ago, an unknown personage ;—no one having ever discovered who he was nor whence he came. This, however, gave the inhabitants of the neighbourhood very little concern, as he was sufficiently designated for their purpose by the name of the Old One. He often came into the village without exciting observation, in order to give such assistance as he could, out of mere good-will to the working classes. He was particularly fond of taking upon himself the tending of the flocks, an employment at once easy and useful ; when their natural guardians the shepherds were prevented, at sheep-shearing, or at other times, from discharging their office. In this way he went from one flock to another, according to a fair distribution of labour.

In the flock of the shepherd Melle, a pretty party-coloured lamb was one day missing. Now the un-

* Near Eggenstedt a village in the district of Magdebourg, situated not far from Sommerscenburg and Schomingen, a large stone is to be seen upon a green towards Seehausen, which the people call the Wolfstein, in regard to the following tradition.—OT.

known had often very urgently entreated to have this lost lamb given him, and repeated his prayer every day; and always in vain. The shearing time came on, and Melle requested the Old One's assistance. He gave it with pleasure, and watched his flock; but when shepherd Melle returned home, and took muster of his flock, he found neither the old man nor his favorite lamb; both were missing.

The unknown had quite disappeared; no one could learn any tidings of him. After a good lapse of time, one day the old gentleman appeared very suddenly and unexpectedly before him, as he was pasturing his flock in the vale of Katten. "Good day, Melle," said the Old One, "thy pretty lamb sends thee greeting." At this sarcastic salute, the shepherd looked very black and surly, and replied by seizing his crook in order to inflict a well-merited chastisement.

But behold! in a moment the old unknown assumed another form, and sprung upon Melle in the shape of a large wolf. Frightened beyond all description, Melle quite lost his presence of mind; such was the ferocity of his enemy. But his dogs came to his assistance, and rushing upon the wolf, after a long struggle, they compelled him to take to flight. Away went the dogs after him, through wood and valley, until they again came up with him, and brought him to bay close to the village of Eggenstadt.

Melle who had a little recovered from the first shock, followed their track, and cried in a loud voice, as he approached, and found him surrounded by his dogs—
“ Now thou shalt surely die ! ”

Then as suddenly the Old One stood before him in human shape, and entreated hard that he would spare him, vowing to God that he would never more meddle either with sheep or lamb, and that he would make also ample compensation. But he could not propitiate the insulted and angry shepherd ; he fell upon the Old One with his hedge chopper ; but lo ! the unknown had disappeared.

The shepherd, however, remarked a new sprung thornbush at his side, which availed the Old One nothing. He began lopping the branches with all his might, and was very speedily eradicating it altogether. The unknown was only just in time to save his stamina, by turning once more into a human shape, and then fled for his life. But the obstinate and unrelenting Melle was not thus to be thwarted of his revenge. As he approached nearer his enemy, the wolf again attacked him ;—again the dogs came, and he fled. This time he was not so lucky ;—for one terrible blow of Melle’s chopper, as he turned round upon the dogs, laid him dead upon the spot.

An old ruined fragment of rock, still serves to mark the place where the were-wolf was slain, and it has ever since been known by the name of the Were-wolf’s Stone.

GOTTSCHALCK,*

Is the author of a collection of about fifty national traditions, comprehending one or two tales of a somewhat more modern and extensive kind. These, however, he has not arranged with the same local truth and accuracy as the preceding ones of Otmar. Neither has he embodied the whole of them with equal simplicity and taste, at least if we may be permitted to form an opinion from some versions of the same stories, which had been previously handled by that writer. Such duplicates indeed among German collectors, are of no rare occurrence, insomuch as to call for some little discrimination in referring a story to its first relater; the merit of which in general falls to the portion, as in the retailing of other anecdotes, of the one who is ingenious enough to array it in the best dress. Occasionally too, the same tales assume so very different a tone and character, that more especially should

* Popular Traditions and Tales of the Germans. Collected by Frederick Gottschalck. Halle. 1814. Also History of the Feudal Castles, and Mountain Fortresses of Germany, 5 vols. bds. 1810-21. with plates.

Caspar Frederick Gottschalck, was born at Sondershausen on the 15th day of July, 1772. He resides at Ballenstedt, with the title of Assistant Counsellor to the Duke of Anhalt-Bernburg.

they happen to be amusing ones, the selector must be cautious, lest like his originals, he treat us to two or more specimens of the same. There nevertheless are always a limited number of curious and original stories to be obtained from the several selections, which bearing least resemblance to one another and to the mass, will afford us a tolerable degree of variety; while it is quite natural that an exquisitely amusing or interesting tradition should be imitated and contended for with as much zeal as the cities of Greece contended for the poem of the Iliad.

In Germany, however, whose enlarged and liberal principles of criticism are well deserving of the gratitude and imitation of other nations, similar claims and inquiries are almost invariably prosecuted with equal ardour, good humor, and good faith. Indeed they exhibit an ennobling picture of the republic of letters; they admit a community of literary rights and interests, a sort of national partnership in all their works; lending and borrowing from each other with perfect openness and freedom, and with slight acknowledgment of the mutual obligations due.*

* Göthe and Schiller were engaged conjointly in many of their labors, and the former would appear, in some instances, to have been indebted to the dramas of Lessing, who likewise composed one upon the subject of Faustus, though of very different character and pretensions.—Ed.

Agreeably to this liberal and useful system, we observe that the collector before us, remarks at the close of his elaborate preface, with the perfect naïveté of a good German: "And here I cannot deny myself the gratification of giving a place to the following annotations, from the pen of my highly esteemed friend Privy Counsellor Beckerdorff, who has had the goodness to offer them to my acceptance, with singular and welcome courtesy, as an accompaniment to the first portion of my work."—*Preface*, p. xi.

That the difficulties to be encountered in compiling a work of this nature are not wholly, like the stories, of an imaginary description, may be gathered from the following passage from the German collector's preface, which his English translator here ventures humbly yet broadly to advance as some apology for unintentional errors and omissions with which he fears his work will too much abound: "As to myself, I hesitate not to avow that I am convinced that a complete collection of the Popular German Tales, arranged in a regular chronological and local series will continue to remain a desideratum, until the whole shall be brought together from a variety of sources, and shall thus be found ready prepared for the eye of some future benefactor of our national popular productions; which may then be embodied in a progressive chronological and geogra-

phical view; forming a popular history highly curious and interesting."*—*Preface*, p. x.

* That such a work would indeed, prove truly valuable no less to the antiquary and the man of taste, than to the novel reader and the peasant, there can be very little doubt; but as Gottschalck justly observes, where is the author to be found?—Ed.

FREDERICK GOTTSCHALCK.*

THE WITCH-DANCE ON THE BROCKEN.

HIGH above the surrounding hills of the Hartz, is seen a mountain, whose towering peak commands a

* Perhaps, says the author, a collection of German popular stories can hardly be more appropriately commenced than with a tradition of so ancient and favorite a character, so very generally diffused, and in every sense so well entitled to the name of a national tradition, as the above.—GOTTSCHALCK.

Its origin may be traced to the history of Charlemagne. Equally inspired with religious and heroic views, he first opened the theatre of war in Germany, where he was opposed by the Saxons with all the rage of barbaric freedom united to idolatrous hatred of the new religion, sought to be introduced. Resolved both upon their conquest and conversion, Charlemagne was involved in a fierce war, which was prolonged during three and thirty years. At length, indignant at their long resistance, he put all indiscriminately to the sword, who refused the rite of baptism; but the moment he engaged in other wars, the Saxons as often resumed their sacrifices to idols in their woods. When driven from these, they sought the still wilder retreats and fastnesses of the Hartz mountains, in particular the Brocken, at that time almost unapproachable. At the period of their festal rites and sacrifices, Charlemagne stationed guards at the passes of the mountains; though the Saxons succeeded in celebrating them, by adopting the following contrivance. They arrayed themselves, like goblins, with the skins and horns of beasts, with fire-forks in their hands, and those rude instruments which they used as protection against wild beasts, and during their

view of more than fifteen miles. This is called the Brocken; except when mention is made of those old enchantments and wizard-rites which were ages ago, and are even still said to be celebrated within its solitary domain; when it more properly takes the name of the Blocksberg. Upon its cold and sterile summit, inlaid with a thousand million glittering specimens of rock-stone, the devil is in the habit of holding an an-

sacrificial rites as they danced round the altar. Thus armed, they put the whole of the terrified guards to flight, and proceeded to invite the people to their festival. Hence, its celebration on the first of May, on the wildest region of the Hartz, with the snow yet lying on the Brocken, naturally enough gave rise among the Christians, to the belief of witches riding, that night, upon their broomsticks, to add to the infernal mirth and mystery of these heathen rites.

In fact, the early Christians uniformly viewed idolatry as the worship of demons; and firmly believed that the devil himself, in spite of Charlemagne's Christian guards, found his way through the air to give zest to the party assembled, in honor of him, upon the top of the Brocken. Such superstition received force from the appearance of the terrific and fantastic figures, haunting the mountains previous to the festal day, and which, seen by the soldiers, were reported with a variety of diabolical ornaments and additions. The first of May is supposed to have been selected as a welcome of the approaching year; and the rites, always under diabolical patronage, celebrated in honor of the goddess Ostera; while the custom, still prevalent in many parts of Germany, of adorning the houses and churches on that day, is doubtless some remnant of the heathen festival.—See Gott. Folks-märchen. pp. 8, 9, 10.

nual assembly, most splendid of its kind, on the night of the last day of April, namely, on the well-known Walpurgis night; consisting of all the witches and sorcerers on earth. After the tolling of the midnight hour, his guests flock in from all sides, conveyed by their usual equipage of horned beasts and birds, goats, rams, owls, &c. bearing them through the air upon brooms, pitchforks, and giants' bones, while the devil is kind enough, on his part, to bring many of his guests along with him. The company being met, a grand bonfire opens the scene; the dance goes round, the whole air is lit with fire-brands, and fire stirring and blowing; shouting and dancing, with fire-works of every kind, continue until the guests are well weary of the shew. But then first feeling himself inspired, the devil mounts his devil-pulpit, and begins to blaspheme all the Holy Saints and Angels; on the conclusion of which he gives a supper, consisting wholly of sausages which are served on the witch altars. The hag that is unlucky enough to arrive last, is condemned by immemorial custom, for neglect of duty, to die a cruel and ignominious death, serving at once as a warning to late visitors, and to lend animation to the scene. For after a warm embrace from the regent of the under-world, she is suddenly torn in pieces by the rest; her flesh is strewed as an example on the altar, and displayed as one of the master-keys of the devil's banquet.

At the first blush of dawn, the whole of the gentle sister and brotherhood disperse in all directions in search of other wind-falls, until a future meeting. In order that this same unholy alliance may produce no mischief either to man or beast, in the course of their annual excursion, the neighbouring dwellers of the Brocken take care, on the approach of the dread Walpurgis night, to draw the sign of three crosses over the doors of their houses and outhouses; being firm in the persuasion that both they and their families can by no other means be secured from the ill designs of the wicked spirits who are then on the watch to enchant them.*

* An old ballad from the same story is given by Büsching in his *Folksagen*. Leipsic, 1812. Its origin is likewise more particularly investigated in a tour through the Hartz and the Hessian district. Brunswick, 1797.—Gorr.

GOTTSCHALCK.

THE MEADOW DANCE.*

IN the same valley as the last-mentioned, near Aschersleben, lies a verdant strip of land, known by the name of the Dancing Meadow—a name which the following tradition will serve to illustrate.

Ages ago, the blooming daughters of the neighbouring burghers were often in the habit of assembling on a summer's evening, when the weather was fine, to enjoy one another's society, in this enchanting vale; during which the dance was never forgotten. Besides it was a custom for all the young brides on the day before their nuptials, to meet here the playmates of their infant years, whose circle they were about to quit for ever, and to join in a parting dance along with the bordering tenants of the well-known scene. And long did this celebration of youthful joys continue uninterrupted, until the time of its being profaned and violated by one of the adjacent lords of Raubburg.

A party happened to have met on the second evening of these rural ceremonies previous to a wedding, and were on the point of escorting home their

* The same story is also to be found in Otmar (*Nachtigal in Halberstadt*) as well as related by Krieger. See the *Alexisbad*, in the lower Hartz. Magdeburgh, 1812. 8vo. c. 316, first edition.—Gorr.

rich and beautiful betrothed late on a clear moonlight night, with all the mirthful triumph of dancing, innocent gaiety and song. Not the whole of the guests, however, were destined to reach their home. Two of the most beautiful maidens disappeared; and notwithstanding the most active exertions on the part of their friends and relatives, no trace of them could be discovered, their seats remained that night vacant in the domestic circle, and within a few hours all was confusion, no less among the parents, than in the surrounding abodes. Many weeping eyes were kept awake; their lovers swore the deadliest revenge; for they found reason to suspect that under the veil of night, a grievous wrong had been premeditated, and perhaps accomplished, which left them nothing but the hope of revenge.

And in part their fears were well grounded; some domestics in the service of the chief of Arnstein becoming acquainted with the hour of the intended festival, had the audacity, for the purpose of amusing themselves, and indulging their master's propensities, to lie concealed in an adjacent thicket. Under cover of the night, they succeeded in seizing upon two of the dancers, who happening to stray from their companions, had approached nearest to them, and they were instantly conveyed, amid shouts of surrounding revelry and rejoicings, unheard, into the neighbouring Hartz mountains, until a fit time should occur to convey them to their ultimate destination in Raubburg.

Scarcely had the sun streaked the horizon on the following morning, when a number of the citizens whose anxiety had kept them awake, were seen assembled before their doors, in order to advise with the suffering parents on the best measures to be adopted. Soon they learnt that a secret messenger who had been despatched upon some private affair, and was returning, ere day-break, over the mountains, had heard sufficient to prove the forcible abduction of the young women, although he had lost the track of the robbers among the hills. There was reason, however, to conclude, that they must reside somewhere upon the Arnstein; but their haunts were still a secret. The magistrates upon this, being made acquainted with the facts, instantly solicited a meeting of the relatives of the abducted parties, along with all the elders of the place, while they attempted in the meantime to preserve calmness and moderation in the minds of the incensed citizens. The chief part of the assembly were for instantly arming the whole of the inhabitants capable of bearing arms, in order, if possible, to surprize and destroy the hated and notorious castle Arnstein, which they said ought long since to have been levelled with the ground. But besides the uncertainty of the information received, it was justly remarked by the magistrates who presided, that it would require months of open and decided hostility, to capture so

powerful and well provisioned a castle as that of Raubburg, whence the formidable enemy made his depredations ; while, moreover, the present case called for instant redress.

At length, after a long and stormy discussion of the most efficacious means for obtaining it, during which the heads of the more bold and indignant had leisure to grow cooler, it was agreed to adopt the last suggestion of one of the oldest magistrates, who explained to the council, the superior opinion he entertained of a *ruse de guerre*, by which he trusted that the freedom of the abducted party would be more speedily accomplished.

In the first place every one must return quietly back to his own house, concealing his feelings of indignation and revenge, as well as he could. Then just as if nothing extraordinary had occurred at the late festival, as if the absence of none of the party had been noticed, or that their return was quietly expected ; another nuptial evening should be, as soon as possible, announced with even more of bustle and splendour than the former ; all their neighbours to be invited to the dance, and information sent by trusty messengers to the adjacent villages around.

Accordingly these same tidings reached the ears of the lord of Arnstein, who on receiving an invitation along with his knights and squires, loudly ridiculed the stupidity of the poor citizens, who

thus actually threw their daughters in his way. Then amidst oaths and laughter, a still more extended incursion than the former was determined upon, the whole of the party present declaring that they would this time each and every one seize on his individual prey after the close of the dance.

About twilight on the appointed day, the meadow was seen covered with beautiful groups of dancers, yet with all this, no virgins this day trod the scene: they were safe in their parental mansions. It was the stout citizens, and next to them their eldest boys who were arrayed in women's attire, with newly sharpened weapons concealed under their clothes, all intent upon avenging the honor of their daughters, their sisters, or their betrothed, and for ever in future to secure it. They began the dance with sounds of revelry and mirth, yet somewhat subdued to the tone of womanhood, while their hearts throbbed for vengeance, until the approach of midnight, when their trusty scouts brought word of the yet near and nearer advance of the lord of Arnstein, approaching softly towards the spot.

Now the dancing party seems to break up—concluding with the old national figures,* and sing-

* Named the Grossfatertanz, one like that of most other countries, which closes the festive scene, partaking of freer characteristics than are exhibited in the previous figures, reminding us of the origin and elements, as it were of the art

ing, and apparently drawing homewards. But behold! the next moment the chief of Arnstein burst into the midst of them followed by his knights and pages, on horseback and on foot, all eager to join in the pursuit, of which they vainly hoped that their former depredation was only a poor specimen.

They let him advance; and the chief no sooner found himself in the midst of the dancers, than he threw himself from his steed in order to enjoy the pleasure and applause of bearing off the intended bride with his own hands. But what was the feeling he experienced, when, as with a thundering voice and a laugh of joy he claimed the bride for himself, the bright steel flashed in his eyes, and smote his outstretched arm, before he could draw it back, quite through and through. Smarting with pain and uttering curses of revenge, he started back to regain his steed. But ten strong arms were about him; he felt himself pinioned hand and foot and neck, as if chains of iron girt him round. Some of the knights and pages who hastened with threats to his assistance, were after a short struggle, overpowered and secured; most of them however escaped with cries of

itself. This it is well known is really only the symbol of courtship, throughout its various characters and gradations; and the more polished the people, the more polished and less characteristic forms does their dance assume.—Ed.

terror and surprize, and wounded with sabres or with stones.

The chief culprit, however, was carried with shouts of triumph into the city. There the lord of Arnstein was thrown forthwith into a large solitary dungeon, and there he confessed on beholding the preparations for his approaching execution, the deeds he had perpetrated and farther intended to accomplish. The young ladies were at his own command immediately delivered to their friends; in consequence of which, after paying a heavy penalty and taking a memorable oath never again to commit any offence against the city or its inhabitants, he was released from his terrific chains. But these chains, in which he for months languished, are still preserved and are now to be seen in the town house at Aschersleben, a lasting monument of the skill and foresight of the old times, and very worthy of the admiration of future generations.*

* The same story has been variously related by other hands, though not perhaps with equal power and an equal air of simplicity and probability. It is decidedly of historical origin, founded upon some real event; though we doubt whether a traveller would yet be able to obtain a sight of the lord of Raubburg's bonds, even at the town-house of Aschersleben. It likewise evidently belongs to some of the early chivalric traditions, arising out of the feudal tyranny of the knights, which so often induced bitter feuds and wars both with the citizens

and the peasantry, affording a field for a class of compositions in which Germany so much abounds. To what precise period, however, this, as well as so many other traditions of a similar cast, are to be referred, between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, does not clearly appear, and except where the date happens to be given, or from the comparison of some contemporary circumstance and local peculiarity, their æra can only be vaguely conjectured. Stories of the above kind are principally indebted for their existence (as being identified with the interest of the people) to oral tradition ; while others are found as widely scattered through old histories, chronicles, and heroic poems.—ED.

GOTTSCHALCK.

THE DEVIL'S FIGHT IN GOSLAR CATHEDRAL.

THE Emperor Henry IV. was greatly attached to his place of nativity, as every good prince ought to be, the forementioned imperial city of Goslar in the Hartz. There he was wont to sojourn, and to expend large sums upon its enlargement and embellishment. There too he held his royal festivals, and in particular his Christmas revels, which were celebrated with the utmost pomp and pageantry. He never omitted to invite a number of the archbishops and bishops of his territories, in order to reflect still greater splendor upon the scene, while it gave greater authority and unction to its enjoyments.

In the year of our Lord, 1063, were these princes to be seen here assembled for the purpose of solemnizing the Christmas Feast. It was intended to be held in the great cathedral, the same which remains standing at this day. The grandest preparations of all kinds had been going on for many days, and conspicuous seats for the noble guests were raised and decorated for the occasion.

At this time, there happened to be mooted a serious question of precedence, between the then resident the Bishop of Hildesheim, and the head

Abbot of Fulda, both spiritual lords invited by the emperor to the feast, and here the spiritual controversy was likely to be renewed. Now according to immemorial custom, the good Abbot of Fulda was entitled, in an assembly of prelates, to take his station next to the archbishop of Mentz. The bishop of Hildesheim was of another opinion; for in his diocese there were only three archbishops who could boast a right to take precedence of him. As none of their retinue were willing to waive a tittle of their master's authority, it consequently ensued that from words they soon came to blows, which had it not been for the piety of Archduke Otto of Bavaria, who belonged to the party of Fulda, and exerted himself to mitigate the abbot's rage, by obtaining for him the upper seat, must have been carried to great extremities. But the embers of discord only slumbered: for on the ensuing feast of Pentecost the question was renewed. The emperor was again at Goslar; the festival was there to be kept in the most magnificent manner, and both these spiritual adversaries were once more summoned to attend. He of Hildesheim was, this time, determined to wipe off the disgrace he had suffered from his late defeat, and at all events come what would, to take his station above him of Fulda. To this end he had engaged the Margrave Egbert of Saxony, with staunch men at arms, whom he secretly concealed behind the altar in order to be ready to

enforce his claim in time of need, if his enemy would not yield to spiritual exhortation.

As the procession of nobles, bishops, and the whole of the royal train, with the emperor at its head, entered the church, the engagement almost immediately began. The old question proceeded from controversy to quarrel; from words to blows; the signal for the bishop's party to leave their ambush behind the altar, who joining in the affray, by dint of fists and sticks compelled the men of Fulda to abandon the church. These last incensed in the highest degree ran to obtain assistance from the citizens, and arming themselves, again rushed forward into the cathedral, where they found the service already begun, and even the choral hymn given out by the canons. But it was no time to sing; for the new part of the congregation fell upon the bishop's party, not with fists and cudgels but with drawn swords. It was then the confusion became terrible; the altar was covered with human sacrifices, and blood flowed down the marble steps over the rank grave-grown grass, into the street, and had very nearly drowned the sexton.

The bishop of Hildesheim had fought his way into the pulpit, whence he encouraged his party to stand firm, and promised to answer and give absolution for all the slaughter, in spite of the holy place where it happened, as the confessor and shepherd of

his flock. Those of Hildesheim hearing this indulgence fought like lions; and the poor emperor in vain tried to assert his authority; command and entreaty were alike despised; his devotion and his power equally set at defiance. None troubled their heads about him; the bishop had granted absolution to the combatants; and he was happy to make his escape with a whole skin into his palace. The bishop's church militants carried the day. They drove the men of Fulda once more out of the church, and shut the doors.

But who stood by them in the fray! it was loudly asserted, as the tradition goes, that the devil himself inspired the bishop and was present at the scene. And more; he laid bravely about him, and when the victory was won, rose aloft upon his wings, and disappearing through an aperture in the church ceiling, called aloud to the citizens of Goslar, high in air, as he laughed with delight:

"Hunc diem bellicosum feci!"

The hole through which he disappeared, no mason has till latterly been found able to repair. The lime and stone invariably fall off again, and it thus remained open during many centuries; for it was all to no purpose to attempt to stop it. At length, however, Duke Antony Ubrich of Brunswick, desirous to do away with the recollection of so scandalous an occurrence, adopted the expedient of applying a bible

to the aperture in place of a stone, and by such means it has remained entire to the present day.*

* That this sanguinary scene really took place, as here recounted in the cathedral at Goslar, under the feeble reign of Henry, is established beyond a doubt. Not only was there a large congregation upon the spot, but a crowd assembled round the cathedral; while numbers also were compelled to fly for refuge into the most secret corners of the seats, the galleries, and the roof of the cathedral. There as the contest continued during three successive days they were obliged to linger, until many became a prey to hunger, and were found dead in their hiding places, not daring to venture forth. And when the leaden roof was removed from the cathedral, towards the beginning of the last century, three human skeletons were discovered in removing the beams in a very confined situation; in all probability those of some unhappy persons who had retired thither as a place of refuge. Also the great metal pinnacle still bears testimony to the same sacrilegious occurrence, for it was fixed upon by the emperor as the place of punishment of the unlucky Abbot of Fulda. This prelate, however, was the least guilty of the two, but the emperor was a mere child in regard to government, and blindly followed his own inclinations. That the devil should have been admitted to a share of the fray, is extremely natural, and quite agreeable to the spiritual tendency of the times. It served to characterize more strikingly the scandalous nature of the occurrence, more particularly in a place devoted to public worship; and it farther answered the purpose of an apology for all parties, when it was thus clearly shewn that, "The busy fiend had got amongst us, and deceiving us with his devilish arts, compelled us to fight and destroy each other as he pleased." (Honemann, Antiquities of the Hartz.)

GOTTSCHALCK.

THE MOUSE TOWER.

To the traveller who has traversed the delightful environs of the Rhine from the city of Mentz, as far as Coblentz, or from the clear waves of this old Germanic stream, gazed upon the grand creations of nature, all upon so magnificent a scale; the appearance of the old decayed tower which forms the subject of the ensuing tradition, forms no uninteresting view. It rises before him as he mounts the Rhine, from the little island below Bingen, towards the left shore; he listens to the old shipmaster as he relates with earnest tone, the wonderful story of the tower, and shuddering at the description of the frightful punishment of priestly pride and cruelty, exclaims in strong emotion, "The Lord be with us!"

For as the saying runs, it was about the year of our Lord, 968, when Hatto II. duke of the Ostrofranks, surnamed Bonosus, abbot of Fulda, a man of singular skill and great spiritual endowments, was elected archbishop of Mentz. He was also a harsh man, and being extremely avaricious, heaped up treasure which he guarded with the utmost care.

It so happened, under his spiritual sway, that a cruel famine began to prevail in the city of Mentz and its adjacent parts; insomuch that in a short

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time, numbers of the poorer people fell victims to utter want. Crowds of wretches were to be seen assembled before the archbishop's palace, in the act of beseeching with cries and prayers for some mitigation of their heavy lot.

But their harsh lord refused to afford relief out of his own substance, reproaching them at the same time as the authors of their own calamity, by their indolence and want of economy. But the poor souls were mad for food, and in frightful and threatening accents, cried out, "Bread, bread!" Fearing the result, bishop Hatto ordered a vast number of hungry souls to range themselves in order in one of his empty barns under the pretence of supplying them with provisions. Then having closed the doors, he commanded his minions to fire the place, in which all fell victims to the flames. And when he heard the death shouts and shrieks of the unhappy poor, turning towards the menial parasites who abetted the crime, he said: "Hark you; how the mice squeak!"

But the vengeance of Heaven did not sleep, that witnessed the terrible deed: a strange and unheard-of death was preparing to unloose its terrors upon the sacrilegious prelate. For behold, there rose out of the yet warm ashes of the dead, an innumerable throng of mice which were seen to approach the bishop, and to follow him whithersoever he went. At length he flew into one of his steepest and highest towers;

but the mice climbed, over the walls ; he closed every door and window, yet after him they came, piercing their way through the smallest nooks and crannies of the building. And in they poured upon him, and covered him over from head to foot, in numberless heaps. They bit, they scratched, they tortured his flesh, till they nearly devoured him. So great was the throng, that the more his attendants sought to beat them off, the more keen and savagely with increased numbers did they return to the charge. Even where his name was found placed upon the walls or tapestries they gnawed it, in their rage, away.

In this frightful predicament, the bishop finding he could obtain no help on land, bethought of taking himself to the water. A tower was hastily erected upon the River Rhine ; he took ship, and shut himself up there. Enclosed within double walls, and surrounded by water, he flattered himself that the rushing stream would effectually check the rage of his enemies. Here too, however, the vengeance of offended Heaven gave them entrance. Myriads of mice took to the stream, and swam and swam, and though myriads of them were swept away ; an innumerable throng still reached the spot. Again they climbed and clattered up the walls ; the bishop heard their approach ; it was his last retreat ; they rushed in upon him with more irresistible ferocity than before,

and amidst stifled cries of protracted suffering, bishop Hatto at length rendered up his cruel and avaricious soul.*

* The foregoing tradition is of a very alarming character, and it is comfortable to reflect that it is wholly without historical foundation. Hatto's tower, or the Mouse tower, is a beacon, erected most probably with the view of advising mariners of the adjacent Bingerlochs, or for the convenience of levying the river dues. Hatto was the friend and counsellor of Emperor Otto, and he displayed great severity towards the monks who betrayed the slightest deviation from their rule. To the more idle of these, he was doubtless obnoxious, and to this the story of his death owed its existence; a kind of death which has been already shewn to be fictitious by Trithemius in his "*Hirschanischen Chronik*."—(See c. 35.)

It may be observed that there is likewise a Polish tradition, nearly of the same age, which bears much resemblance to the present. Not being of German origin, it has not been inserted in this collection, but it is to be met with in Art. forty second of the *Morgenblatt* for 1812. Also in *Screiber's Pocket-book for Tourists on the Rhine*, 1812. 8vo. c. 286. *Morgenblatt*, 1812. Art. 42. *Antiquities of the Rhine*. Frankfort, 1744, c. 587. There is also a poetical version of the same tradition in the new *Poems of Langbein*. Tübingen, 1812. 8vo. c. 21.—See Gorr.

GOTTSCHALCK.

THE CASTLE SPECTRE OF SCHARZFELD.

SITUATED upon one of the foremost hills of the Hartz, not far from Osterode, lie the ruins of Castle Scharzfeld. There about sixty years back there was still one of the high round towers to be seen, in the front of one of the angles without any roof, and too dilapidated to bear any thing upon it. When more recently it was attempted to rebuild it, the castle spectre regularly destroyed in the night what was executed in the day, by throwing all the materials down a precipice.

For a deed had been perpetrated of old within its precincts : a wanton outrage, by the Emperor Henry himself, (Henry IV.) and hence arose the vengeance of the Castle Ghost, who to the eternal discredit of the place would never permit another roof to be raised.

The Emperor had beheld at Goslar, the consort of one of his lords, who ranked among his heroes, and had the superintendence of his works upon the Hartz mountains. The lady pleased him, and the Emperor sought to win her to his pleasure. With this view he despatched her husband to a distance, upon an embassy ; and when he had ascertained that his

beautiful consort was now left alone at the castle, he set out upon a stormy day, and under the pretence of hunting, he rode in the direction of the lady's dwelling. As the tempest increased, and the heavens grew darker, while the vivid lightnings glanced athwart the sky, he suddenly rode up to the castle gates, and demanded shelter from the storm. The young hostess, rejoiced to shew him all honor and hospitality, hastened to bid him welcome, and ordered the richest fare to be set before him, as Sovereign Lord of the Empire, that her castle would afford. She indulged not the least kind of suspicion; but after he had well regaled himself, the Emperor basely resolved to give full loose to his passions, ensue what would. With this most unworthy and unchristian feeling, and with the assistance of the still more base and wicked Priest of Pohlde, he broke through all the sacred bonds of a prince, a guest, and a man of honor, to effect his purpose.

The offenders flattered themselves that the whole would remain a secret, for secret was the scene: but scarcely had the Emperor on the ensuing morning taken his departure, when the spirit of vengeance spoke. It was the Castle Spectre that betrayed the deed. For centuries before it had traversed the neighbouring hills of Scharzfeld, and been heard in various places, besides the ancient tower. But as it had never been known to do any injury, it was suffered

to range at large, nor had it ever, by holy word been laid. From this time forth, however, it raised a frightful jibbering and lamentation, rattled horribly through the halls and chambers, and often shook the whole castle to its very foundations. Then first the household began to make sign of the cross, and number their beads to the Virgin, while the unhappy lady shrunk weeping and praying from the sight and sound. Still the Spectre did no mischief nor injured any one; he merely wished to proclaim the Emperor's shame, and to abandon his ancient haunt, where such a woeful deed had been committed. Shortly he betook himself to the round tower, where a noise of crashing and falling denoted that he was hard at work. In fact he took the roof, and cast it with unearthly force, and tremendous noise into the precipice at some distance below. This done, he burst loose, and stalked with angry voice and gesture over Scharzfeld, crying aloud, that the parish priest was a still more monstrous villain than the Emperor: and then he disappeared.

From that time forth no art of man could succeed in fixing a roof upon the fated tower; for as fast as the masons completed the work, the castle sprite made his appearance, and destroyed it again at night. The parish priest ran crazed, deserted by all about the country, carefully and avoided by every honest eye.

The whole of these events took place as they were thus recounted in the year of our blessed Lord one thousand, one hundred and ten.*

* From Honemann's Ancient Towers in the Hartz.

Also Behren's Hercynia Curiosa, c. 196.

My own "Ritterburgen Deutschlands." Part. I. c. 51.

Büsching's Folksagen. 2nd Division. c. 341,

It is an historical fact that the Emperor Henry IV. was a luxurious and abandoned prince. And in particular this may be said to form a characteristic feature in the history of his wars for the subjection of the Thuringians. For when he found himself, in the course of the campaign in a very dangerous position on his approach towards Goslar, and by the intercession of the princes who had leagued against him, expressed a disposition to negotiate with the enemy, it was insisted among other stipulations that he should dismiss some of his numerous mistresses. The adventure here ascribed to him at Castle Scharzfeld is, therefore, by no means improbable, and perhaps the fictitious part added to it by the people, that of the Castle Spectre, was intended, through such a medium, to give a striking characteristic of their Emperor; held out as a warning to a future generation of princes.—GOTT.

"Sit honor antiquitate et fabulis quoque. PLINY.

GOTTSCHALCK.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

IN the pleasant valley through which winds the river Neckar, there rises, not far from the little city of Grundelsheim, a steep mountain high above its surrounding neighbours, upon whose summit is a church dedicated to the Arch-Angel Michael, known by the name of the Himmelreich, or kingdom of Heaven. Respecting this, there is gone abroad the following tradition, once greatly revered by the people.

In old times, when a thick wood overshadowed nearly the whole mountain, there lived secluded from the world, a holy man of the name of Luke, who here indulged his pious contemplations, altogether occupied in secret and incessant prayer. Roots and wild berries formed his whole diet, which he never omitted to share with the lost traveller, whom he conducted into the right track, or indeed with any other destitute fellow creature.

It was thus that his reputation for piety and humanity spread throughout the surrounding country. Pilgrimages were made to his hermitage as to a holy shrine, and after receiving the consolations and tender blessing of the good old man, there was no one, who did not return with feelings of newly kindled

love, and peace towards all men, to his domestic circle. This well deserved admiration of his sanctity continued to encrease with his age, and fresh penitents resorted to the holy hill. But his grey locks now blanched apace, till they became white as the driven snow; his right hand trembled, as it supported the staff of age; and one evening, his feeble steps with difficulty brought him to his own door. Late the same night, he heard some one knocking for admittance under his humble roof. He rose, and a pilgrim entered his door. His garments were dripping with rain, and his limbs appeared to be numbed with cold. The old man bade him welcome, cheerfully kindled his fire; dried his raiment, and laid before him his simple fare. Then after pointing to a couch of moss, the hermit retired to finish his evening devotions before the altar; nor did he observe that he was followed by the noiseless footsteps of the pilgrim. The latter now approached him; and the holy man started, unable to utter a word on beholding rays of glory encircling the stranger's brows, that dazzled his feeble sight. "Thy prayer is heard," whispered the angel of the Lord; "come, take your rest!" He kissed the speechless saint upon the forehead, and the soul of the aged man flew along with its angelic guide into paradise.

On the morrow the remains of the beloved hermit were found by some travellers. Weeping they in-

tered him where the body lay, and with the people round, they raised a church to commemorate his piety, dedicated to the holy Arch-Angel Michael.

Since then the mountain has gone by the name of the Himmereich, or Heaven's Kingdom, to which the people are in the habit of making an annual pilgrimage to repeat the Lord's Prayer at the Hermit's church.*

* *Badensche Wochenschrift*, 1807.

However simple and destitute of incident this little specimen from a large mass of monkish legends; (at one period industriously circulated among the people, with as much zeal as the Bible Tracts of the present age) may be pronounced for a work of this kind; there is yet a calm unearthly air, and a beautiful moral about the close of it, which have not an unpleasing effect.—ED.

GOTTSCHALCK.

THE MONASTERY.*

Not far from the village of Newchurch, surrounded by a dark forest, is seen a small lake situated in a lonely spot, amid a track of old meadow land.

Its vicinity is little known and less frequented, for it is so much secluded in the midst of a dark shade of firs that rises above its banks, that there appears something in its whole aspect too mournful and deserted to engage the eye of the traveller. Its waters have never been fathomed by the oldest fishermen, and this has led to its being still more avoided than before. There is a tradition current among the people regarding this lake to the following tenor:

Many centuries ago, there stood upon the spot where the waves now murmur to the wind, a convent for nuns. Once upon a wet and stormy night, it is said, that an old man quite worn and weary, arrived at the cloister gates. He knocked and entreated shelter from the storm. The portress, a very selfish and hard-hearted creature, said: "It was *ONLY* an old mendicant, and it was too cold as well as inconvenient to think of unclosing the doors at such an hour." So with reproachful words, she bade the old man continue his journey, and find another place of

* Extracted from the *Weekly Journal* at Baden. 1807. c. 17.

sojourn. But cold and lassitude rendered this impossible; again and again he knocked, he prayed and wept; but it was all in vain. Even the prioress and the whole sisterhood, as if resenting his obstinacy, only gave him hard words within their closed doors.

There was only one lay sister who not having yet forgotten the purport of her vows, took compassion upon the aged man, and entreated the others to admit him. The proposal was met with scorn and ridicule, while the gates remained closed upon the unhappy wanderer as before.

Suddenly there rose a tempest, that resembled another flood; the old man touched the convent wall with his staff, and away into the great gulph sunk the stately cloister—all vanished in a moment. Sulphureous flames then burst forth out of the deep, and the cavity was filled with water, which on the ensuing morning, presented the aspect of a lake, where but the evening before, the beautiful cloister-towers, with their rich golden crosses, had glittered in the sun's last rays.

For some time before, the same kind-hearted lay-sister had been attached to a noble knight, who resided near the place. Truly loving him, she for this reason wished to leave the cloister, while on his part he frequently came to visit the lonely convent, when its other inmates were sunk in repose, to hold converse with his beloved through the trellice. Ere morn-

ing break, however, he was ever careful to retrace his steps.

Even the terrific night we have just described, did not daunt him. He came, but what was his strange surprise and sorrow, when he could no where discover his late loved convent, and heard in its place nothing but the rushing of waters. Wringing his hands, and loudly lamenting, he called on the name of his beloved, until the very echos of the solitary place replied:—

“ Ah, that I could only once more have pressed her to my breast !”

As he said this, he heard a soft voice from the bosom of the lake, which thus replied :—

“ Come to-morrow night at the eleventh hour, and stand where you now are. There when you see floating on the tide a thread of blood-red silk, be sure to seize it, and draw it out of the flood.”

The voice ceased, and the knight bent his way back sorrowfully to his castle, uncertain what his destiny might prove. Nevertheless he went at the appointed hour, and placed himself as the voice had directed him.

It came; and trembling he caught the blood-red thread, drew it towards him, and there stood his well-beloved before his eyes. “The same mysterious destiny,” thus she said, “which engulfed me innocent, together with the guilty and hard-hearted sisterhood, now per-

mits me, every night between the eleventh and twelfth hour again to see and speak with you. Never once, however, must I trespass beyond the period allotted me, otherwise I shall behold you no more. Nor is it granted me to look upon any other eyes but thine, for then an invisible hand is ready to snap the last thread of my existence asunder."

Evening after evening did the true knight visit the solitary lake, and ever did his love appear floating on the blue waves towards him, as he drew the silken thread closer and closer. Both felt too happy in this secret nightly reunion, might it only last unseen and undisturbed by all. Yet this was not to be; envy and suspicion dogged the steps of the noble knight, and the eyes of other men had rested on the form of his beloved; had watched them arm in arm, wandering along the banks of the lake. On the night following, the moon shining bright and beautiful, he took his customary way—he drew nigh—he stooped to catch the silken cord that bound them, but the water turned to blood.

Trembling, he snatched the thread, it was pale and broken. He went weeping round the banks, he wrung his hands, he called on the name of his loved one. All was silent; and seized with sudden despair, the unhappy young knight threw himself into the deep water and disappeared.

GOTTSCHALCK.

THE DEVIL STONES.

OUR good forefathers, whose faith in God was far stronger than that of their degenerate offspring, had also a firmer belief in the existence of the devil. His influence over the earth and its inhabitants was not mere matter of orthodoxy; it was established beyond a doubt. Traces of his diabolical skill and of his labours were every where to be seen; and wherever the face of nature assumed unusual shapes and features, whatever grotesque characters she exhibited in the external world, there his fiendish majesty had been at work; for to him only did they ascribe such gigantic exhibitions of architectural powers. Where something also more than ordinary happened, some proceeding which baffled their logical skill, or some event of which they were unable to trace the cause, the devil was always at hand to give his name to it; the whole blame was laid upon his shoulders.

Another cause likewise added to the extent of his black majesty's nomenclature of places, as many forests, mountains and rocks can at this time bear witness. Owing to Charlemagne's compulsory conversion of the heathens, the Christian crusaders and bishops were of opinion that no means of inculcating their doctrine would prove more efficacious than de-

stroying the groves, the altars, and the idols of their converts. As they found it, however, rather too difficult utterly to destroy the whole of them, they were content to stigmatize the remainder by the name of devil, witch, and wizard residences. Hence in Germany the devil has a rich store of names, for the illustration of which a number of histories have latterly been discovered, some of which are popular in the present day. The tradition runs as follows :

Some time ago, the devil took an opportunity of waiting upon a prince of Anhalt, who held his court at Zerbst, and entreated that he would be pleased to make over to him the city for a period. The prince at first refused, but the devil did not therefore desist ; and when the prince found that he could by no means avoid his importunity, he hit upon the following expedient, declaring that under such conditions, he would grant the devil's request : namely, that the latter should first carry upon his back a huge stone that lay in a wood near Zerbst, three times round the city.

The devil was delighted with the terms ; he took his cleaver, and smote the stone with such devilish force that it stuck fast in the very heart of it. He then threw it across his shoulder and began his march round the city. The prince in the mean time was in the utmost anxiety. He prayed inwardly to God that some means might be found of averting the im-

pending danger that threatened the good city, and his prayer was heard.

Twice the devil had already compassed the city walls, when just as he was passing by the grove the stone fell from his cleaver. In a fit of rage the fiend took wing and the city was saved. A piece of the devil's hatchet, however, remained in the stone, and it is there to be seen at the present day.

A second devil-stone lies near the church at Sennewitz, about half a mile from Halle. Upon its surface are five deep indentures, resembling marks of fingers where he grasped the stone. This the devil, whose enmity against all churches is insurmountable, hurled down from Petersberg, about the time of building the church at Sennewitz, in order to demolish it at a blow. But luckily it fell short, the holy place escaped, while the huge fragment still lies at its side. The impression however of the devil's five claws are now worn out.

A third specimen is to be seen on the way from Landeskrona to the city of Görlitz in the Oberlausitz. In this the marks of his claws when he seized it in a rage are still very perceptible. For when he saw at Görlitz, that the stately cathedral erected in honor of the apostles Paul and Peter was completed, he fell into a violent passion, and tearing a vast rock from the hill of Landeskrona, and hurling it high in air, he aimed direct at the beautiful edifice, which had he

not miraculously missed it, must have been shattered to pieces. Encumbered with its weight the devil was unable to hurl it quite as far as he had intended.

A fourth stone is met with in the church-yard at Halberstadt. This is called the Lying-stone; for the father of lies, about the time that the foundations of the cathedral were laid, brought a quantity of materials in the hope of beholding an edifice erected with them, which might thus secretly promote his views. As he observed, however, that the edifice continued to rise, and always more and more in the form of a cross; and that it would finally turn out to be a Christian church, he determined to destroy it. With a huge piece of rock he approached the place, threatening to knock down the scaffolding and beat in the walls. Had not the architect soothed him by a promise of building a public-house near the church, he would have proceeded; but he then threw his stone down where it lies before the church. The marks of his burning fingers are still visible in the large holes upon its surface.*

* The foregoing tale was obtained from oral tradition. That relating to the stone of Sennewitz is told by Dreghaup. The one related by Görlitz is to be met with in Grosser's "*Lausitzischen Merkwürdigkeiten*," 1714. Th. 5. c. 12. and is likewise inserted in Büsching's *Folkemarchen*. That applying to Halberstadt is related by Otmar in his *Folkssagen*.—GOTT.

Through what means the large stone to be seen near the grove by Zerbst could have been conveyed thither, whether owing to some physical convulsion or by human effort, in so flat and sandy a situation, where not a hill much less any mountain appears, may well continue to give rise to conjectures. Its destination, likewise, remains equally doubtful. Probably it may have been intended as the monument of a deceased hero, or for a sacrificial altar raised by our ancestors, or again for the public tribune of their orators. The iron fragments which are still fastened in parts of it are apparently the remnants of broken wedges with which it was meant to have been split into pieces.

GOTTSCHALCK.

NOTBURGA.

NEAR the river Neckar stands a city of the name of Hornberg, which centuries ago was distinguished for its splendor as the courtly residence of one of our emperors. Its towers even now stand firm, and its walls may long continue to bid defiance to the winds and rains of heaven. The sovereign who formerly swayed its territories had a daughter whose name was Notburga. She was a beautiful creature, of a fine and attractive figure, whose power was fully felt by Count Otto to whom she had pledged her troth, but who was compelled to leave her side to fight in a foreign land. Long she sighed and awaited his return; he came no more, and she sat alone in her chamber, or gazed from her balcony whence she had caught a last view of him for hours, morning, day, and evening, even till midnight she was still to be seen there. She fixed her eyes upon the towering forests, or upon the waters of the Neckar that rolled below, or gazed upon the stilly heavens till tears blinded her sight. The calm of midnight brought no repose for her; and when the wind sang loudest through the trellice, and thunder clouds darkened the face of heaven, she would still linger there; her

sighs escaped upon the breeze, and her tears fell with the rain drops upon the earth.

Her cheek grew paler and paler, yet no one seemed to observe it, her beauty was still peerless, and none saw the worm that consumed it.

One day came the emperor her father, and thus with his deep stern voice he addressed the fair Notburga :

“Haste, and prepare thy bridal dress ; in three days thy bridegroom will be at hand !”

He said no more, waited no reply, and left her. The princess sank upon her couch, and closed her eyes in pain. At night she resumed her solitary place in the balcony, and as she fixed her eyes upon the darkening heavens, her tears fell faster than before. “My Otto, my Otto,” she exclaimed, “thou hast indeed forgotten me, for ever left thy fond and faithful Burga. Alas ! what cruel rival clasps thee in her arms, or is thine heart grown colder in a land where the sun sheds his warmest rays ? Perhaps thou hast fallen by the sword, and takest thine everlasting rest under the green turf of another land, and the yellow primroses I gave, are all faded on thy breast. Ah, that I were with thee there, and slumbering at thy side ! It is my sadder fate to bow my head like a bruised reed before the storm that every blast threatens to level with the dust. My heart is heavy, and my cheek is already blanched, yet ill

betide my splendid doom! I must sit among the bridal guests, myself a bride; a bride, and my Otto far distant from my side! Would that my spirit dare yet prove firm and true, that I might fly, like the dove, into some far wilderness, far from the eye of man, where I would spend my days in holy thoughts of heaven and thee, my Otto, and nourished only with my dear Redeemer's love!"

Thus wept and prayed the chastened broken-hearted girl, uncertain whither to turn for advice or help. She dreaded to encounter the fierce displeasure of her father; she only felt that she loved her long lost Otto tenderly; and yet he came not in her utter need; during twelve long months had sent no token of his love or of his existence.

One night an old and faithful domestic, Gaspar, heard her bitter lamentation beneath her window; touched with compassion he called to her, and promised to convey her whithersoever she desired. His voice shot a ray of comfort through her soul, she rose, she wiped away her tears, and the same hour was on her way from her royal father's castle. Rapidly did she speed over the wooded heights around it, in order to take refuge in the chapel of St. Michael, under protection of an ancient and pious anchorite. From him she hoped to receive advice in her extreme wretchedness, how she could possibly

escape from the hated alliance with the pagan prince, which her cruel father proposed to her.

Scarcely, however, had she attained the wooded height which led to his dwelling, accompanied by her faithful Gaspar, when there sprang along the heath before her a white hind, and Notburga recognized the pretty animal which Otto had once caught and tamed for her, and which had now appeared to its young mistress in her flight. It gazed wistfully in her face, and the lady's eyes beamed with pleasure, at this instance of fidelity, as if she had met with some dear friend. She kissed the gentle creature with a tenderness, and with thoughts that were full of Otto, and wept and smiled as she again threw herself into the same saddle where Otto had so often placed her. The moment she appeared ready to proceed, the favorite roe bounded across the path and disappeared with her, away with the speed of light among the thick forest trees.

There stood the old and faithful Gaspar ; he tried to follow, but his limbs refused their office ; he called, but his voice trembled and he could not be heard. As he thus stood desirous yet unable to afford relief, he cast his eyes down towards the Neckar, and saw the hind spring boldly into its waves, away it swam towards the opposite shore, and in the moonlight he saw the white veil of the fair Notburga waving over

the waters in the breeze. Again he saw her safe on the other shore; but they soon disappeared once more amid the shades that enveloped the sides of the mountain.

When her father awoke on the ensuing morning, his first thought dwelt upon his daughter, to whom that day he intended to present the rich jewels and other ornaments left by her deceased mother. In these she was to appear on her bridal day; thenceforward they were to be her own. He sent to summon her to his presence; she was no where to be found. Her chamber was deserted, the garden, the bower, the favorite walk and tree were all examined in vain; and in vain proved all her father's enquiries from his numerous train of followers; no one had seen, no one knew the path she had taken. At length he came to Gaspar, but Gaspar dreaded his fierce lord, and he placed himself among his fellow servants, bowed down as he was with age, declaring that he knew nothing.

Messengers were then despatched on all sides along the banks of the Neckar, and over the mountains, but they brought no tidings of the lost princess. Next he himself mounted horse, and sent forth a fresh train of servants to make researches in all the hamlets and cities, even to the gates of Castle Minneberg, and many knights of the district joined his party, leading him to the inmost fastnesses of the

rocks and mountains, and into the most secluded thickets of their forests, yet no traces of the lady's flight were to be seen.

But just as the tower clock of Hornberg tolled the hour of noon, and the aged Gaspar was standing in his window, suddenly Notburga's hind came bounding into the court, and approaching the spot gazed wistfully up: "Alas," thought Gaspar, "thou look'st mournfully, poor thing! would thou could'st tell what thou art in need of, I would fain give thee help!" He went in, took some bread from the table, and approached nearer the tame white hind. But she hung down her head, presented her horns, and stood quite still.

"Well, what am I to think of this," said Gaspar smiling, as he considered what it could be that the poor animal meant. At length, he said, "Suppose I stick this piece of loaf upon your horn; they say a loaf is better than a feather in one's cap;" and he fixed the bread upon the end of one of its horns; upon this the hind suddenly rose, and bounded away at speed towards the Neckar.

At the same hour on the ensuing day as Gaspar stood at his window, again the hind presented herself in the same entreating position. Upon her head he found a large oak leaf bound with a ribband, which his wife recognized as one of the princess's garters; her name was upon it in gold letters, and

upon the oak leaf there appeared in needle-work these words : " To God all praise ! Notburga thanks the giver, for manna sent her in the desert." When Gaspar and his wife Alice had with difficulty made out these words, the eyes of the old man overflowed with tears. " So our pretty hind has carried her bread," cried Gaspar. " And Heaven be good unto us," added his wife, " that the lovely princess in the desert should be nourished with our broken bread !" She then ran and taking a boiled fowl she wrapped it up and bound it with the riband as before, and away went the hind up the mountain and over the river ; nor appeared again until two days after. This it repeated from time to time, often bringing a note of thanks, and always returning with a supply of food.

Time passed away ; her father had again returned home from his campaigns, and had heard nothing relating to his daughter. He never dreamed that she could have reached the opposite shore of the Neckar, for there was no kind of conveyance, far and wide ; while the lordly bridegroom with his splendid train was compelled to wend his way home again, without his beauteous bride. The cuckoo had already ceased his note that began at the time of Notburga's flight, and the nightingale's song was still ; month after month had flown, when for the first time the prince cast his eye upon the tame white hind. Observing

its frequent returns, and its station under old Gaspar's window, he went to his ancient domestic and enquired as to the appearance of the animal, and why it was then decked out in the manner he saw. Perceiving the old man's confusion, with fierce threats he extorted a confession of all he knew; while the prince seized the packet of fruit plucked from Notburga's favorite garden which hung round the hind's neck.

Speedily did he summon his knights and pages to horse; away went the hind and away rode the horsemen in pursuit. The eye of the prince was upon her as she sprang into the Neckar; he urged his steed, boldly took the water, and was followed by his trusty knights. The hind disappeared on the other side among the thick shrubs, but the fiery prince was not far behind. He marked her path, and was near enough to see her dart suddenly into a cave. He then threw himself from his horse and followed by a few knights he hastened after, and beheld his daughter kneeling with folded hands before a crucifix, with which the faithful Gaspar had supplied her, and the white hind reposing near her on a bed of moss. Her father uttered a cry of fear as she gazed on him with death-pale looks; for never had the sun's beam lightened up her face, since the hour when the white hind had borne her to the spot.

Then for the first time he spoke in mild accents to his child; he besought her to listen to him, to

accompany him back to the castle, and be more fondly cherished by him than before.

But the pale sad girl replied : " I have confided in the living God, and no longer wish for the society of mankind." When her father attempted to remove her objections, she invariably repeated the same words ; and when unable to vanquish her resolution with gentle means, he suddenly gave way to his stormy passion, threatening to compel her return, she seized hold of her crucifix. Snatching her other hand with a sudden jerk, her arm was torn asunder from her body, and rested in her angry father's grasp. Overwhelmed with astonishment and remorse, he rushed out of the place followed by his affrighted train. None of them were again desirous of visiting the lady's cave or even of approaching that side of the river.

From this time the name of the forlorn lady was honored by the people like that of a saint; and when penitents came to visit the holy hermit near the chapel of St. Michael, he sent the pilgrims to the cave of the chaste Notburga, and the fair saint never refused to join in prayer with them for their sins, and they always bent their way home with lighter and better hearts.

In autumn when the leaves began to fall, and Notburga's dying hour approached, a group of cherubs are believed to have surrounded the spot, and entered

into the lady's cave. They bore her, yet breathing into the air, and laid the crucifix upon her breast. She opened her eyes once more upon the heavens, fixed them absorbed in dying tenderness for some moments, and while a soft rapture lighted up her features, she murmured: "Yes, my Otto, I see thee beckoning to me, thou art already there. I come!"

Then her chastened soul took its flight. Angels performed the last pious rites; strewed spring flowers, though in autumn, upon her bier; and she was borne by two snow white steeds that never felt the yoke, over the river, without even wetting their hoofs. The neighbouring steeple clock tolled the solemn hour itself, and by angelic voices her funeral dirge was sung. It was thus her gentle corpse was conveyed to the chapel of St. Michael and there interred.

From this time forth the white hind was no longer seen; no longer conveyed manna to the forlorn lady of the desert, from the hand of the faithful Gaspar; but the tradition of heaven's mysteries still survived.*

* In the church of the village of Hochhausen upon the river Neckar, the image of the holy Notburga is at this day pointed out to the traveller, engraved upon stone. The cave or rather caves commonly known by the name of the Notburgenhöhle or Jungfernhöhle, are also, still shewn, and familiar to every child in the vicinity.

(From the Miscellany of South Germany. 1813. No. 26.)

GOTT.

GOTTSCHALCK.

RITTER BODO.

NEAR the little city of Guntersberg, upon the lower Hartz, is a mountain known by the name of Kohlberg. Vestiges of a castle are still to be seen, said to have been called Guntersberg, which it is not considered safe to visit at certain hours of the night.

There is a castle spectre haunting the place called the Lock lady, that lies in ambush, and is very fond of beguiling the more inquisitive passengers by some tempting offer.

In former times a knight of the name of Bodo, bore sway over its domain. He was a wild and dissipated character, and stood conspicuous at once as a robber, and a reveller, among neighbours of the same stamp, and there were few who could boast of having cleared the passes of the Hartz, without paying a pretty heavy toll. He was particularly apt to entrap the most lovely maidens he could meet with, or to inveigle them into his castle, where he shut them up, but wherefore the tradition does not tell.

Indeed this last fancy, Bodo carried a little too far, insomuch that he was generally characterised by the name of the kidnapper. No sensible girl any longer ventured to go the usual road, but preferred

taking a more safe direction, though a pretty wide circuit round.

All this came to the ears of a great necromancer, who dwelt in a cave among the rocks, and dark fir woods, that surrounded the Knight's domain. He was a mighty master of his art, and availed himself of all nature's powers when he entered upon any favorite pursuit. Luckily, however, he only exercised his skill in laudable efforts, and was very fond of giving wicked spirits a stroke with his magic rod.

He had his eye upon Bodo.—“Stop a little, Sir,” he said, “and your pranks shall have an end.”

So, he took his station in the wood right over against the castle, and there he watched for a favorable occasion of catching the Knight tripping, in some fox trick or other. He waited however, a good while in vain, for passengers, and in particular the young maidens had become more wary, and seldom went the same way, as we have said. At length, however, there came a certain chapman and dealer, from Norhausen, who was on his way to the fair at Quedlenberg. He was seated upon his mule, and at his side rode his daughter, very properly and cautiously attired in a boy's dress. The sun had scarcely risen over the hills, and the old merchant was just beginning to flatter himself that it must be too early for Sir Bodo to be stirring abroad, and at all events he thought, his pretty Iduna would not be known.

But hardly had the castle warder spied them from the watch-tower before he blew a blast upon his horn to denote that booty was near at hand.

Bodo instantly set forth down the hill side, with his lusty train. Iduna shrieked with fear at the sight; her voice, her fainting all betrayed her disguise, and she was secured. Laughing at his triumph, Bodo permitted the old man to count out his money, piece after piece, in order to ransom his only daughter. Bodo had the cruelty to take both; and then turning to him said; "Make haste, thou old fool, and get thee away! thank thy stars that thou art yet alive!"

Without farther parley the poor girl was carried into the castle. The robber stood exulting over his defenceless prey; delighted at the idea of having made so successful a prize, having been much disappointed of late.

"Awake, lady," he exclaimed, "I pray thee awake," but the unhappy innocent lay still insensible before him. Yet even this had availed her nothing; when suddenly, a clap of thunder resounded through every room in the lofty castle. The earth trembled and shook more and more;—till the mountain beneath opened and engulfed the whole stately edifice, amidst a deep and hideous din.

This was the work of the necromancer. He had witnessed Sir Bodo's proceeding with the utmost indignation, and he took singular-pleasure in punishing

this robber's treachery when he was just on the point of perpetrating another crime.

To the innocent girl, however, he granted that on certain days she might return and walk the earth, since when she is to be seen arrayed in white, with a bunch of keys at her side, and a nosegay in her hand, and she is hence called the Lock lady. When she meets with any solitary wanderer near her domain, if he should happen to pronounce her name, she will appear and offer him some token, which it is not always safe to take.

There was a certain monk belonging to a neighbouring monastery, who once heard of her appointed visits to this place. Curiosity, and perhaps some other motive induced him to watch for her appearance to learn whether she were really corporal or spiritual. At all events it was a female spirit; and he seated himself upon the old walls, patiently awaiting her visit; but she came not. "Is it so?" thought he; "but come you must!" and with that he drew forth his hell-wand, a potent conjuring rod, and began to describe infernal circles upon the earth, loudly conjuring her at the same time to appear. In the wink of an eye, she stood close to him, "What would you have?" she cried, with no very friendly voice.

The monk, somewhat astounded, at first drew back; but not being easily put out of countenance, rallied his spirits; he smiled and looked kindly

at her, entreated her to sit down by him, to give him a few handfuls of gold and some precious stones, as she must somewhere have a rich store. Saying this, he attempted with a polite and tender air to seize one of her soft white hands. But the Lock lady, revolted at such familiarity, unloosing her bunch of keys from her side, smote the amorous monk so sharply about the head, that he was glad to secure his magic wand, and make his escape down the mountain with only a few bruises.

Her manners were more gentle, however, on other occasions. A young shepherd happened to be pasturing his flock among the grass-grown ruins of the castle; while idly stretched upon the ground he amused himself with thinking of the young Lock lady. He looked up, and beheld her standing only a few steps from him, with a bunch of flowers in her hand, which she seemed to be weaving into a nosegay. With perfect self-possession our young hero watched what she would next do, until one of her flowers happening to fall out of her hand, he sprung up, seized the flower, and after pressing it to his lips, he stuck it into his bonnet, and drawing a step or two back, modestly addressed her: "Lady, have you lost the flower? Behold, here it is!" The young Lock lady gave no reply; but she beckoned him to follow, and the young shepherd, taking off his hat with the flower in

it, obeyed her. They proceeded about a hundred yards in silence; when suddenly the ground opened under the lady's feet, and down she went. As boldly went the shepherd after her, and deep and deeper they continued to descend through the dark hollow earth. When they had got about a hundred fathom deep, in a moment it grew bright as day, and a magnificent castle rose before the eyes of the astonished hind. There were towers and beautiful chambers all sparkling with gold and silver; with a splendid glow of precious stones, and the most costly pearls and diamonds in all the earth. The youth clasped his hands in an extasy of joy, and gazed enraptured upon the beauty and glory of the under world.

But the lady had disappeared, while the shepherd imagining he could not have been conveyed thither for nothing, opened his scrip, threw its contents away, and began to fill it with the more precious materials he saw around. He next stuffed the whole of his pockets, and all the corners and crevices of his garments quite full. He did not even forget his hat, which he heaped over with precious stones, in which process, however, he lost his flower. His increasing desire to secure the most costly treasures he could, left him no time to notice it; nor did he hear in an adjoining room a soft voice which

uttered: "Alas, forget not the least of all," but regardless of the voice, he hastened well loaded away.

Again the voice repeated its warning in a louder tone, yet now full of fear and anxiety to secure the treasure he had won, he stopped not; but hastened faster and faster from the place. Speedily did he regain the entrance into the abyss, the light of heaven again burst upon his eyes, he breathed more freely, and the cavity closed behind him with a hideous din.

Quite exhausted, he threw himself upon the ground, and, for the first time, perceived that he had lost the beautiful flower. He looked round, and sought for it every where in vain. It was gone to appear no more; though the whole of his treasure turned out in this instance to be something better than dross.*

* Throughout the whole district of the Hartz, the tradition of the enchanted flower is one of the most familiar current. The scene, however, of its wonderful discovery and surprising effects is placed in a variety of new lights, and new situations, in the different stories that apply to it. All these however agree in one point; that whenever it has been found, it has as surely been again fated to be lost, and with it all the advantages that had been acquired, and might have been retained by its miraculous possession. In the above version of the tale only, an exception has been made. The shepherd luckily keeps possession of his wealth, in spite of the loss of his flower, nor is it even metamorphosed into baser metal. My authority for this, an aged man belonging to Guntersberg, maintained at least, among few others, in the present case, that he had never heard of any other conclusion of the story.—Gott.

GOTTSCHALCK.

THE LION FIGHT.

FORMERLY there bore sway over Rastedt, a city in the state of Oldenburgh, Count Huno of Oldenburgh, a brave old knight. He took little share in the vanities of the world; his whole happiness consisted in that of his only son Frederick, who, with his beautiful consort Guella, resided near his aged father, and like him continued to lead a simple and religious life.

At this time the Emperor Henry summoned an imperial diet, to be held at Goslar. All the Princes, Counts, and Lords of the empire, including Count Huno were invited to attend. But the good old man, being infirm, remained at home. He loved repose, and did not like to be interrupted in his usual quiet meditations and pursuits at his advanced age.

"What," said he, one day; "should I do there! shortly I am going to rest with my forefathers. The assembly can do very well without me; I am no longer fit for debate!" and being thus resolved he sent an excuse.

Unluckily there were flatterers, envious and evil speakers, surrounding the Emperor's person, who abused his ear. Huno, they whispered, was wanting in true loyalty, or he would not have spurned the

Emperor's request: he was too haughty and it ought not to be endured. It was then the Emperor Henry began to suspect him, and he sent back repeating his request, that he ought to come, and come he must: That moreover he should bring along with him a champion bold, who was to engage single-handed, with the Emperor's. "Then now," said the old hero, "I will go forth! God will protect me." Under the safe-guard of his son Frederick he took his route towards the city of Goslar. Here the brave young knight was told that it behoved him to prove his sire's innocence by boldly standing forth against the Emperor's champion, the fierce lion; and his noble spirit did not shrink from the trial. It was only the father who trembled at the thought; but he solicited the Emperor in vain. His whole resource was then in God; he prayed incessantly that it might so be unto him as unto Abraham; that his son might be yet saved; and he took a solemn vow that in such case he would found a convent dedicated to the Holy Virgin.

So Frederick advanced manfully to the terrific trial: with equal caution however, he had constructed the figure of a man, to mislead the ferocious beast, which he took with him into the arena. At the moment when the lion attacked this human counterfeit, Frederick pierced him through and through with his

good sword, and, after a fierce struggle, completed his victory over his fearful adversary. He then walked out of the course.

The Emperor received him with open arms; he decorated him with a warlike badge, and dipping two of his fingers in the yet warm blood of the dead lion, he traced two strokes upon the young Count's shield. "Let this," he cried, "remain as an eternal memorial of your feat of arms for your race, two red beams upon a golden shield."

Moreover, he placed a splendid ring upon his finger, and made him an imperial grant of lands with all lordly rights, for many miles round the city of Goest. He freed the old Count's domains at the same time from all imperial vassalage, to which it had before been heavily subject.

Old Count Huno, in discharge of his vow, raised a convent at Rastedt in honor of the Virgin Mary. The sword with which Frederick laid the mighty lion low, was consigned to the old armory at Oldenburgh, where it has been preserved during many centuries, and where it is still to be seen.*

* This tale was most probably invented by the monks of Rastedt, in order, according to the spirit of their times, to confer a more than ordinary origin upon their monastery; and thus farther to recommend themselves to the protection and good will of the Counts of Oldenburgh. These appeals to judicial

battle were very frequent in Germany during the age of chivalry and before ; but it was not the custom for the accused to encounter lions, instead of appellants armed like themselves. Even the old Chronicles relating to the Diets held at Goslar, make no mention of any combat of this kind.

(See Hammelman's Oldenburghscher Chronik.)

GOTTSCHALCK.

THE UNLUCKY MISER OF QUESTENBERG.

AMONG numerous other traditions relating to Questenberg, we meet with one which more peculiarly partakes of the popular character of our tales.

During the thirty years' war the neighbouring dwellers of the mountain hastily removed their money and other property into the castle of Questenberg, the better to secure it from military violence and depredations. The whole of these treasures are still said to lie concealed in a large brewing copper buried in one of the subterraneous vaults, and cautiously guarded by a spectre of the castle.

Now it so happened that one Sunday an inhabitant of the place directed his steps towards the old castle, contemplated, as a rustic does, the overhanging ruins, explored all the places round, until at length he came to one which seemed gradually to descend into the earth. He made his way through the rank growing grass and shrubs around, ventured still further and further, and at last approached the entrance to a dark passage. His curiosity led him to proceed; he was now fairly under ground, and beheld, where scarcely a ray of light was visible, a round opening in the earth. As he was standing

close to the side, a spectre appeared wrapped in a large mantle. The place became suddenly bright; and the affrighted rustic saw before him the famed old brewing copper, filled with shining gold pieces, of which he had heard so much from the lips of his great-grand-mother. He was sadly perplexed to know what to do, whether he should go, or venture to take a piece. Just then the spirit spoke: "You may take one, and come again every day for the same, but take only one at a time—no more!" Upon this he disappeared, and the man laid hands upon the gold piece. With a beating heart, half pleasure, and half dread, he hastened back again, set a mark upon the place, and so went, gazing a thousand times upon the spectre's present by the way, to his own house. The day following, he repeated the pleasant experiment; the spirit indeed was not there, but there was the brewing vessel full of gold. He took another piece and went his way, and thus it continued the second, the third and fourth day; each bringing its tribute of a gold piece for more than the space of a year. His humble abode became gradually metamorphosed into a stately building; many acres of ground were added, herds were seen pasturing in his fields, and no rustic in the village could do the things which he did. But the more his property increased, the more nettlesome did our rustic become: "Wherefore," said he, "should I labour?

I who may sit down and take my ease?" With this view he hired both men and maid servants to cultivate his grounds, while he was seated in a new arm chair, or rode out on a pretty hackney to view his crops of corn which he himself used formerly to sow. In fact his daily visit to the great brewing copper constituted his sole exertion. Mammon was hourly taking stronger possession of his soul; his pride began to equal his avarice; and though a gold-piece was worth nearly twenty dollars, the thought came into his mind that it was growing rather a heavy job to walk, or more properly, to climb up hill daily for the sake of a single gold piece, so steep too as it was, and he inwardly resolved to bring back two pieces the very next time. This he did, and continued the practice for above a month. Yet still not content with this double pay, he said to himself: "Oh, lord, what a bore it is to carry on this eternal daily labour, all for the sake of a couple of gold pieces. It is quite clear that the whole of the treasure is meant for me, and whether I receive it all at once, or by dribbling it out thus without end, it comes to the same thing. So I will go, heaven willing, and empty this fine brewing copper, at a single swoop, and henceforward I shall need to give myself no further trouble!"

Accordingly he filled a number of bags, and went panting with them up the mountain: for he

had grown fat and puffy with too much leisure and good living, so that he was quite exhausted by the time he reached the well-known entrance. He sat himself down to recover breath, and was glad to think that these plaguy journeys would now be at an end, beginning even to speculate what he should next undertake, when he beheld the whole of the bags well stuffed standing in his own house; whether a noble manor, becoming a knight, should be his; whether he would first set up his coach and four; what a grand table he would keep; what noble guests around him; and how he would carouse with them in spite of the knight of the neighbouring castle of Kyffhausen and all his kin. With this he stood bolt upright; took his sacks, and disappeared along the dark passage. Now he stood close to the brewing copper, which in spite of all he had gradually deducted out of it, appeared to be newly filled up to the very brim with gold. He knelt down with his first bag at the side, put both his hands into the gold, and was on the point of making the first draught for his sack, when behold, suddenly the whole vessel fell out of his grasp with hideous din, deep and deeper into the vault; fire brands and brimstone blazed around him, and the disappointed wretch fell back almost in a swoon. Away went all the treasure; and along with it all his glorious dreams, and all his castles in the air. No brewing

copper appeared more, though his cupidity was great as before, which he might easily have satisfied with a gold piece daily; had he known how to rest content when he was well.

It is thus that avarice revenges itself upon its worshippers.*

* Time out of mind the gold seekers were known to be very busy with the old deserted castles and cloisters, in order to disinter by chance what was only to be obtained with care and industry. Among these the ruins of Questenberg attracted particular attention, traces of which are still perceptible in the present day. Two Jesuits are said to have once visited the spot with this view. They dived into all the cellars and vaults, persevering until they came to the celebrated passage which led to the well-filled brewing copper. They beheld the glittering treasure and were beginning to fill their pockets when its spiritual guardian appeared: "Avaunt," he cried; "this is none of your property, nor shall you have it. It is destined only for one, Count Holberg, gifted with double sight, on whom alone the treasure is to be conferred. So away with you."—See GOTT.

GOTTSCHALCK.

THE MIRACULOUS FISH.*

ABOUT three and a half miles distant from Göttingen, is a lake situated in a pleasant part of the Oakfield, between the hamlets of Seeburg, and Berendshausen: It is deep and even said to be bottomless, and embraces some three quarters of a league in circumference.

In old time it did not exist. Where it now murmurs to the wind, once rose the stately castle of the wealthy Count Isang, placed upon a gentle eminence. The last heir of this old and noble family was a young lord gifted with great personal advantages, but wild and dissolute to a degree. His father witnessed this disposition with regret, and when on his death bed he called him to his side, fervently entreating his son to reform his conduct, and to lead a better and a holier life.

* If we attempt to define the limits of truth and fiction attaching to the above tradition, it will be found by no means improbable that the lake, in ages back, may have been produced by some convulsion of the earth; and that also in the centre of the lake was an island with a villa or castle, which being gradually undermined by shoals of fish, became swallowed in the water. In some places, according to the opinion of fishermen, the lake has been found unfathomable.—GOTT.

But the impression this made was soon forgotten. Scarcely were his parent's remains consigned to their ancestral repose, and his grief somewhat abated, before he plunged into more extravagant excesses than ever. Rich, young, and handsome, fiery as he was unfettered, he set no bounds to his desires. With boon companions too, like himself, he spent the night in a constant round of wassalage and riot, while by day they were in the habit of intercepting the most beautiful among the wives and daughters of their neighbours, and carrying them either by entreaty or by force into Seeburg. In short Count Isang soon became the dread of the surrounding district. As he rode through the peaceful hamlet, the maidens flew from his sight as from that of some sorcerer. Husbands barred their doors to protect their wives, and fathers their daughters, until the lordly monster and his train had ridden by. His father's former friends no longer approached the dwelling of his son, and no knight who valued honour and virtue, reposed within the walls of Seeburg.

In this fatal course did he persevere for years, and he grew only more ungovernable as he felt its terrific inroads upon his health. On a time, as he sat surrounded by his infatuated compeers at his revels, he proposed an attack upon the nunnery of Lindau in order to despoil it of its heaven-devoted daughters; while instantly with fiendish bursts of

applause, his companions drank success to their attempt. On a stormy night, still more wild and awful from its pitchy darkness, the sacrilegious comrades met; they mounted felt-shod steeds, with their cloaks and swords; soon with crafty force they surprized the night-watch, they won their way into the interior of the cloisters, and like wolves within the fold, they were intent upon seizing the finest and most attractive victims of the flock. Having locked up the Lady Abbess, they continued to pursue her screaming nuns until the holy walls echoed to the cries and lamentations of its injured inmates, who destitute of all assistance were compelled to submit to their fate.

It was now Hermann, such was the name of Count Isang, determined to bear his prize back with him to his castle,—where on his arrival the lady was taken in a state of insensibility from his horse. The abandoned monster did not neglect the opportunity this afforded him, of consummating his crime.

But conscience, always a disagreeable companion, that was prattling something unpleasant to him, now began to make itself heard. It may be subdued for a time, can even be compelled to silence; but it is still ever at work, like the hydra that shoots forth fresh heads, and whispers or clamors until it obtains a reply. Hermann had hitherto sufficient hardihood and dexterity to silence the reiterated reproaches addressed

to him; yet from the period of this profanation of one of Heaven's innocent and devoted creatures, he felt that it was becoming too powerful and intractable for him. In some measure to appease it, he resolved to send back the victim of his violence to the cloister whence he had borne her.

He received a letter by return of his messenger. He perused, he dropped it from his hand with an expression of terror;— the injured nun was his own sister! Hermann had been informed by his father, that he had a sister who had taken the veil; but he had refused to inform him where she dwelt; and this knowledge now fell upon him like a clap of thunder. Deep as he was dyed in crime, he was no longer proof against this; it came like a fatality of evil and it pierced his soul like a sharp sword. He wept and groaned with grief and rage; for many days he slept not; he caroused not. On the eighth day he went into a church and prayed; he bestowed rich gifts upon the violated cloister; presented it with the property of whole villages for the help of his sinful soul; and when he deemed he had made ample expiation in the way of appeasing the vengeance of heaven, he returned to his former course of life with fresh zest. He indulged again all his usual propensities to the utmost, plunged into a sea of wine and pleasure; and if ever a good thought rose within his mind, it was stifled by the ridicule of other revellers, and in

particular by one of his servants named Arnold, who rekindled the embers of his evil passions, in order to feast upon his master's ruin.

Wearied and palled with satiety lay Count Herman one morning on his couch ; yawning at the idea of another day. His head-cook was summoned ; and though he had long almost despaired of finding further means of pleasing his master's vitiated palate, he this time appeared with a fine silver white eel just drawn from the water, in his presence.

" Look here," he cried, " my dreaded lord, see what our fisherman has brought from the castle-brook to-day ! a white eel, such as I have never beheld in all my life, grey-headed as I am. It is quite a wonderful thing."

Count Isang long examined the rare specimen before his eyes, doubting at first whether it was really an eel or some kind of snake. When however, the experienced cook assured him, that it was indeed an eel, it was the Count's opinion that so singularly fine a fish must afford an equally uncommon relish. Saying this, his jaded appetite seemed to revive, and he enjoined his cook to prepare the fish with his best skill, and with some fine strong sauce for that day's dinner.

This was done. The fish was brought to table, and Count Isang, approving its flavour, partook of it with hearty zest. The more he eat, the more he

seemed to relish it ; for the fish had certainly a most unusually agreeable flavour.

A small piece was all he left upon the dish, as his faithful domestic Arnold entered the room. "There, my good fellow," said his master, "you must have one taste of this excellent, wonderful fish." So Arnold eat, and found it extremely fine.

After dinner as Count Isang lay enjoying a soft slumber upon his couch, and Arnold also sat in his own room snoring aloud, terrific dreams haunted the imagination of his lord. His limbs appeared as if shrunk with pain, his nerves were agitated, he uttered unintelligible words. He then cried out, leaped up, and awoke in frightful convulsions of remorse. The past again presented him with all its terrific scenes ; a strange and unaccountable change came over him, while the long register of his sins, with all his varied treacheries, oppressions, and long forgotten cruelties, along with all their hateful consequences, confronted him as in a picture. Unutterable anguish filled him at the sight, the pangs of conscience smote him ; a freshly kindled fire was felt burning within his breast.

"My God," he cried, "what is this ! help, help !"

These words, uttered in an alarmed tone, brought some of his domestics to his side. All stood fixed with astonishment on beholding their master. His hair bristled up, his eyes rolled, like those of a ma-

niac; and he reeled as if intoxicated through the door, and to the castle gate, crying, "air, air!" while the lofty walls of his castle echoed back the sound.

The whole of his courtly train gathered in alarm about him. But he seemed to hear and see no one, ran wildly round, then stood still, snatched at the air, as if wanting to dispel some viewless forms that threatened him, and next fled into the garden. In vain he thus sought to avoid the hated images that pursued him; they flew after him wherever he went. At this moment appeared a messenger from the cloister at Lindau. It was a letter from the Abbess, which he hastily tore open and read: "Early this morning your unfortunate sister died. Her soul is now clamoring for justice against you, Count Isang, before the judgment seat of God. Her death is the consequence of your sacrilegious and monstrous crimes. Her spirit departed in wild delirium and her last words were: 'Woe, woe unto him!' Heaven have mercy on your soul."

These tidings smote Hermann to the earth; there he writhed in agony, and shrieked like one whose heart is suddenly pierced with a sharp knife.

"Horrible, horrible!" he exclaimed; "is there nothing to relieve this fiery pain—no one to take my abhorred life?"

His domestics spoke to him, raised him up, and

tried to bear him back into his castle. With the strength of a giant he threw them from him, and commanded them to bring his sword; a command which none chose to obey. He then threatened to put them all to death if they persisted to refuse; still no one stirred.

"This, then must be done, I find, by myself," he cried, as he prepared to go, but an invisible power detained him. He looked back, "Whose hand!" he exclaimed; but he saw nothing. His motions no longer remained in his own power; he raved and stormed, yet he felt himself guided by an unseen hand. At length the fever of his soul passed away in a kind of amazement, but an inward agony now seemed to tear his heartstrings asunder, without a hope of again losing itself in rage.

Thus with a slow and trembling step he crept down into the garden, and thence into the castle court. Here he found dogs, and cats, and birds of all kinds and number roaming about, and he seemed to catch a kind of muttering resembling the human voice. He felt astounded; for a moment seemed to resume his full recollection; and then he began to run after one of the hounds or the cats, stooped to try to catch a duck, then a pigeon, and so disappointed in the chase, he stretched out his hands in the air and wept bitterly. His attendants gazed on him in

mingled surprize and terror, they knew not what to think, and only agreed that their lord had run stark mad.

They could at most only surmise his disease ; for they were not at all aware that from having partaken of the wonderful fish, the count had acquired the gift of understanding the language of the animals around him ; that even these were occupied in denouncing the crimes of their master, foretelling his approaching punishment, and the destruction of his stately castle. One of the old hens made known the vengeance that awaited him in the following words :

“ Before to-morrow’s sun has risen, your grand castle will be buried a thousand fathom deep. Thou and all of us must meet our terrific fate ; thou, stained with crimes alone ; prepare thyself and pray.”

So awaiting the final fulfilment of his destiny, Count Isang sat upon a stone before the portals of his rich palace. There where so often his friends had met, where like young vines they had shot up into barren luxuriance ; where many a lovely maiden had been betrayed or sacrificed amid the din of riot and of wine ; there he resolved to meet the closing scene of his existence, and recklessly fall, for ever buried under the ruins of his noble castle. The idea of safety or of flight, never once occurred to him ; all energy both of mind and body had forsaken him,

as in silent rumination he resigned himself to his destruction, be it what it would.

Not a single one of his attendants being aware of the impending visitation could offer him a word of advice. They all stood sorrowfully, with their arms hanging listlessly down, at a distance, and gazing upon him with pity and curiosity to learn the result. It was then the cock crew, a favourite old bird with the count for the superior beauty of his plumage; he flew towards his master, clapped his wings, and crew to the following purport, which his master well understood.

“My lord may still save himself by flight; mount then your swiftest steed, and ere sun-rise depart, but without any guide, from the castle.”

“How! is that possible?” enquired Isang hastily. “Now it is,” replied the bird, “but be quick, the sun is already going down.”

“Cannot I contrive to save my trusty servant?” “No, alone, all alone; and quick haste away;” and here the faithful bird ceased to speak.

The same invisible power which had hitherto restrained the Count's hand from suicide now urged him to preserve his life. He springs up, runs to his stables, caparisoned his fleetest steed, and to the surprize of all those he left behind, he rode rapidly through the castle-gate. Pale and terrified his

servant Arnold ran and seized the reins of his bridle; for by the charm of the remaining part of the wonderful fish, he too could interpret the language of bird and beast; he had heard the fatal prophecy of the cock, and was unwilling that the Count alone should save himself by flight.

"My dear lord," he cried in breathless terror, "let me accompany you, let me mount your horse." "I cannot, I dare not," replied Count Isang. "You must; in God's name, let me along with you." "No, I say, I cannot, loose your hold!"

Again the old house bird was heard to crow, crying, "Hasten, hasten, the sun sinks fast."

And already his departing beam shone on the top of the hill, while Count Isang, overpowered with terror lest his final hope should disappear at the same moment, and scarcely conscious what he did, dealt his faithful Arnold a fierce blow that split his skull asunder. Then away he went over the draw-bridge, cleared the castle gates, and as soon as he reached a little eminence not far from the small town of Gieboldehausen, he threw himself from his horse in order to rest and dwell upon the strange occurrences of the day. He stretched his feeble limbs upon the earth, and with throbbing heart he gazed back, bitterly weeping, at the noble towers of his ancestors. All nature appeared far around him arrayed in the charm of a lovely evening. The larks poured

their song above, a cool west breeze shook his dishevelled hair, and he saw the sun's last rays gilding the four beautiful turrets of his ancestral mansion. Young, yet aged in crime, fresh pangs of remorse awoke within him, and he wept, yet wept in vain.

Suddenly one consoling thought shot athwart the gloom of his soul; "Should all this," he exclaimed, "be the effect only of my [own fancy?" And it brought with it a ray of hope; the mere possibility that all was delusion that had past. He instantly attempted to rise with the view of returning to his castle; when at the instant he felt the earth beneath him tremble, and he reeled like a drunken man. Dreading lest the ground should open and engulf him alive, he rallied all his strength, abandoned his horse, and flew with the utmost speed from the spot. One moment only did he arrest his flight; it was to take a last view of his long-loved castle. He gazed wistfully towards the spot; and there he beheld it, with all its towers, walls and ramparts, sinking deeper and deeper into the gaping earth, while in the site where it had stood, instantly there flowed before his affrighted vision a stormy lake.

After this miraculous event, Count Isang hastened to expiate in [the cloister of Gieboldehausen, as far as yet lay in his power, his manifold and deep dyed sins. He endowed it with the remaining portion of his wealth, while he passed a severe and

holy life, during the remnant of his days within its walls. And long subsequent to that period, according to his express injunction, there was annually a day set apart for the purpose of reading masses for the relief of his soul, and the final forgiveness of his sins.*

* In regard to the traditionary character of this mysterious tale, and more particularly as to the appearance of the wonderful lake, it is said that a fisherman many years ago had the singular fortune to make a draught, not of fish, but of a boat which contained a metal boiler or seething pot, of very ancient construction, and of a very peculiar size and figure. It emitted a fine clear sound, and on examination was found to consist of a compound of silver and copper. More recently, likewise, fragments of silver vessels, such as handles of pots, and covers, were taken out of the lake ; which favors the supposition that at some time or other a castle or house must have stood upon an island of the lake. (From the *New Hannöv Magazine* for the Year 1807, No. 40.)—See Gorr.

GOTTSCHALCK.

THE PRUDENT PRINCESS.

NEAR Marburg, in the environs of the forest belonging to the castle, lies a mountain which is named Christenberg.

Upon this mountain a monarch of old had erected a stately castle in which to reside. The queen, his consort, was already deceased, leaving him an only daughter, the sole heir to his royal domains. She atoned, however, for her sex, by her superior endowments of mind, which induced the king to place a high value upon her virtues.

But his adversary the bordering king of Greenwood, who greatly coveted his neighbours' lands brought an army and beleaguered him in his castle. The siege was long and obstinate ; his noble daughter did not lose her courage, always animating the garrison by her presence, and encouraging her father when he seemed inclined to yield. The siege thus continued until the morning of May-day. But early on that morning, before the sun was up, the princess remarked the enemy's army approaching under the cover of green boughs, which appeared from the castle walls like a vast moving wood.* Then

* We may here trace a striking resemblance between the German tradition, and Shakspeare's Tragedy of Macbeth, and

first she began to doubt and feel anxious; and soon she knew that all was lost. Then she sought her father, and spoke the following words:

“ Now father, make signal of surrender
The green wood comes apace
That dooms us and our race ?”

The king who confided in her prudence more than in his own power, despatched the princess to make terms, into the enemy's camp. And such was her eloquence and commanding spirit, as to induce King Grünewald, not only to grant her freedom, but to carry away with her as much treasure as could be laden upon a mule's back.

And what was the treasure which this good daughter placed upon the mule? It was her father whose life she thus rescued; and next some of their most costly effects, and in this way she passed through the applauding army of the enemy. On arriving at a considerable distance from the castle, she stopped and said: “ Hier wolle mer ruhen!”—(here will we repose;) and from this saying did the village of Woolmar, about a mile from Christenberg, receive its name.

After they had there refreshed themselves, they again proceeded through wild and mountainous re-

probably it may have been adopted by the dramatist, through some secret source, or out of congeniality of taste. (Juste's Hessian Antiquities.)

gions, until they arrived in a free and open tract of land. Here the princess again said. "Hier hats field," (here there is room for us!) And in this place they pitched their tents, built a castle, and called it Hatsfeld.

Even down to the present day, vestiges of a castle may be seen upon this spot, and not far from it lies the little city of Hatsfeld upon the Oder, situated about four miles westward of Christenberg.

GOTTSCHALCK.

THE DEVIL'S MILL.*

IN the Bernburgh department of the Hartz stands a high mountain called "Ramberg," about three miles distant from Ballenstedt. Huge pieces of granite and other rock stone are spread over its surface, heaped in strange fantastic shapes one upon another. And for more than a thousand yards around, the whole hill appears inlaid with small sparkling pieces of granite, giving it the appearance of a splendid illumined castle, when resting under the rays of the setting sun. Most probably in old times, these rocky pyramids were constructed for fortified stations, which earthquakes or other convulsions of the earth have subsequently levelled with the ground. In this manner they are supposed to have assumed their present grotesque and varied forms. One of these groups of rocks bears the name of the Devil's Mill, in illustration of which the people repeat the following story.

At the foot of the Ramberg a certain miller had placed his windmill. There it had long stood, and

* Taken from oral tradition. It is inserted, also, in *Otmar's Folksagen*. Bremen 1800, 8vo. p. 187.

woo'd the blast—an useful heir-loom in the miller's family, from father to son, for many centuries past.

Hitherto it had supported its successive possessors in peace and comfort, but hardly had our miller got into full possession, than he remarked in sundry places a number of deficiencies. In particular he lamented the little wind that fanned his mill sails, and thought what a fine thing it would be if he could contrive to build a new mill upon the highest windy point of the Ramberg. But where were the materials; and how could he be sure of securing himself against the rougher blasts that sometimes visited the heights of the mountain? And where could he find an able architect?

These obstructions led him to apprehend that his favorite idea would never be put into execution; and the miller became nervous and low spirited to a degree. Often did he turn impatiently from side to side upon his restless couch; began to detest the idea of carrying sacks, or any other kind of work; and was fool enough not to see that he would neither be happier nor better off, even could he have succeeded in his wish.

It was now that our great adversary who formerly paid far more attention to the little proceedings of mankind, though he met with small gratitude for his busy offices at their hands, no sooner heard the thankless repining of our miller, than he resolved to

avail himself of it, and one night appeared to him offering his humble services.

The miller considered this a good opportunity and closed with the offer; only he could not well digest the nature of the bargain; the base one insisting that he must have his signature for the possession of his soul. Much as he wished to promote his undertaking upon the hill, he could not quite make up his mind to view the matter in so trivial a light as the other party would have him; and he requested a few days to consider of it.

The miller had before this enjoyed little repose, and he had now less. Full of care, he wandered absorbed in thought around his dwelling, turning in his mind whether he had not better let things remain as they were, in the old way; and was on the point of coming to such a resolution, when, for the twentieth time, there came a fresh calm, and his mill stood still. This at once determined him to the contrary; he swore he would give the devil a commission for the new building, though he were to pay both in body and soul for the job. The base fiend made his appearance at the stipulated hour, and the miller signed himself over to him in his own blood. In return he received the devil's promissory note, ensuring to him his life for the space of thirteen years, and that he should build him an excellent

unexceptionable mill with six large sails upon the very top of the Ramberg, insured from all damage and accidents. Moreover, that it was to be commenced on the following night, and completed in every respect before the crowing of the cock.

Scarcely had the shades of night descended before the infernal architect commenced his labors. He heaved up and piled rocks upon rocks, which were flung to him over the Brocken mountain by a party of his diabolical journeymen. Such was their expedition, that behold in a few hours, there stood the new mill. The workmanship was excellent, large and substantial, and made to stand the tug of years. The master builder then hastened down the hill to the miller, in order to bring him back to look at the work, and see that it worked well. With doubtful and trembling step the poor man followed him up the mountain. It was a dark summer night, the wind was up and whistled through the lofty branches of oak and fir; dark clouds too overcast the heavens; the lightning shot athwart the gloom, while the heavy thunder rolled over the hills and dales, the earth trembled, and the miller's heart sank within him. Fain would he have turned back, fain have returned to his old paternal mill, but all his regret was too late. His last hope now was that he should be able to discover something wanting in the con-

struction of his new edifice; yet even this he despaired of when he cast his eyes upon the complete and noble building, its grand sails sweeping in a vast circumference round, and all tight and right.

With a loud laugh of self-complacency the Devil turned towards him and enquired: "Whether there were any thing farther that he could suggest?"

"No, no, certainly not," muttered our trembling miller, and was on the point of admitting the validity of the bargain, when examining a little farther he suddenly cried "Stop! what is here, or rather what is not here," he added with a laugh of delight as he pointed out the want of one of the main stones.

Stoutly for a long time did the black builder deny the utility of this additional stone, but as the miller as stoutly insisted upon having it, it was so agreed that it should be set and there was no time to be lost.

Away flew the devil in full wing, to fetch the other mill-stone; the miller prayed, and hark the next moment, it was the crowing of the cock! "Halt there," cried the happy miller, "we are now quit:" and off he went down the hill till he reached his ancient home. Smarting under his disappointment, the Devil flew at the new mill; he tore all its jointings, sails, and sieves asunder. He dispersed them in the air, and tumbled the high walls

in huge fragments down the hill, so as to cover the whole place, leaving only a small portion of the foundation; a lasting monument of the event. This however was not the sole revenge he took, for just as the miller had reached home, his malignant enemy sent a large fragment in his wake, which alighting on his brittle dwelling, crushed it almost to atoms along with all its inmates, including of course the foolish and discontented miller.

EBERHARDT.*

THE BET.†

It happened that the Reverend Father in God, Henry, Bishop of Halberstadt, who flourished about the end

* Respecting this author who has published a very pleasing collection of national stories embellished with colored plates, at Berlin, the editor has not met with any biographical notice.

In regard to one of the tales in the series, though indisputably of Eastern origin, it has long been adopted both by the Italians and the Germans, and is found in the language of both among their national novels. For this reason, added to that of its amusing character, the editor has not deemed it incumbent upon him to exclude it, merely on account of its want of original nationality; a feature so remarkable in some of the best tales belonging to every country.

† In this we meet with one of these favorite national traditions, which has been successfully adopted by a number of German writers of fiction; the old sayings, tales, and even some of the subjects of the more extended novels, being considered national property, available, like their editions of books, at almost every individual's pleasure. It is hence we meet with so many different versions of the same stories, in particular of the older and more popular; and the number of their versions will often afford a pretty correct criterion of their excellence. In the present instance, the editor has selected that of Eberhardt, though borrowed from the *Folkssagen* of Otmar; as the tale is far more amusingly told than in any other version. It is remarked by

of the sixteenth century had once the pleasure of a visit from another Reverend Father of equal rank, which continued for several months. He was received in the most hospitable manner; and one summer evening as both host and guest were chatting familiarly together; the large round well-filled wine cups, all fine silver, standing before them, they seemed inclined to drink more than usual. For the cups, they said, were but small, and the wine that day was very good. From the moment they sat down to dinner, until now, nine in the evening, they had been chiefly entertained from the same large favorite wine vault, bequeathed years ago to the host, by a celebrated bishop, whose diocese also lay near the Rhine.

Both now agreed in opinion, that it behoved every spiritual prince who had a just regard for his honor, to follow so laudable an example, and build his cellar on the scale of the deceased prelate; and they proceeded to discuss how best such an undertaking might be executed. While minutely inquiring into all the bearings of such a building, the wine kept

Otmar that it is found among the more recent popular tales in the language, belonging to the close of the 16th century; and he has given a particular account of it in his introduction, observing that it differs considerably both in its object and its representations from the other national traditions.—Tr.

pace with the subject; but as the two together produce a soporific effect, our good bishops had something to do to keep their eyes open. They yawned, and sipped, and rubbed their eyes; but they had almost exhausted their topic, which they could not renew as easily as their bottle; the dialogue became still more dull, and was just on the point of coming to a standstill, when the host bishop's shepherd, Conrad, appeared driving his master's flock, a well-washed, well-fed and numerous flock of sheep, as usual, past the bishop's window.

Now the good bishop was himself in the habit of reviewing his flock every evening. As Conrad drew nearer to the spot, and he heard the bleating and the tinkling of the bells with which some of them were adorned, he could not resist his old practice of going to meet them, and he took his guest along with him into the court yard. As he passed by, Conrad, the shepherd, respectfully doffed his cap to his master with his customary salute of "God save the Lord Bishop!"

"Good e'en to you Conrad," was the reply; and then followed the old enquiry; "And where is the lame ram, where is Harne?" Conrad stuck his two fingers in his mouth and gave a whistle, so loud and shrill that the stranger bishop not expecting such a cracking sound quite so near him, put both his hands to his ears as if to save their drums. After

this whistle there came bounding along a large, handsome, clean washed ram, who ran first to the shepherd, and next presented himself to the bishop. The latter stroked, and offered him some pieces of bread, which he always put into his pocket for the purpose after dinner. Then after saying a few more words to the shepherd, he concluded with the question: "Are you making preparation yet for your marriage?" Conrad only shrugged up his shoulders, and drove along his flock in perfect silence.

"Is not that an extraordinary fine sheep of mine?" said Bishop Henry to his guest; while the latter contented himself by returning a somewhat indifferent "Yes." "Yes!" echoed the Bishop of Halberstadt! why I would not take any price for that animal, he is so tame and handsome. I have to thank my shepherd Conrad for this: he is the honestest fellow alive; he is honor itself."

His reverend brother laughed aloud at this singular eulogy; and when the other enquired what excited his mirth, he replied; "My dear friend, honor is a rare article in these days. In the course of my travels and my residence in the courts of princes, I have acquired some knowledge of mankind, and do not so easily mistake one thing for another; black for white! no, they cannot impose upon me."

The Bishop of Halberstadt granted that he might be right in the main; but for all that, he would

swear, that his shepherd Conrad did not impose upon him; that he was an honest man.

"Stop there," cried his guest; "for I promise you he is not a hair better than others, only perhaps he is more cunning. Really honest servants are rarer than white ravens, and they are still less frequently to be met with, my friend, in the service of spiritual establishments. All of them deceive their masters; some indeed are better than others, but all are rogues."

Bishop Henry opposed this heartless doctrine with all his might, for his extra glasses of wine had mounted into his head, and he lauded the honour and virtue of all his spiritual subjects; but more especially those of his shepherd who had never told him an untruth, or been guilty of any wrong action during the whole time he had been in his service.

"What never!" cried his guest in an ironical tone; "has he never lied, never circumvented or cheated any one, much less you?"

"No," returned the bishop, with some warmth, "never. Conrad has never told me a lie, and never will." "Never will;" retorted his guest; "what never! Now what will you bet me upon that! he'll lie I warrant him!"

"Agreed; done!" cried the bishop, offering his hand; "it is a bet!"

They shook hands, and after some desultory conversation as to the value of the bet, it was agreed, for

the wine was still in their heads, that the loser should forfeit a vat of wine to the winner, in which there should be one hundred and fifty fudders—German measure.

The space of three days was fixed upon, during which Conrad's honor was to be put to the test, and the bishop of Halberstadt bound over his guest by note of hand, as well as by oath, not to give the least hint, either himself or by any third person, to the shepherd relating to the impending bet.

It was now late in the evening; and both these worthy prelates, having fared so well at dinner as well as after dinner, and feeling quite unable to renew the entertainment for that day, sighed for repose. So they took leave of each other for the night, each inwardly congratulating himself that by this lucky bet he had succeeded in securing a good stock of wine, out of which his reverend brother would in future be regaled without intrenching upon his own pocket; for both felt convinced that they must win.

Now in the train of the stranger bishop was a certain domestic of the name of Peter. He was a very complete rogue in his way, and had the art of making himself so agreeable to his master, as to be esteemed a kind of humble companion and privy counsellor in all little emergencies where the bishop was inclined to doubt his own spiritual judgment.

Just before his master retired to rest, it occurred to him that he would send for Peter. And so inveterate was his old habit of consultation now become, that in spite of his bond, the moment Peter appeared he began to consult him; informing him of every circumstance that had passed, concluding with requesting his opinion as to how the wager might best be secured?

Peter finding, from his master's account, the small estimation in which he held the servants of noble prelates, declaring that all were more or less rogues, had wit enough to see the dilemma in which he was placed. So he somewhat drily answered, that he was sorry he was not capable of advising his master in an affair of such a particular kind as this.

The bishop, however, who had long known him, better than he imagined, quickly perceived the ground of his reluctance to enter on the subject; and feeling certain that the most greedy selfishness formed the chief ingredient in his servant's character, he plainly told him that in case he would assist in securing the impending wager, he should receive a handsome remuneration, in addition to a new scarlet cap.

This was intelligible language to Peter, and he opened his mouth, though consistently with his character, it was only to observe upon the very trifling reward proposed, considering the immense amount

of the wager in question; for after all, "What was a poor scarlet cap?" In fact, the bishop was obliged to assure him that he did not intend to confine his gratitude to so slight a recompence, before Peter would consent to put a hand to the job. But having made his terms, he was determined to spare nothing to bring the shepherd Conrad's honor into jeopardy; "Though he were a very phoenix of honesty," added he, "still he will have a fall."

On the following morning he rose with the determination to begin his machinations; and in a few hours he had learnt that Conrad had a sweetheart, the pretty Liese to whom he was much attached. She would hear nothing of marriage, however, until he had a house of his own; and he was poor, and it would be the height of folly, in such circumstances, to load himself with the cares of a family.

All this Peter communicated to his master, before dinner, and added, that he had already obtained an interview with the fair Liese, and hence laid a plan to undermine the poor shepherd's integrity by means of the girl he loved. For this purpose he came to request a certain sum, which the bishop gave him.

He counted out the new shining pieces into his hand, reminding him at the same time to omit nothing that could tend to promote the success of their job. So Peter returned to finish his dialogue with the

shepherd's sweetheart Liese, which was renewed as follows :

Peter. I am glad to hear, Liese, that Conrad has long been an admirer of yours, he is a brave, honest hearted man.

Liese. It is easy to say, yes ; but the ways and means are the main thing.

Peter. Oh, if he were really sincere, as no doubt he is ; you need have no fear upon that head.

Liese. There you are mistaken, good man, we cannot live upon love ; and money we have none.

Peter. Ah, does the shoe pinch there ?

Liese. Too true ! If Conrad had enough to buy a little house and a bit of land, it would alter the case. As it is, we must not think of marrying.

Peter. And why not, I will be bound to give you as much as you want, provided you will assist me in return.

With these words, Peter took out his purse and displayed a handful of money, which he threw upon a little table, so as almost to cover it. The money shone very tempting in the maiden's eyes, and she longed to call it her own property. "Now," said the wily tempter, "the whole of this shall be yours when you agree to purchase for me the handsome ram, belonging to Conrad's flock."

"Yes," said Liese, "but the ram does not belong to the shepherd." "What signifies that," continued

Peter, "he will find some means of obtaining it for you, at least if he loves you; and you must take no denial." "There, you do him injustice," returned Liese, "I know he would lay down his life for me." "Then put his affection to the proof only so far."

Liese in addition to her wish of obtaining the money, had now a curiosity to learn whether Conrad would make such a sacrifice to secure her affections. She promised the rogue that she would do every thing in her power to engage Conrad to procure for him the handsome sheep, and Peter counted out the money, promising to bring more when he saw his purchase. Farther to assure her, he said "He would directly engage the little house and ground which she knew of, before any other purchaser should appear."

In fact he contrived to engage her so deep in his web of villany, that she could not retract, and her only chance now lay in vanquishing Conrad's scruples about the removal of the sheep. In this his wily plan Peter had so far succeeded.

On the following day Liese decked herself out more elegantly than usual, and took her way towards the neighbourhood where Conrad was accustomed to pasture his sheep. As she approached the spot she pretended to be busily engaged in gathering herbs. Scarcely had Conrad got a sight of her, before he ran to join her and the tame sheep followed him.

It was not long before he entered on the subject nearest his heart, enquiring earnestly when he might hope to call her his own. But Liese answered him, far colder than usual, "I have heard enough of this, Conrad, a thousand times over; it is all nonsense you know, until you can inform me that you have got a house and piece of ground, where we may live together comfortably, and be able to live! Yes, you know my mind, and until you can shew me a house and field of our own, I shall never think of marrying."

Poor Conrad was turning sorrowfully away, quite cast down by this harsh treatment, such as he had never before received, when the artful maiden threw him an encouraging glance; adding, "A pretty specimen this of your love, Conrad, going off already in such a huff!" "Good Lord," cried the shepherd, "how you torture one; just now you found fault with me and now you seem to doubt my love. I declare I would give my life for you, if that would be of any use. Only put me to the proof!" "I do not want so much; but as you desire it, I will just try whether your promises are worth any thing." The tame sheep at this moment thrust his head between the two lovers, and Liese gave him a piece of bread which he began to eat. "Then give me this pretty sheep here, Conrad. I am sure I can bring you a noble price for him." The shepherd uttered an exclamation.

tion of surprise at the demand. At length, he said, "Any thing in the world, dear Liese, but not that." I never should be able to part with him, and if the bishop were to miss his tame ram as I drove home in the evening, and no longer stroked him with his own hand——no I could never bear that. Take the best ten of my own from the flock; you are welcome to them, but leave the ram!"

"There, I said so," cried Liese in an offended tone; "you men are all the same. Off with you then, with all your sheep; for you will not shew me the least favor, even when on the point of marriage; what might I expect afterwards? I see too well! so away! I will have nothing more to say to you." With a frowning face she turned from him, though he entreated her with tears in her eyes, not to exact so hard a proof of his affection. Sharp words—at least as harsh as lovers can use; now passed on both sides. The contest was long, but scarcely for a moment doubtful; for the maiden now acquainted Conrad that she had already agreed to dispose of the sheep, believing he would never refuse her; that farther, she had accepted payment, and given earnest money, for the little property they had both so long wished for. In fact, she said, the sheep was sold and must be delivered up cost what it would, for she had given her word, and disposed of the purchase money.

This account she accompanied with a flood of

tears, vowing that it was all owing to her affection for him, and now she was to be held up to the world as a liar and deceiver, and this she was resolved she would never outlive. The sole cause was her desire to secure the house and ground, where they might have spent many happy days; but now all her sweetest hopes were destroyed by his heartless obstinacy, which she would never bear. "Were sheep never killed before?" she enquired of the wretched Conrad, as she concluded her lecture; "are they never lost or stolen, does the wolf never devour them now, as formerly, speak!" "I see it all," cried Conrad bitterly, quite vanquished by her reproaches and her tears; as he at the same time, gave her his hand; "The sheep shall be delivered up to you, before noon!" and in her turn, Liese promised to become his wife, at the month's end; and sealed this last contract with a kiss. The shepherd and his betrothed then took leave of each other, and Conrad gazed after her as long as she was in view.

Conrad being now left alone, became more serious; his joy at the prospect of his marriage was sadly dashed by the thought of the scene that awaited him when the good bishop should first miss his tame sheep. How could he meet his eye, how muster courage to impose upon so excellent a master? He had been so long in his service, and thus to steal and lie at last; to steal his tame sheep, too in which he

took so much pleasure; it quite confounded all his ideas, he hardly knew whether he was dreaming or awake.

He stood cogitating on the spot, where Liese had just before been gathering herbs. First, thought he, I shall have to speak to the bishop, and I must take care I am not taken by surprise and betray myself. He stuck his crook in the ground, then hung his coat over it, and placed his cap upon the top; declaring that he must try to act the part.

So he began to hold a dialogue with the bishop's effigy, in the following words, in which the tame sheep at his side, often came in for a part: "God save you, Lord Bishop!" he cried out to the effigy. "Good evening Conrad," he went on, "where is the tame sheep?" "The ram, My Lord Bishop! the tame ram has overrun me, I have sought him every where; I have whistled for him as loud as I could; but he has never returned."

Conrad then whistled, and the ram began to bound and play with the counterfeit bishop before which the shepherd was bowing to the ground. "Alas," sighed Conrad, shaking his head; "this will never do! the poor fellow is too fond of bread to think of running away. The bishop will never believe it. No, no, I must hit upon something better, well then—Ah, my lord bishop, such a misfortune, our handsome ram, poor Harne is gone, stolen clean

away!" Just as he said these words, and bowed low before the bishop's image, poor Harne, as if in reply, gave him a pretty sharp push with his horns. "No this is not the way neither," exclaimed Conrad, as he turned angrily away from the hated spot; "it is not so easily done."

He next tried a variety of other means, all of which proved equally unsuccessful; and he shook his head, confessing that it was all of no use.

"Yet it must be done," he added; "it is to no purpose to think; at noon I am to deliver up poor Harne here, in order to save Liese's good name!" Again he began to meditate, and after some time, in which he muttered deeply, searching for some loop-hole by which to make his escape, he suddenly cried with a more joyful and confident air. "I have it, I have it now, it is the best, and honor wears longest in the end."

He threw his cloak over his shoulders, donned his cap, and drove his flock further over the green. A little before noon, he went away, deeply sighing, with the favorite ram, in order to deliver him to Liese. Without troubling herself with any scruples, she in her turn gave him up to Peter, who had paid so high for him, and received the rest of the money, which she paid for the new house; while Peter hastened to his master. He acquainted him with his success, and the stranger bishop now chuckled in his

sleeve, at the idea of the approaching evening, when Conrad would appear as usual with his flock, and with a lie in his mouth, ready to impose upon his master. Peter seconded him in all his self-complacency and hopes of triumph over his host, omitting not, at the same time, to remind him respecting his promise of the new scarlet cap, and the other presents he was to receive in the morning.

At the appointed hour, the two bishops stationed themselves, as usual, in the court-yard of the castle. Conrad now appeared in view, driving his flock from the field, and slowly approached the spot where the good prelates were waiting for him. The wily guest with his servant Peter standing behind him, secretly congratulated himself upon the security of his wager, and both imagined they could trace in Conrad's features, as he approached, an expression of alarm, and the twinges of a conscience ill at rest.

Harne, the handsome ram was no where to be seen, nor ran as usual to receive his allowance from the bishop, and feel the honor of his lordly hand. "Where is Harne;" inquired the bishop, the moment that he missed him. "I have sold him," returned Conrad, in an earnest and decided tone; "he is not here. Honor wears the longest, my good lord bishop. I always shaped my course by it, and I will not depart from it now."

Peter's countenance grew a wonderfully deal

longer when he heard these words, and his master looked little better; both being wofully disappointed and cast down. But bishop Henry of Halberstadt, cried in a loud tone, while his face darkened with the most ominous frowns: "Idiot as thou art! how dared you to think of selling the tame ram without first obtaining my permission? but I will ——" "Most noble master," interrupted Conrad, "hear me patiently before you condemn me, let me beseech you! It was the maiden Liese who seduced me, exactly as Eve did Adam, and some arch villain hath likewise seduced Liese, exactly like the base fiend did Eve. If he will consent, however, to give me back the ram, I will not expose his name." At the same time, Conrad fixed his eyes upon Peter, who full of rage and vexation drew somewhat back; for he now saw full well that he should be accused of having thrown his master's money away for nothing, that he must go without his new scarlet cap, and all the other presents he had expected, while his tricks would be made manifest to the world.

"It was Liese," continued Conrad, "who engaged for the sale of Hame, or all this would never have happened:" (at these words his master began to breathe, scenting which way the wind lay) "you know how long we have loved each other, only waiting to marry until we had got a little more beforehand. She has received so large a sum for the

sheep as to enable her to buy house and land sufficient to maintain us both with industry and care. She engaged for all this, and when she had said, 'Yea, please your reverend honor, and I will marry you,' I could hardly get courage to say, 'No you shall not;' for then I must have exposed her as an impostor to the world. With the priest's help and blessing she will soon be my wife; and I am sure your reverence is too good, not to permit the happiness of two human beings, on account of the sale of one sheep; and for a servant who has served you so long and faithfully. This is the whole truth of the matter, my lord bishop, and now deal with me as you will; what is done is done, and Harna is gone. But do not punish me harder than your own conscience will warrant; and do nothing to Liese I beseech you. It was the base fiend blinded her and all out of love for me, and I am in little better case myself."

These declarations appeared so hard of digestion to the bishop, that he was just on the point of giving fresh rein to his anger, when his guest with a fierce look turning towards Peter, said: "Thou jolter-head then I have lost my bet after all, through thee!" and he stamped indignantly with his foot!

"What say you there;" enquired the bishop of his guest, as he heard this final confirmation of his suspicions. Upon this, the other could not avoid

coming to an explanation of the whole affair, which afforded the bishop of Halberstadt the greatest satisfaction. He the more easily forgave his shepherd, as by his excellent conduct he had secured him the wager, having had the honesty and the courage to tell the truth.

"Well then, honor wears the longest!" cried both the bishops in a breath; and Conrad's master added: "As a due return for your honorable conduct I take upon myself the whole expence of your marriage with Liese, and divide the whole flock with you."

To this the stranger bishop added; "I shall not after this venture to be stingy. I freely give the shepherd back his ram; the money, I gave, he may retain—it will serve as a wedding dower for his wife, and the christening of the first child."

The Bishop of Halberstadt was shortly afterwards presented by his reverend friend with the large vat of wine, which he had fairly won. Indeed, next to the mirror-mountain, it is pointed out as one of the most curious and interesting objects to be seen at Halberstadt; and is still known to attract the attention of those travellers, though now emptied of its contents, who are fond of investigating the prelatical antiquities of Germany.

EBERHARDT.

TREACHERY ITS OWN BETRAYER.*

FADLALLAH, the son of the mighty monarch Bin-Ortob, succeeded on the decease of the latter to the throne of the kingdom of Mousel. He was still in the flower of his days, was intelligent and even more good natured than clever, so that in a short time he acquired the entire affection of his subjects. He was in particular commended for the filial tenderness he displayed towards his widowed mother, the queen Zemrouda; devoting himself, in every way he could imagine, to her happiness, and to shed light and pleasure over the evening of her days. Upon ascending the throne, instead of dooming her to a widowed solitude, as formerly had been the custom, he left her

* Though not strictly of Germanic origin, this story has been incorporated in many German collections, insomuch as to authorise the editor to give it a place in a work, the chief object of which is to amuse. Nor in other instances has he felt himself justified in omitting, such tales as he considered adapted to this purpose, where they have been previously adapted by German authors or collectors of fictitious narrative; merely for fear of their not having taken their origin in the country in whose language they are related.—ED.

in possession of the same royal honours and the same splendid establishment which she had enjoyed during the late sultan's life. He even took a vow that he would never raise a new queen to the same rank until he had erected a splendid palace for his future consort, so as not to deprive his queen-mother of the least portion of her present possessions, or subject her to the slightest inconvenience.

The young monarch possessing a great taste for the arts and sciences, as well as esteeming their professors, bestowed liberal encouragement upon men of letters, numbers of whom quickly resorted to his court. He had sufficient discrimination, however, to distinguish between those who possessed no useful talents or endowments, whom he soon dismissed, and those whose sound principles and knowledge entitled them to his patronage.

A young Dervise at length appeared at his court, whose singular penetration and acquirements, whose wit and personal accomplishments attracted the attention and won the admiration and affection of all ranks. He became the constant topic of conversation, and always of applause. It could not fail at length to reach the ears of the monarch, whose curiosity led him to wish for a personal interview, the Dervise not having taken a single step to recommend himself to his patronage. He summoned him, therefore, to his presence—the Dervise obeyed, and appeared to such

great advantage, in point of intellectual endowments, of such noble principles, united to so many accomplishments and such address, as even at a single interview to win the royal favour. King Fadlallah admired and esteemed him, declaring that in this instance, report had no way flattered the object of its applause. He entreated of the young stranger that he would frequently visit him; while the latter availed himself of the invitation with so much modesty and discretion as to remove every suspicion of interested motives for his return; and so great was the progress he made in Fadlallah's good opinion by his superior character and conversation, that he appeared always dissatisfied if he had not conversed with him in the course of the day. He at length attached him wholly to his court, retained him as much as possible near his person, and by degrees succeeded in availing himself of his talents for the public service. In a short time the king conferred upon him the highest office in the state. This the Dervise repaid by observing the strictest fidelity and affection; though he refused to receive this last proof of his kindness, declaring with great modesty that he was unequal to it, and that he had moreover taken a vow to refuse office, inasmuch as he preferred his freedom to the highest honors and to the most enormous wealth.

The king was astonished at his moderation, and from this time forth regarded the Dervise as his first

friend and favorite. Once as the Dervise was accompanying the king to the chase, he entertained his master with an account of his travels and many singular adventures. Their conversation at length turned upon India, and when the Dervise had related several very extraordinary events that had occurred there, he concluded by saying, that in the same country he had become acquainted with a certain venerable old brahmin, one who had penetrated into some of nature's deepest secrets. "He died in my arms," continued the Dervise, "and with his last words communicated to me one of his rarest secrets, under the express condition, that I would never confide it to any other mortal."

Surely, thought the king, this must be the grand art of making gold; and then his refusal to accept the highest office in his kingdom directly occurred to him; this suspicion he communicated to his friend.

"No, my noble master," replied the latter, "it is something far more wonderful; it is the secret power of again restoring a deceased body to life by a migration of my own spirit." Just at that moment a roe was observed bounding past them, and the king, who was prepared to fire, brought it down by a shot through the heart. "There," he said to the Dervise, "you have now an opportunity of displaying your power."

"You seem to doubt it," returned the Dervise, "but I will soon convince you of its truth;" and this

he pronounced in a very deep and earnest tone. At the same time he fell down dead, and the next moment the roe sprang up, as lively and well again as ever. It bounded towards the king, played a thousand pretty tricks, displaying its attachment to him in every way it could, and then fell lifeless upon the grass, while the Dervise on his side got up again.

Fadlallah was lost in delighted astonishment as he beheld this strange transaction, and then he entreated the Dervise, by every thing that was sacred, to impart to him the nature of the secret. At first the latter made many objections, assuring the King that there was nothing he would not willingly encounter to promote the pleasure of his noble patron, holding his own life light in the balance; yet he could hardly venture to break the sacred vow he had made the old bramin, and he trusted his majesty would excuse him. This only induced the monarch to make fresh and more urgent entreaties, so as at length, to convince his favorite that there was nothing which he ought to refuse to so great a prince, and particularly a secret that some time or other, he would himself most probably communicate to a third person.

The monarch, however, must consent to take a binding oath to preserve a strict silence in regard to the affair, upon receiving which the Dervise taught him two cabalistical words which were not to be pronounced above the breath, for fear of destroying

the potent charm of which he had just given so lively a proof.

The King was full of impatience to put his knowledge into execution upon the spot, although the Dervise appeared as if he wished to dissuade him. But he spoke the dreadful wonder-words that he had learnt, and suddenly he found his soul inspiring the dead body of the roe. The Dervise here gave him little time to consider the nature of the metamorphosis; for he treacherously took possession of the lifeless form of the monarch, and the same moment seizing the weapon of his master he would have levelled it at the roe, had not the King, aware of his design, suddenly concealed himself in an adjacent thicket.

Rejoicing in his successful villany, the Dervise proceeded in the outward semblance of Fadlallah towards the capital, and shortly he found himself seated upon the king's throne.

No one suspected the cheat; even Fadlallah's own mother received her supposed son with her usual tenderness, though it was a little more difficult on the part of the Dervise to counterfeit an affection he did not feel, for the expression of a pure and virtuous heart cannot by any art or hypocrisy be imitated. The false king excused the absence of the Dervise, by saying, that he had been greatly deceived in him, that he was by no means the wise

man he took him for; and that being engaged in an argument with him, he (the King) had not concealed his opinion of him, upon which the Dervise had left him in a huff, declaring that he would never more submit to any of the King's commands from the moment he should reach the frontiers.

This invention obtained credit throughout the whole court, for there were many who had been jealous of the Dervise's influence with the monarch, and were rejoiced to think that he had incurred the royal displeasure. All tongues were now loud in their aspersions of him, insomuch that the Dervise in the King's shape, had an opportunity of hearing the real, but by no means flattering opinion entertained of him at court. He resolved to revenge himself at a fit opportunity, but at present he had more important business to occupy his attention, namely to secure possession of the throne which he had thus treacherously obtained. For this purpose he issued a royal edict to all his subjects for the speedy destruction of all the roes throughout his dominions, each being entitled to a handsome reward for every one that should be taken.

The real king would infallibly have been destroyed, as coming within the operation of this act, had he not luckily avoided his impending fate by escaping into the corpse of a deceased nightingale, which he found at the foot of a tree

In this transformation he flew as fast as possible towards his capital of Mousel. He had a great curiosity to learn in what way the treacherous Dervise was proceeding, as well as once more to behold his dearly beloved mother. He took his station, therefore, upon a tree directly opposite to the queen's chamber, over which it cast a cool delicious shade. Here he poured his sweetest song; but so mournful withal were the strains he poured, that the princess sat enchanted for hours at her window listening to him. But it sadly grieved him to think that she had not the least suspicion of the cause, and that so far from feeling any degree of compassion, she only amused herself along with her slaves, in praising the compass of his notes. Still he ceased not, both morn and eve, to pour his tender song, until the queen on the approach of a colder season, fearful lest she might lose her little musical guest, gave orders to have him, if possible, secured.

The transformed monarch heard the whole of this from his perch on the bough, and when the Queen's bird-catcher appeared, to secure him by some sleight of hand, he sat quite still and quietly permitted him to take him. For the unhappy king wished for nothing so much as to avail himself of this occasion to approach nearer his affectionate mother. So the bird-catcher, then, presented him to the Queen con-

tained in a costly cage, and he received a high reward. She soon ordered a still more splendid residence for him, constructed of the finest gold wire, beset with rubies, emeralds and sapphires, besides other precious materials, being resolved to guard him with the utmost care and tenderness.

As she now put her hand into the cage in order to transfer him to his new abode, he not merely permitted her to take him without the least chattering or flutter, but looked into her face with so soft and musical an expression, pecked and billed her hands so very affectionately, that finding him so tame the Queen held him more gently than before, when he fluttered round her face and neck, and seemed so delighted that the Queen was quite overjoyed with her little feathered guest.

She placed the cage on a marble slab; leaving the door ajar, so that the King was at liberty to fly in and out when he pleased; still continuing his flattering kisses and caresses. She listened hours together to his song, played with him in a thousand little ways, and pronounced him the sweetest pretty favorite she ever had.

The poor king felt very happy in thus still being made the object of her love; and it was only when his treacherous foe, the wily Dervise made his appearance, in his stolen body; and when he lavished

his hypocritical attentions upon the Queen, with affected filial respect, that he felt as if a dagger went to his heart.

And though his indignation was all in vain, he could not refrain from sometimes betraying it by biting at his fingers when he touched him, striking with his little wings, and uttering the most sharp and lamentable notes, at which the Queen and her supposed son appeared much amused.

In addition to her nightingale, however, she had another favorite in her apartments, which had been presented to her when she was only twelve years of age. It was a lap dog, and from that time, it had never been absent from her side; a very faithful little creature, but it was very old, very cross, and very ill. And alas, one morning the princess found it lying dead upon its cushion near her bed, whence it had hitherto always sprang to salute her in the morning.

This was a cruel blow upon the Queen; she could not conceal her grief, and declared her fixed determination to have the little dog stuffed, so as to be enabled to keep him still near her.

All this was communicated to our royal Dervise, who instantly waited upon the Queen in order to console her on her loss. In the mean time, however, the real king had availed himself of this occurrence to leave the body of the bird, and take pos-

session of that of the lap dog, in order to please his mother by bringing her favourite back to life.

When the Dervise entered the Queen's apartment he found her to his infinite astonishment, playing with the pretty little dog, frisking about as usual. In great glee she acquainted him that as she was lamenting over the little fellow just before, and stroking him for the last time, he jumped up, and began to bark, caressing her as if nothing had happened. "Indeed," she continued, "I think I never should be comforted for the loss either of my pretty lap dog, or of my sweet nightingale, that pours such delightful songs." Saying this, "she looked up, and what a sight! she beheld her nightingale stretched lifeless at the bottom of his cage."

The extravagance of her grief was now greater than for the loss of her dog, and she refused to be comforted. The Dervise, irritated at these lamentations, and forgetting for a moment the part he was playing, reproached the Queen sharply for this morbid sensibility; a weakness he said, the less excusable as she must know that all that lives must sometime die; and he added mockery to his reproaches. "Strange," he continued, "that she, who had been deprived of a consort whom she ought to have loved infinitely more than these senseless animals, could have consoled herself for his loss, and yet waste her foolish lamentations over them."

The Queen, unaccustomed to such language from her affectionate son, now wept more bitterly than ever, and persevered in her lamentations and reproaches so long that the Dervise became alarmed at having thus inconsiderately assumed his natural character, and sought to make the matter up. But he had gone too far, and all his endeavours were now in vain. "Well, well," he suddenly exclaimed, as a last resource, "I will do what I can to lighten your grief. Every morning your nightingale shall come to life again, and sing as much as you please."

The queen looked at him with an air of surprise, and did not conceal her doubts. In fact she fancied her son had suddenly run mad.

"What I have promised you," insisted the Dervise, "shall be done, were it only to convince you that mine are no empty words."

So forthwith he laid himself down upon the sofa and sent his soul into the nightingale, which to the no small astonishment of the Queen, began to flutter about and sing as exquisitely as before.

The real king in the form of the dog was a spectator of this scene; and availed himself of this opportunity to take possession of his own body, which he did the moment the wily Dervise left it. He then sprang off the sofa, ran to the cage and seizing the nightingale by the neck wrung it till it was dead.

"Madman," cried the queen, transported with anger at the deed ; "what is it you do ? Is this your affected kindness and respect for your mother, a mother who has lavished upon you so much care and tenderness ?"

It was now king Fadlallah proceeded to inform her respecting every thing which had passed, in consequence of the treachery of the Dervise. The queen was the less inclined to question the truth of what he stated, as she recollected a variety of little circumstances, which though not before noticed, now corroborated it. In particular the decree issued against the roes, and the account she had received of the Dervise's body being found half devoured by the wolves under a tree in the wood. Thus after a short reign of power and splendor, the traitor received the just reward of his deeds ; having betrayed the utmost ingratitude and baseness towards the best of masters. All his infernal arts were insufficient to screen him from the hand of that justice, which is dealt out equally from on high.

LOCAL POPULAR TRADITIONS.

COUNT WALTER,

AND

THE LADY HELGUNDA.

A SILESIA TALE.

LOCAL POPULAR TRADITIONS.

BÜSCHING.*

No modern writer among the Germans has exhibited greater ingenuity and industry in illustrating the literary antiquities of his country, whether we consider the variety, the extent, or the character of his researches, than the author of the collection before us. In addition to his more popular productions in poetry and romance, his sound taste and learning have acquired for him a high station in the republic of letters. He is said to occupy the distinguished post of head Professor of Philosophy in the University of Breslau; and is on intimate terms of correspondence, and enjoys the friendship of many of his most illustrious contemporaries. He was born at Berlin on the 19th of September, 1783, but subsequently took up his residence at Breslau, where he now remains. The author of a number of important works, besides those of a more popular character, which bring him here under our notice, he

* *Popular Traditions, Tales, and Legends.* Collected by John Gustavus Büsching. New edition, Leipsic, 1820. Also, *A Collection of German Popular Songs*, Berlin 1807. *German Poems belonging to the Middle Ages*, 2 vols, 1808-9-14.

still continues ardently engaged in literary researches, and courts the correspondence and communications of men of letters. Upon this subject, he observes with the modesty of a man of real worth, at the conclusion of the collection of Tales before us: "My little volume of Popular Stories lies here completed upon my table. I part with it as with a friend; for it has given me no little pleasure, as I succeeded in finding story after story; here and there adding new matter before wholly or slightly known to me, until it appeared to promise vastly well, and embrace great variety of materials. By the time the whole however, was fully collected and arranged, I had leisure to see a number of imperfections and deficiencies; quite enough to excite in me a wish that these simple pages might win me a few friends; true friends who would kindly assist me in filling up these blanks, and give the whole a more full and correct illustration of the subject. I should esteem it a singular favor if they would forward me any of their valuable remarks, addressed either direct to me, now at Breslau, or to the Printing Office under my address."—*Postscript to Popular Tales, &c.*

Besides his Popular Tales, Legends and Songs, Büsching has published the following works: a History of the War between the Ants and the Gnats, &c. Leip. 1806. The Book of Love, 1809. The Song of the Niebelungen in a new Version, 1815. The Sad

Tragedies, Numerous Comedies, Strange Carnival Plays, Pleasant Dialogues, Wondrous Fables, Woful Ditties, besides many other Witty Tales and Jests, by old Hans Sachs. In two parts. Nuremberg, 1916-19.

In the arrangement of his Popular Tales Büsching has adopted the plan, along with many of the stories of his predecessor Otmar. His notes and illustrations, however, are more full and particular in tracing the origin and pointing out the connections of the individual stories. He enters upon a view of the different popular German works on fiction that have been published, and in some instances gives brief critical notices of the tales themselves. He has moreover very judiciously subdivided his own collection, consisting of not less than one hundred and twenty popular traditions and tales, into their respective classes, according to the region and local spots whence they are supposed to have sprung. Some are new, while others are of more general currency thrown into a new dress, and most of them are very pleasingly narrated. From the circumstance, however, of our having extracted a large portion of the best stories from previous collections, the following specimens will be found limited to a very small number.

“Early in my boyish years,” remarks Büsching, “I indulged a fancy for these favorite old tales of the people; a fancy not quickly effaced by more serious

affairs. When on entering the period of maturer youth my mind took a peculiar and decided direction the former images again recurred to my imagination. My admiration of the middle ages, and my love of the antiquities of our ancestors, awoke within me while I was yet a school-boy. This grew upon me in a very remarkable manner which I cannot here describe; I stood amidst an old world of wonderful tales and legends."—(*Preface*, p. 15-16.)

BÜSCHING.

HISTORY OF COUNT WALTER AND THE LADY HELGUNDA.

IN old times there was a very celebrated city in Poland, defended with walls both high and strong, named Wislictz, one of whose governors, during the heathen ages was called Wisland the Handsome, and was descended from the family of King Pepin. Now there was, also, a certain count, brave and powerful, belonging to the same stock, called Walter the Strong, whose castle, Tyniez Krakau, was situated where the abbey of St. Benedict, founded by Casimer the Monk, King of Poland now stands. This Count made war upon the lord of the city; overpowered, and made him prisoner, confining him in chains, under strict guard, in a high tower. He had espoused a noble lady called Helgunda, daughter of a king of the Franks, whom Walter the Strong secretly carried away, not without great danger, as the tradition says, into Poland.

It was as follows: a son of the king of the Alamanni went to the court of the French king, Helgunda's father, where he was received with great favor, in order to be instructed in knightly accomplishments. Count Walter being a knight of great pene-

tration and cunning, when he perceived that the bright Helgunda was inclined to turn the light of her eyes upon this young prince, one night boldly mounted the battlements of the castle, bribed the warder, and then began to sing such sweet songs under the chamber of the princess, that both she and her ladies awoke at the delicious sounds out of their sleep. She sprang from her couch, and along with her companions, shaking off the drowsy heaviness of the night, listened intently to the charmer's strains as long as she could catch their last dying sounds.

Early in the morning lady Helgunda sent for the warder to learn whether he knew any thing of the minstrel who had sung so sweetly the preceding night; not venturing to betray the brave lord, he protested his entire ignorance of the occurrence; and lord Walter having with equal craftiness succeeded the two following nights in entertaining her in the same manner, the lady was quite at a loss what to think. She next threatened the warder with the severest punishment, if he longer refused to disclose the minstrel's name. As he still hesitated she condemned him forthwith to suffer death; and the unhappy man was glad to avoid his fate by instantly naming Lord Walter. Upon hearing this, the lady began to feel her love for the young prince of the Alamanni wax cold; she changed, and became even

more warm and irresistible in favor of her new lover, and every day her love encreased.

When the prince discovered the very favourable light in which she regarded his rival, and the cold repulsive manner in which he was treated, he burnt with rage and scorn: but soon after the two new lovers, being ever on the watch took advantage of an opportunity to effect their escape. Having set forward on the appointed day, they at length approached the long wished for banks of the river Rhine, where the boatmen required from them a mark of gold which they received, and yet attempted to delay their passage until the arrival of the king's son. Lord Walter aware of the danger, instantly mounted his horse, and placing the lady behind him, gave him the spurs, dashed into the water, and went across like an arrow from the bow. He had proceeded, however, a very little way from the opposite bank, when he heard a loud halloo from his pursuers, the prince's followers, he himself, calling in a loud voice, "Wretch dost thou fly thus secretly with the king's daughter, and think to pass the Rhine without paying toll? halt thy speed, that we may try the strength of our swords, and let the victor mount the horse of his foe-man, and his be his arms, and his be the bride." Lord Walter hearing him call, without the least fear, replied, "What say'st thou of the king's daughter,

the toll is paid with a mark of gold and the princess rides along with me, neither seduced nor forced, but of her own free will."

Lord Walter then drew up, and both foemen flew with lance in rest, bitterly, against each other's breasts. Next out sprang their swords, and manfully both combatants laid about them. Casting his eye upon the lovely Helgunda, the prince of the Alamanni fought with such fury as to compel his rival to measure back his steps until he drew nigh and nigher the affrighted lady; when stung with shame and love, he summoned all his manhood to the task, and in a fierce onset laid the prince of the Alamanni dead at his feet. So he took the horse and arms of the deceased, and returned with double triumph to his fair lady: and when arrived at his castle Tyniez, after many a hard adventure, he gave himself up for a while to the enjoyment of love and peace. He had at length leisure to listen to the grievances of his vassals, who had been greatly oppressed during his absence by Wislaw the Handsome. He brooded over this injury, and sought an opportunity of revenging himself. At length he made a sudden and fierce attack, worsted, and took Wislaw prisoner, as we have already mentioned, confining him in a tower of his castle Tyniez.

Not long afterwards, eager for heroic adventures,

he set out on a tour through the surrounding country, proposing to lead this chivalric kind of life some time. He had already been absent during two years, when the fair Helgunda, apprehensive of the fate of her lord, began to address one of the ladies of her bed-chamber in the following terms, at the same time casting down her eyes: "You see I am neither a widow, nor a married woman;" and she then dwelt on the happiness of those who are honourably wedded to valiant and faithful lords.

The lady in waiting concerned to see the sorrowful and deserted situation of the princess, reminded her of their heroic prisoner Wislaw, whose noble and pleasing figure had acquired for him the name of the Handsome, and who had been suffered to languish so long in the solitary tower. This she repeated so frequently, at the same time praising his fine qualities and unmerited sufferings, that the countess could not resist her curiosity to behold him. He was brought, and then conducted back to the tower, and the same kind of visits continued to be repeated, leading, ere long, to far greater intimacy; neither of them standing in awe of Lord Walter.

Both were now eager to avail themselves of the advice of their confidante; and both though they felt the stings of conscience, became too impassioned to listen to the dictates of honor, or to consult their safety; the countess, more especially, being lost in ad-

miration of her lover's handsome person, and passing all her hours in his society. She would no longer permit him to be confined in the tower, but having granted him liberty, she declared she would follow him even to the farthest wilderness, among savage rocks and caves, or face wild beasts of the forest, such was her inextinguishable love for him. Finally, she accompanied him to Wislictz, regardless of her lord's honor, and thus openly uniting her fate to his. By such means Wislaw regained his freedom and his property, flattering himself that he had thus easily reaped a double triumph over his enemy: but he was speedily doomed to be undeceived, in a way he little expected. For at length Lord Walter, weary of heroic achievements, turned the head of his steed, once more homewards. And soon he stood before his castle gate;—at his own door, and holding his gallant war-horse by the rein, he enquired of his people as they flocked around him, wherefore the bright Helgunda was not there to greet him home. Then they, trembling, proclaimed the truth—how the captive Wislaw had escaped, by means of lady Helgunda from his durance in the tower;—how they had associated together, and how they had lastly taken flight.

Filled with rage and disappointment, the gallant lord again turned his horse's head, without entering his castle, towards Wislictz, leaving his vassals to arm and follow, as they chose. He boldly spurred on

into the very city of Wislictz, where he found Wislaw busily engaged in preparations for the chase. No sooner did Helgunda behold her lord's entrance into the city than she hastened towards him, fell at his feet, and loudly upbraided Wislaw, declaring that he had carried her off by violence in the night-time, and entreating that he would revenge her wrongs upon the head of that most false robber and ravisher, in which she would lend her utmost aid. With this view she beseeched him to bear her company into the adjoining palace, where if he would secrete himself in a chamber for a few moments, she vowed to surrender the robber Wislaw, alive, into his hands. The hero gave credit to the words and tears of the wily syren, and followed her into the place she pointed out to him, where she basely delivered him up a prisoner into the power of Wislaw the Handsome. Both then openly insulted the brave Lord Walter by their triumph and rejoicings;—compelling him even to become a witness of their endearments;—little anticipating that such extravagant delight is not unfrequently followed by very disastrous results.

Instead of consigning him, as usual, to a dungeon his enemy studied how best he might torment him with the sight of his lost Helgunda, as they feasted together in his hall. For this purpose he had him fastened with outspread arms to the wall, his neck and feet supported by iron clasps which held

him in an upright position. In a recess of the same apartment was a couch, in full view of the unhappy lord, where his enemy beguiled the summer hours with caressing the false and adulterous countess.

The tyrant Wislaw had a sister, whose extreme ugliness and deformity were such as to repel all idea of love, and her he chose as a safe gaoler to aggravate Lord Walter's sufferings, above all other people, by her very sight. But the young woman finding the prisoner so completely in her power, appeared to take pity upon him, and pity being akin to love, she one day quite unceremoniously enquired of him: if he were desirous of having a wife; for in such case she would relieve him from his sufferings by striking off his chains. Lord Walter was glad to promise, and that solemnly, that he would love and cherish her as long as he lived, and conduct himself towards Wislaw, as she insisted, like a good brother-in-law, without strife and quarrelling, as they had hitherto done. He then begged of her to bring her brother's sword in order that she might knock off his chains; and she went; and taking it from the scabbard at his bed's head she returned. He then told her how to loosen the links of the iron chains and bands, and to cut the clasps between his back and the wall, so that having once his arms at liberty, he could easily effect the rest.

They had warily fixed upon the midnight hour,

when Wislaw was reposing by the side of the fair Helgunda, on the couch where Lord Walter had so often seen them. That very day had he accosted her as she sat there, in the absence of her paramour: "Thou vile one, how wouldst thou feel, were I to stand before thy couch—my sword in my hand—freed from these chains?" Her heart beat with terror at these words; and trembling that night, she turned to Wislaw, crying out in her sleep: "Woe to us lord—your sword was missing to day from its sheath; and I have forgotten to lay it under our pillow to night—how is this?" Hearing her call, Wislaw replied: "And what, love, if he had ten swords, and ten swordsmen at his side; what would they avail him against his iron bonds, which no art can unclasp, but his who forged them—be at peace, my love, and sleep."

As he uttered these last words, Lord Walter, came bounding like a tiger escaped from his den: he stood with naked uplifted sword before their couch, and reviling them a moment as they lay, the next it fell, with heavy and indignant ire, piercing them asunder at a stroke. It was stained with the adulterous blood of both as it again descended, and both their lives were sacrificed upon the spot before it was returned to its scabbard. Thus they came to their unblest end; and the monument of Helgunda is still shewn at the castle of Wislictz, to all those who

are curious to see it, hewn in massy stone; and bearing the date of 1253.*

* The above tradition is every way entitled to a place in our selection, no less from its evident characteristics of the older time, than from the spirit of ancient romance which it breathes throughout. It boasts all the boldness and hardihood of a chivalric age, and is also founded upon an ancient song. An old Polish Chronicler, Boguphalus, the Bishop of Posen, who died in 1353, gives a narrative of this tradition in the Latin tongue. His Chronicle was printed at Sommersberg (Script. Siles. Tom. ii. p. 18. l. 78.)—Büsch.

BÜSCHING.

ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPRESS OF TARTARY AT NEUMARKT
IN THE YEAR 1240.

(A SILESIAN TRADITION.)

ABOUT the above period there reigned a wealthy and powerful Emperor of the Tartars, in the regions of the east. He had a number of tributary kings and princes; and a fair empress whom he had not long before espoused according to the fashion of his country. Now this great princess had often heard from the lips of her lords and ambassadors great praises of the manners and customs of the Christian world—how noble and commendable they were. That such indeed was the magnanimity and devotion both of its princes and its people, that they were not only ready to shed their blood, but even to lay down their lives in defence of their religion and their honor.

Thus repeatedly hearing this high character of the Christian princes and nobility, with the excellent government of their states and cities, she gradually imbibed the strongest desire to visit them, and frequently solicited the Emperor Batus for his permission so to do. But her royal consort invariably refused to comply, apprehensive of the dangers she would have to encounter; though he was unable to

induce her to abandon the idea. In fact she repeated her wishes so often, attended by tears and prayers, that the Emperor was at length glad to compromise the affair by fixing a certain period for her journey, should she still continue to entertain the idea.

This being the case, the Emperor resolved that she should be accompanied by an imposing train of his tributary princes and nobility, all richly decorated with gold, silver and precious stones, and bearing numerous passports and credentials in order to facilitate the objects of the princess's tour, and obtain for her the respect and admiration of the Christian world. These grand preparations being completed, the Empress, attended by a noble escort and supplied with rich gifts, set forth with a feeling of delight upon her tour into distant lands. She was every where received with the utmost courtesy and respect, by the various princes through whose dominions she had to pass; such as the consort of so mighty an Emperor well merited. In this way she at length reached the country of Silesia, near the skirts of the Zobtenberg, shortly before called Fürstenberg, to which it is reported by the old chronicles, that the ancient princes of Silesia and Poland owe their origin. At the same period stood two powerful castles, named Fürstenberg and Leubus, in the vicinity, which are now converted into a monastery for the Cistercian fa-

thers of St. Benedict, while the most distinguished city of the surrounding district, called Neumarkt, had been erected by a prince of the second of the said castles. Among other places, the Empress and her escort approached this city, proposing to examine every thing curious it afforded, and to repose there some little while.

The citizens of the place, beholding their rich and noble equipage, and the treasures of every kind which accompanied it, were seized with envy and astonishment; next conversing respecting it in groups, and then summoning a general council. There they declared that it was a scandal upon their holy religion, and highly unseemly, that a heathen princess should be permitted to insult the Christian world by such a display of pomp and treasure; fine gold, silver, and most precious jewels, of such weight and water as they were. "Of a truth," continued the more zealous, and mercenary of the flock; "it would be a sight well-pleasing to the Lord, were we to fall, with heavy hand, upon the heathen and her attendants, and putting them to death, to divide their amazing wealth, among the good citizens of this place."

And too eagerly did the baser lords, and knights, and squires, all avail themselves of this evil counsel. They attacked the defenceless empress and her escort, unsuspecting of any treachery, and put the whole

of them to death upon the spot, with the exception of two of the Empress's ladies who contrived to secrete themselves in a dark cellar and escaped. These unhappy survivors, after many sufferings and perils, begged their way back into their own country, where with great terror and affliction at the recollection, they recounted to the Tartar Emperor the unhappy death of his consort and her attendants, adding, "Oh, most mighty monarch of the East, we have travelled far and wide with the Empress and her escort over strange regions, and manifold states and cities of Christendom. In all were we received with the utmost respect and courtesy, regaled and treated with many presents, except in one fatal city which is called Neumarkt, situated somewhere in Silesia. It was there our dear mistress, the Empress, your royal consort, with all her princes, lords and pages, were treacherously surprized, beaten, and murdered, by the citizens of the same place, we two only escaping after experiencing the most severe privations and pains, to lament their loss."

When the Emperor had heard these terrific tidings to an end—the death of his beloved young consort, of his lords and princes, the flower of his nobility and his knights—he made a loud exclamation of agony, repeated through his extensive palace and re-echoed by its walls. Then deep rage and indignation took possession of his soul; he made a terrific vow and

swore, that his royal head should never again know repose, until he had bitterly revenged upon the Christian world, the base and cruel assassination of his consort and his subjects, by bloodshed, war, and desolation of its dominions. During the next three years, he prepared the whole of the wealth which he possessed, to bear the heavy expences he was about to incur, and at the close of that period he had already an army of five hundred thousand men, all prepared to act against the states of Christendom.

Tradition, however, does not inform us of the result of these grand preparations, to avenge the cruel assassination of his Empress, and his tributary princes and great lords.*

* The historical account of the murder of the Tartar princess at Neumarkt, is to be found in the legend of the holy St. Hedwig. It was first printed in German at Breslau, in the year 1504, in folio. It is historically shewn that the whole was merely a popular story, current for a long period; from which likewise a popular song had been composed, extracted from the same collection, and which has been also attached to the present collection. The subject is treated in *Wunderhorn*, II. c. 258—60. Büs.

LOCAL POPULAR TRADITIONS.

SPECIMENS

FROM

THE KINDER UND HAUS MÄRCHEN,

COLLECTED

BY M. M. GRIMM,

FROM ORAL TRADITION.

LOCAL POPULAR TRADITIONS.

M. M. GRIMM.*

OF late years the names and merits of the brothers Grimm, as they so announce themselves in their joint productions, have become pretty familiar to us in England, as well, we presume, as to the lovers of fiction elsewhere. Sketches of their lives and labors have adorned the pages of our monthly journals, for their reputation travels far, fraught as it is with joyous tidings of entertainment for all sizes of children, both of larger and smaller growth. They may be considered indeed, as forming a sort of literary company, of more sterling worth, we trust, than most companies of the day, by which they are enabled to accomplish a vast deal of business with the land of faerie, and to carry on large speculations with the invisible world.

There appear to be three of the brothers Grimm (unless indeed the good village rector should prove to be a country cousin), the first of whom, rector of Weenheim,

* German Traditions, 2 vols. Berlin, 1817, 1818. Domestic Stories for Children, Berlin. Lina's Story-Book, a Christmas Present; Frankfort, 1816. Altdeutsche Walder, 3 Parts, Cassel, 1818-16.

was born at Schlüchtern, near Gelnhausen, 1780, and is the author of the following works: "David's Rise, a drama, in five acts," Karlsr. 1811. "Tales for Children," Heidelberg, 1817, with plates. "Lina's Storybook," Frank. 1816. "The Past and the Present. Mountain Walks, or Reminiscences for my Friends round the Neckar and the Oden-woods," Darmstadt, 1822.

The two other brothers are doctors of philosophy and librarian secretaries at Cassel; the first of whom James Lewis Charles, was born at Hanau, on the 8th of January, 1785. Under his name have appeared, "The Two oldest German Poems in the eighth century." "The Song of Hildebrand, and the Weissenbrunner Gebet, for the first time exhibited in its metre." Conjointly with his brother William Charles, he has published "the Kinder und Haus Märchen," 2 vols. Berlin, 1812-14. "Poor Henry von Wartman of the Green," Berlin, 1815, from a Strusburgh MS. in the Vatican. Likewise, "Songs of the ancient Roda, from a MS." 1815.—"Popular Traditions of Germany," 1817-18.

The third brother is William Charles Grimm, likewise a doctor of philosophy and state librarian at Cassel; and born at Hanau one year later than the preceding one:—viz. 26th February, 1786.

The following is a list of the individual works known under his name, besides those in which he has

assisted or been assisted by his relatives : " The old Danish Heroic Songs, Ballads, and Tales, translated from the original." Heidelberg, 1811. Three old Scotch Songs, with the original language from which they were translated, from two new collections, &c. &c.

M. M. Grimm are all men of indisputable talent, and of great learning and research ; as correct critics and abundantly learned commentators they are excelled by none of their contemporaries ; while their method of narrating the favorite tales and traditions of their country, which they have so industriously collected and illustrated, boasts peculiar attractions in the ease and simplicity of their style and manner.

The *Kinder und Haus Märchen* (Domestic Tales) have for these reasons acquired a well merited celebrity among numerous classes of readers ; and they are now become familiar also to English readers, by a very choice selection entitled " German Popular Stories." In these the author appears to have admirably preserved the spirit and character of his original and their simple and pleasing mode of narration, while he occasionally adds to their store of illustration by tracing coincidences and resemblances between the traditionary literature of Germany and other nations.

We are indebted to the able and ingenious translator for the following specimen from the *Kinder und Haus Märchen*.

GRIMM.

THE TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES.

THERE WAS once a king who had twelve lovely daughters. They slept in twelve beds all in one room, and when they went to bed the doors were shut and locked up; but every morning their shoes were found to be quite worn through, as if they had been danced in all night, and yet nobody could find how it happened, or where they had been.

Then the king made it known to all the land, that if any person could discover the secret, and find out where it was that the princesses danced at night, he should have the one he liked best for his wife, and should be king after his death; but whoever tried and did not succeed, after three days and nights, should be put to death.

A king's son soon came. He was well entertained, and in the evening was taken to the chamber next to the one where the princesses lay in their twelve beds. There he was to sit and watch where they went to dance; and in order that nothing might pass without his hearing it, the door of his chamber was left open. But the king's son soon fell asleep, and when he awoke in the morning, he found that the princesses had all been dancing, for the soles of

their shoes were worn full of holes. The same thing happened the second and third night ; so the king ordered his head to be cut off. After him came several others, but they had all the same luck, and all lost their lives in the same manner.

Now it chanced that an old soldier, who had been wounded in battle and could fight no longer, passed through the country where this king reigned, and as he was travelling through a wood, he met an old woman who asked him where he was going. " I hardly know where I am going, or what I shall do," said the soldier, " but I think I should like very well to find out where it is that the princesses dance, and then in time I might be a king." " Well!" said the old dame, " that is no very hard task, only take care not to drink any of the wine which one of the princesses will bring to you in the evening, and as soon as she leaves you, pretend to be fast asleep."

Then she gave him a cloak and said : " As soon as you put that on, you will become invisible, and you will then be able to follow the princesses wherever they go." When the soldier heard all this good counsel, he determined to try his luck : so he went to the king and said he was willing to undertake the trial. He was as well received as the others had been, and the king ordered fine royal robes to be given him, and when the evening came he was led to the outward chamber. Just as he was going to

lie down, the eldest of the princesses brought him a cup of wine ; but the soldier threw it all away secretly, taking care not to drink a drop.

Then he laid himself down on his bed, and in a little time began to snore very loud, as if he was fast asleep. When the twelve princesses heard this they laughed heartily, and the eldest said : " This fellow too, might have done a wiser thing than lose his life in this way ! " Then they rose up and opened their drawers and boxes, and took out all their fine clothes, and dressed themselves at the glass, and skipped about as if they were eager to begin dancing. But the youngest said : " I don't know how it is, while you are so happy, I feel very uneasy ; I am sure some mischance will befall us. " " You simpleton, " said the eldest, " you are always afraid ; have you forgotten how many kings' sons have already watched us in vain ? And as for this soldier, even if I had not given him his sleeping draught, he would have slept soundly enough. "

When they were all ready they went and looked at the soldier ; but he snored on and did not stir hand or foot ; so they thought they were quite safe, and the eldest went up to her own bed and clapped her hands, and the bed sunk into the floor and a trap door flew open. The soldier saw them going down through the trap door one after another, the eldest leading the way ; and thinking he had no time to

lose he jumped up and followed them ; but in the middle of the stairs he trod on the gown of the youngest princess, and she cried out to her sisters, " All is not right ; some one took hold of my gown." " You silly creature," said the eldest " it is nothing but a nail in the wall." Then down they all went, and at the bottom they found themselves in a most delightful grove of trees and the leaves were all of silver, and glittered and sparkled beautifully. The soldier wished to take away some token of the place ; so he broke off a little branch, and there came a loud noise from the tree. Then the youngest daughter said again, " I am sure all is not right ; did not you hear that noise ? That never happened before." But the eldest said, " It is only our princes who are shouting for joy at our approach."

Then they came to another grove of trees, where all the leaves were of gold ; and afterwards to a third, where the leaves were all glittering diamonds. And the soldier broke a branch from each ; and every time there was a loud noise, which made the youngest sister tremble with fear ; but the eldest still said it was only the princes who were crying for joy. So they went on till they came to a great lake ; and at the side of the lake there lay twelve little boats with twelve handsome princes in them, who seemed to be waiting there for the princesses.

One of the princesses went into each boat, and the soldier stepped into the same boat with the youngest. As they were rowing over the lake, the prince who was in the boat with the youngest princess and the soldier, said, "I do not know why it is, but though I am rowing with all my might, we do not get on so fast as usual, and I am quite tired; the boat seems very heavy to day." "It is only the heat of the weather," said the princess; "I feel it very warm too."

On the other side of the lake stood a fine illuminated castle, from which came the merry music of horns and trumpets. There they all landed, and went into the castle, and each prince danced with his princess; while the soldier, who was all the while invisible, danced with them too; and when any of the princesses had a cup of wine set by her, he drank it all up, so that when she put the cup to her mouth it was empty. At this, too, the youngest sister was terribly frightened, but the eldest always silenced her. They danced on till three o'clock in the morning, and then all their shoes were worn out, so that they were obliged to leave off. The princes rowed them back again over the lake; but this time the soldier placed himself in the boat with the eldest princess, and on the opposite shore they took leave of each other; the princesses promising to come again the next night.

When they came to the stairs, the soldier ran on

before the princesses and laid himself down ; and as the twelve sisters slowly came up very much tired, they heard him snoring in his bed, so they said : " Now all is quite safe ;" then they undressed themselves, put away their fine clothes, pulled off their shoes and went to bed. In the morning the soldier said nothing about what had happened, but determined to see more of this strange adventure, and went again the second and third night ; and every thing happened just as before ; the princesses danced each time till their shoes were worn to pieces, and then returned home. However on the third night, the soldier carried away one of the gold cups as a token of where he had been.

As soon as the time came when he was to declare the secret, he was taken before the king with the three branches, and the golden cup ; and the twelve princesses stood listening behind the door to hear what he would say. And when the king asked him, " Where do my twelve daughters dance at night ?" he answered, " With twelve princes in a castle under ground." And then he told the king all that had happened and shewed him the three branches and the golden cup which he had brought with him. Then the king called for the princesses, and asked them whether what the soldier said was true : and when they saw that they were discovered, and that it was

of no use to deny what had happened, they confessed it all. And the king asked the soldier which of them he would choose for his wife; and he answered, "I am not very young, so I think I will have the eldest." And they were married that very day, and the soldier was chosen to be the king's heir.

M. M. GRIMM.

THE OLDENBURGH WONDER HORN.*

THERE was formerly in possession of the house of Oldenburgh a very richly wrought and ornamented drinking horn, which was long carefully treasured up, but which has at length found its way to Copenhagen. The tradition relating to it runs as follows. About the year 990, a certain Count Otto swayed the land. Being greatly addicted to the chace, and an excellent hunter to boot, he set out on the 20th of July, of the same year, with a train of knights and pages for the fields and woods; first of all beating up for game in those parts called Bernefeuer. Ere long he started a fine roe, and keenly following the chace, he distanced all his followers, until from Bernefeuers wood he reached the steeps of Ozenberg, and listening in vain for the voice either of the hunters or the hounds, found himself shortly after in the midst of the solitary mountain. Feeling greatly exhausted and parched with thirst, he cried out; "Oh blessed Lord, what would I give for a good drink of water!" The Count had no sooner pronounced these words, and ridden down from the Ozenburgh, than he saw approaching him, out of a deep cavern, a beautiful

* From Hammelmann's Oldenb. Chronik. 1595. p. 1. c. 10.
Winkelman, Old. Chro. part 1. c. 3.

young woman richly attired, with fine tresses sweeping down her shoulders and a small garland upon her head. She had besides a costly silver vessel in the form of a hunter's horn in her hand, very skilfully wrought and decorated. This she held very carefully, and as she approached the Count she held it towards him, entreating that he would drink and refresh himself.

Accepting the gold and silver worked horn from the hand of the strange maiden, the Count took off the cover and examined the contents. Then either the beverage or something which it seemed to contain displeased him—he drew back and refused to partake of it. The young woman looked at him and said, “ Pray you drink, my lord, at my risk drink, and fear not; so far from any harm, it will do you much good. And not you, great lord, but your whole race will feel the benefit of it in the encreasing extent and prosperity of their domains for ages to come.”

Unwilling, however, to lend credit to her words, she threatened him with future strife and enmity among his descendants. The Count then making a pretence to drink, raised the horn to his lips, but dexterously threw the contents of it over his shoulder, except some drops that fell upon his charger's mane, of which the hair instantly fell off, as if plucked from its roots. Upon observing this mischance, the maiden desired the Count to hand her back the enchanted vessel; but, bearing it in one hand, the hunter had

already turned and was spurring at speed down the mountain. Casting a look back, he beheld the maid suddenly re-enter the mountain, and seized with fresh alarm, he redoubled his charger's speed, until he succeeded in rejoining his lost attendants. To them he related this strange adventure; exhibited the richly ornamented horn, and bore it back with him through the gates of Oldenburgh. The same is still preserved, with all its former costly ornaments, thus wonderfully acquired, like a precious heir-loom by his descendants, long handed down by each princely generation.*

* The more graceful and romantic enchantments ascribed to Oberon's horn, in *Huon de Bordeaux*, appear to possess little in common with those here apprehended by the Count. The story has been greatly amplified in the "Wunderhorn," and other versions of the old tradition. The original horn here commemorated, is said to have been transferred from the counts of Oldenburgh to their Danish successors, and is still shewn in the Museum of Art, at Copenhagen. Figures of it were given in the *World*, and *Slate's Theatre* for 1749, and it is asserted in a number of works to have been no other than a christening gift presented by Charlemagne to Wittekind. Others refer it to king Christian I. of Denmark, and again to his brother Gerardus. In the second part of M. Naubert's, *New Popular German Tales*, it has been worked up into more romantic forms and greatly amplified. (Leipsic 1790.) It is also in the *Tales*, part 1. (Eisenach 1795,) and forms one of the *Folkssagen* of Büsching; besides *The Devil's Feats above Ground*, 8vo. Friburg, 1751.

See GOTTSCHALCK, *Popular Tales*, p. 35.

THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

THE DOMESTIC GOBLIN HUTCHEN.

AT the court of Bishop Bernard of Hildesheim sojourned a familiar spirit, who under the pretext of being serviceable, appeared in a menial dress to all those whose conduct he approved. He wore a peculiar kind of little hat upon his head, from which he also derived his name, which was borrowed for him from the lower Saxon idiom Hôdeken, whence Hûtchen by which he is more familiarly known.

He took great pleasure in conversing with and obliging people, rather than playing them tricks, gave them notice of impending danger, and helped at times to do them a good turn. He was extremely sociable, would chat with persons of any rank, answering and enquiring in his turn with perfect ease and propriety.

About the same time there resided at the castle of Winzenburg, a Count Herman, who was in possession of the see as the proprietor of the county. One of his domestics happened to have a beautiful wife, whom he had long followed and persecuted with his addresses, to which, however, she gave no encouragement. But by dint of the vilest and most insidious arts, he at length succeeded in his attempt, adding

violence to fraud, at a period when he had despatched her husband to a distance. She stifled her complaint until his return, but then she burst out into the bitterest reproaches mingled with tears and lamentations, and denounced the author of her sufferings with all the threats his conduct merited. Her husband believing that such a stain could only be wiped out with the lordly criminal's blood, and having free admittance into his chamber at all hours, sought his opportunity and found it, as the Count lay asleep at the side of his consort. He entered the apartment, charged him with the heinous offence; and when both awakened in the utmost alarm, and before the Count could seize his sword, the injured husband stabbed him to the heart. Mad at beholding this savage deed the Countess in the agony of her heart uttered these words: "Thou most treacherous villain, thou shalt yet tremble. The child of thy master, yet unborn, shall some time repay this blood upon thee and thine, so that the world shall take a terrific warning from thy fate." Scarcely had she pronounced these words, before the ferocious man rushing towards her, put her to death upon the spot.

Count Herman of Winzenburg was the last of his family, and the ample territories upon the decease of both him and his consort were left without a successor. It was on the very morrow after the fatal occurrence that the sprite Hütchen made his ap-

pearance before the couch of Bishop Bernard, and awaking him said : " Get up old bald-pate and call a public meeting of thy own people ! The whole county and the county see is vacant, its rightful lord and heirs are murdered, and with a little trouble, for wit thou lackest, thou may'st easily add them to thine own diocese." Hearing this, the bishop rose, called all his church military hastily together, and taking possession, overran the whole county in such a manner as to induce the emperor to grant the holy prelate this addition to his spiritual charge, finding that he had already united the two sees, adding the whole of Winzenburg to that of Hildensheim.

There is also another and more ancient tradition current among the people. A certain count of Winzenburg had two sons, who bore an unnatural enmity to each other. In order to remove the cause of the quarrel, originating in regard to the inheritance, the bishop invited them to a festival at Hildesheim, it being understood, that whichever after their father's death should be first announced to the holy prelate, he was to succeed to the property. When the old count shortly after died, his eldest son instantly mounted horse, and rode hard to visit the bishop ; while the younger, having no steed, was at a loss what to do. It was then Hütchen came and addressed him thus : " Come, I will assist you ! write a letter to the bishop, and make mention of the succession on your

behalf; and I will take care that it gets to him before your brother upon his young steed." So he sat down to write his letter, which the sprite snatched up and carried in all haste over the mountains by a secret path, which brought him in half an hour to the door of the bishop's palace, long before the arrival of the elder brother. In this way the sprite obtained for him possession of the paternal estate, and the path he went is extremely difficult to discover, and known to this day by the name of Hütchen's Run-road.

He continued to appear at intervals in the bishop's court, and frequently gave him warning of impending dangers and disasters. He also told the fortunes of many distinguished lords, and sometimes he shewed himself while he spoke, at others was only heard to speak. Yet he always wore his hat so close over his eyes, that no one could get a fair view of his features. He was particularly attentive not to let the city watch fall asleep upon their post, being always at hand to remind remiss people of their duty. He never inflicted any punishment until he had been first provoked; but he did not forgive those who mocked him, being certain to repay them with more than they brought. He was generally fond of assisting the head cook in the bishop's kitchen, and would jest with him and the other servants. He slept upon a large tray in the cellar, where there is still a hole in which he used to creep. The do-

mestics becoming accustomed to his visits, and no longer holding him in awe, one of the scullion boys had the audacity to mock and irritate him, venturing even to drive him from his haunts by sprinkling water and other tricks by no means pleasant to the sprite. This so much incensed him, that he requested the head cook to chastise the boy, in order to cure him of playing off his tricks upon his friend Hûtchen, or that otherwise he must take the law into his own hands. But the bishop's head cook only laughed and said: "Are you a ghost, and afraid of a scullion lad?" To this Hûtchen replied: "As you do not choose to chastise the impertinence of your boy, I will shew you whether I am afraid of doing it myself;" saying which he went away. Not long after as the boy was sitting alone in the kitchen, and had fallen asleep after dinner; then came the wrathful sprite, and seizing him by the throat, he worried him in a moment. He then hacked him into small pieces, threw him into a large copper and put it to boil upon the fire. When the cook returned and discovered what were the contents of the saucepan, and found that the goblin had inflicted this judgment upon him by way of retaliation, he began to bestow his maledictions for the loss of his scullion, in no very courtly words. Hûtchen indignant at the terms he used, came and dispersed all the kitchen utensils in the bishop's kitchen, and what was worse he in-

fects them in such a way that they streamed with poison and blood. And while the cook still persisted in his denunciations of vengeance, just as he was going through the door from the drawbridge, he caught him and plunged him into the precipice below.

Having thus manifested a very vindictive disposition, it was feared that he might be tempted to set the bishop's house on fire, and both he and his neighbours were in such alarm that the whole city united in setting fresh watch in all parts, and more particularly over the bishop's castle. For this and other reasons the holy prelate sought to rid himself of his company, and finally, compelled him by dint of exorcism to retreat.

In addition to these, this familiar sprite was concerned in a variety of other adventures which were productive of less mischief than the former. In Hildesheim dwelt a man who had a very vain and faithless lady for his wife. Being once on the eve of a journey he said to Hütchen: "My good friend and familiar, may I beg you will keep a sharp look out while I am away, and see that all goes right; for I am not quite easy about leaving my wife." This Hütchen did, and when the lady, on her husband's departure, sent to inform one of her admirers of his absence, she found that whenever they began to converse together a little too freely, the sprite

interposed in the most effectual manner, not only by making a great out-cry, sufficient to bring together all the domestics, but by beating both the parties soundly, whenever they sought to injure the honor of his absent friend. He appeared in a thousand threatening forms, and after frightening her lover away; he chased her up stairs and besieged her in her own chamber, where he kept her until her husband's return; when the faithful guardian of his trust went to meet him full of congratulations and joy: "I am exceedingly glad to see you, in order to deliver up my painful charge; for I assure you I have had a great deal of trouble, it required my utmost caution to effect it." The grateful husband then enquired his real name. He replied, "I am Hütchen to whom you entrusted your wife before you left. But I have only to beg that you will never saddle me with such a laborious task again. I had rather tend all the herds of swine in all Saxony; such is the infernal wickedness, craft and courage that she possesses."

At another time there happened to be at Hildesheim a certain prelate who had very little learning to boast. But he had wit enough he thought, with a little influence to boot, to secure his election to a stall at a grand assembly of ecclesiastics, though he entertained some suspicion that his egregious ignorance would be made known. In this extremity Hütchen came to his assistance, and presented him

with a ring, an enchanted ring which suddenly inspired him with all the learning and wisdom of Solomon himself; insomuch that he was cried up far above all other candidates, and declared by the whole ecclesiastical assembly, one of the greatest ornaments of the church.*

* Borrowed from Oral Narratives.

From the *Fieľförmige Hinzelman*. 89, 50.

Erasm. Francisci höll. Proteus 792. 798.

Prätor. Weltbeschr. I. 324, 325.

Joh. Weier de Præstig. Dæmon. c. 22. Deutsche Uebers.

Happel. Relat. Curios. 4. 246.—GRIMM.

THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

FREDERICK THE REDBEARD UPON THE KYFFHAUSEN.

THERE are a number of traditions respecting this Emperor much in vogue. All of these agree in one point, that though he flourished so many ages ago, he is by no means dead. He is permitted to live until the last day, so as to combine the two worlds into one, and no sovereign ruler, more just than he, will ever sit upon the imperial throne. Until that period he sits quietly in the Kyffhausen mountain; and when he again shall appear, he is to hang his shield upon an old withered tree, which will then renew its pristine strength and greenness. Occasionally he will still converse with his people, who happen to visit his mountain, and when much pleased he will appear in person. But in general he like to sits upon a bench round the old stone round table, resting his head upon his hand, while he sleeps; and when half awake, he very often nods and winks with his eyes. His beard is grown prodigiously long. According to some it has even grown through the round table, and if we are to believe others, only round it; being understood that it is to reach three times about, before he be awakened, while as yet it will only go twice round.

About the year 1669; a peasant from the village of Reblingen was carrying a bag of corn to Nordhausen, when a little mannikin appeared, and guided him on his way, insisting that he would also oblige him by shedding all his corn, and filling the bag with gold. This lucky boor, caught a plain view of the Emperor as he sat there, quite motionless.

Another dwarf guided a shepherd into the same mountain, when the Emperor Frederick rising up enquired: "Do the ravens continue to fly about the hills?" and being answered in the affirmative, he observed, "Then I have to sleep yet a hundred years."*

* The following authorities and various versions of the same tradition are prefixed to the above singular specimen of German heroic tradition by the collectors and relaters—the Brothers Grimm.

Agricola Sprüchwort. 1710.

Melipantes Oopr. 6. Kyffhausen.

Teuzel Monarl. Unter. 1689. c. 719. 720.

Prætorius Alectryomantia. p. 69.

Desen Weltbeschr. 1. 306-7.

There are a number of other traditions relating to the celebrated Frederick Barbarossa, all of which agree in conferring upon him the blessing of subterranean longevity, though he occupies his time somewhat more quietly than he did above ground.—*EDR.*

THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

THE WILD HUNTER IN CHASE OF THE MOSS-HOPPERS.

UPON the heaths, in lonely woods, or any dark secluded spots, there dwell in subterraneous abodes a race of mannikins, with their little wives who take great delight in lying upon the soft green moss and even array themselves in the same soft and warm material. This mode of life is so well known as to induce mechanics and in particular turners, to take their likenesses, as we see, and offer them to sale. Now the Wild Hunter is the particular and dreaded foe of these happy little moss-people, and very often haunts the vicinity of their residence, when the inhabitants may be heard consulting and speaking with each other; for the Wild Hunter in general succeeds in catching one of the hindmost in the chase, and his companions endure the horror of hearing his bones go crickle crackle!

There was once a rustic who dwelt near Saalfeld, on his way to the mountain to gather wood, about the time when the Wild Hunter had taken the field. Though he was not then visible, he heard the on-shout and the hollow cry of his dogs, sometimes afar off, and sometimes nearer. A sudden sympathy with the sport inspired the honest boor, and as if to urge

him forward, he joined in the cry, like a hunter bold, for he had just then finished his day's work, and was wending his way home. Early the next morning as he was going to the stable, he found hanging before the door a fore-quarter of one of the little green-moss ladies, offered doubtless as his share of the quarry for joining his voice to the sport. In great alarm the poor rustic ran off to the overseer of Watzdorf, and related what had happened to him; and the overseer advised him by no means to think of accepting or even touching the present, if he wished to remain in a whole skin. He added that it was a lure which if he caught at, the Wild Hunter would instantly attack him; but that he must let it hang just as it was. This the man did; and the quarry soon disappeared just as suddenly and secretly as it had been brought; nor did the lucky boor experience the least injury.*

* Prætorius Weltbescher, l. 693. borrowed from oral tradition in the Saalfeld districts.—BROTHERS GRIMM.

THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

THE FAMILIAR OF THE MILL.

THERE were once two fellow students of Rinteln, taking a little tour together on foot. They intended to pass that night in a pretty village, not a great way off, but as a heavy rain came on and the night appeared to be setting in earlier than usual, they determined to proceed no further; observing that the nearest place of shelter was a mill, not many fields from the place where they stood, they ran across to the mill-house, and, knocking pretty sharply, begged to know if they could obtain a night's lodging. At first the miller would hear nothing of it, until their earnest entreaties at length began to prevail,—he hesitated—they preferred their prayer still more urgently—they heard him coming down stairs, and taking admittance for granted, they thanked him very kindly, and then he could not refuse. He led them into a little room; where they saw a tankard and a dish of meat, of which, being extremely hungry, they requested his permission to pay for, and then to partake. But this the miller refused, saying that they were welcome to lie down upon the hard bench, but not to break his bread. “For this dish of meat, and this drink,” said he, “belong to the house-goblin, and if you value your lives more than a single meal,

you will have wit to let it alone. In this case you have nothing to fear ; and if he should happen to be a little noisy or so in the night, you have only to lie quiet and go to sleep." With these words he left them and shut the door fast behind him.

Though not quite relishing this reception the two students threw themselves down upon the bench to try to sleep. But in something better than an hour the pangs of hunger assailed one of them so sharply, that he rose forthwith and sought for the dish. The other, being a master of arts, warned him to let the devil alone, and leave him what belonged to him, to which the other only replied, that he had a better right to it than the devil, for he was sure that he could not be as hungry as he was ; and he sat down to the table, and eat to his heart's content. He left very few of the devil's vegetables ; and then he seized the tankard, and having taken a good draught or two, he felt better, and laid himself down again very quietly to sleep. Yet feeling thirsty once more, he paid his compliments a second time to the tankard with such effect, as to leave the house-goblin very little besides the dregs : then pronouncing himself a lucky fellow, and blessing his stars, he lay down and fell fast asleep. All went on well and remained perfectly quiet till midnight. But hardly had twelve time to strike, before in came the goblin to supper with such hideous haste and racket as to waken both the

affrighted students at the noise. He bustled round the room once or twice, and then sat down as if to partake of his meal—for he clapped a chair to the table and they heard him pull the dish towards him; (and what were then the feelings of the guilty student!) he pushed it from him, as if by no means pleased, and seizing the tankard swallowed only the dregs, and very quickly threw it down upon the table. He next began his house-labors; rubbed the table, and the feet of it very carefully, and afterwards swept the floor with something like a broom all over. Having finished, he applied to the dish and tankard as before, to see if they were replenished; but again he flung them down. Yet still he persevered in his labors, came to the students' bench; rubbed, polished and dusted as he went along, till he came to the place where they lay. He passed over them, and went on, but took the space that lay between their feet, below, in his way. Having finished, he went over the bench a second time, leaving the students as before; till he came a third time, and stroked the one who had not meddled with his supper, very kindly over the head and body, without doing him any injury. But he seized his companion by the legs, pulled him off the bench, knocked him once or twice upon the ground, and then with a loud laugh, he ran behind the stove, while the poor student crept back to his place upon the bench. In a quarter of an hour, the goblin re-

sumed his labors, exactly in the same manner, not forgetting to inflict vengeance a second time, which every now and then he renewed.

The students at length quitted the bench, stood up, and finding their way to the door, they set up a loud cry for help, which, however, brought no one to their assistance. As a last resource they threw themselves flat upon their faces on the ground, yet their familiar spirit would not let them rest. He repeated the same game over again, kicking the greedy student from one place to another, and laughing heartily at the sport. Incensed at being thus insultingly treated, without having a moment's peace, after receiving a harder kick than he well liked, the student drew his sword, and made some desperate stabs all round the corners of the room; following the voice of the laughing spirit, with the deadliest threats and challenging him to stand out.

Almost exhausted he then sat down again upon the bench, to lie in wait for his enemy, but the voice all at once ceased, nor was it again renewed.

In the morning when the miller learned that his advice had not been attended to, and that they had made free with the provisions, he declared that it was quite a providential thing that he had found them both alive.*

* Valvassor Ehre von Erain. b. 3. cap. 28. p. 420-21. Also borrowed from oral tradition.—GRIMM.

THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

JOHAN HÜBNER.

UPON the Geissenberg (Goatmountain) in Westphalia, there may still be traced the walls of a castle, the ancient haunt of robbers. They took their nocturnal rounds, and made depredations upon the corn and cattle, which they brought into their own court and afterwards sold to more distant villagers. The last robber-chief who held sway there is said to have been Johan Hübner. He wore an iron shirt, and was clothed in mail from head to foot. More powerful than any man of his age, he became the terror of the surrounding country. He had only one eye, his beard and hair black and bushy, and his whole features of a terrific cast. The place is still shewn, exhibiting the corner of a large hall, of which a broken window yet remains, where he held his revels with his companions.

Though he had only one, his eye was upon every spot throughout the land, and whenever he saw a strange knight, he cried, "Heloh! there spurs a knight! a noble beast! heloh!" His followers were then on the watch, and when he drew nearer, they stopped and despatched him, and led his horse to their captain. Now there was a certain prince of Dillen-

burg called the black Christian, a very stout knight, who heard a good deal of Hübner's proceedings, for his boors were all loud in their complaints against him. This same black Christian happened to have a very shrewd squire of the name of Hans Flick, whom he resolved to despatch over the whole district in pursuit of Johan Hübner. The prince in the mean while, remained with his knights in ambuscades, about Giller, whither his tenants sent him provisions—bread, and butter, and cheese. Hans not being personally acquainted with Johan Hübner, beat up all quarters in the land, and enquired of all he met for some tidings of him. At length he came to a smithy where all hands were busy shoeing horses, besides a vast number of waggon wheels that stood round, and seemed to be in want of the blacksmith's finishing hand.

Leaning with his back against one of these was a man blind of an eye, and with an iron jerkin on his shoulders. Hans Flick directly made up to him and said, "God save thee, thou iron jerked jockey, with only one eye! is not thy name Johan Hübner from Geissenberg?" "Johan Hübner!" replied the other, "why, Johan Hübner lies stretched upon the wheel!" which Hans directly took to allude to the infliction of his sentence—that of torture. "Was that lately?" he added to Hübner. "Yes! to-day for the first time," was the reply. Hans Flick, however,

was not half satisfied, and kept his eye upon the man upon the wheel, as he had literally represented himself. The man soon took occasion to say in a low tone to the smith that he would have his horse shod with his shoes reversed, foremost end behind; for it would be best. This the smith did, and Johan Hübner rode away, observing to Hans as he went: "God save you, my brave boy! tell thy master that he should send old Faust after me, but no people who come lousing behind one's ear like thee!" Hans Flick stood still a moment and watched which way he rode over field and field into the wood, and away he rode after him to mark where the fox took to cover. When out of sight he took to his horse's track; but here he was soon at fault for Hübner led him such a very round about and unsatisfactory chace, that shortly he was at a dead loss, as wherever he had gone forward there Hans was sure to turn back, not being in the secret of the shoes.

At last, however, one moonlight night Hans fell in with him in another place, where he was reposing on the heath with his followers, employed in watching stolen cattle in the wood. He directly hastened to acquaint Prince Christian, the black knight, with this discovery, who set out with his squires, travelling with speed night and morning, every rider having first bound his horse's shoes with moss. In this way they came close upon the robbers, sprang into the midst of

them, and a fierce encounter ensued. The black Christian and Hübner met, and they laid hard and heavy hand upon each other's iron helms and jerkins. Loud was the clang and fast flowed the blood, until fortune decided against Johan Hübner who lay dead under the black knight's feet, who then rode to take possession of his castle upon the Geissenberg.

They buried Hübner in a corner, and the prince having placed a vast pile of wood round the tower contrived to bury it also in ruins along with its master. The huge tower fell in the evening just as the villagers were milking their kine, and the whole surrounding district trembled at the fall. Many of the stones are yet to be seen lying at the foot of the mountain. And Johan Hübner is even now said often to appear about midnight, being known by his blind eye, and seated on a coal black steed which he rides up and down the rampart.*

* Stilling's Life. L. 51, 54.—GRIMM.

THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

JOHAN VON PASSAU.

It is related by Martin Luther, that a certain nobleman had once a young and beautiful wife, whom he had the misfortune to lose, and he buried her. A short time afterwards, as the baron and his page were sleeping in the same chamber, there came during the night the spirit of his deceased lady, and leaned over her lord's bed as if she were in the act of conversing with him. This was witnessed only by the page, who saw her also come a second time, and then, unable to disguise his fears, he enquired of his master, what was the reason of a woman's figure, arrayed in white garments appearing every night at his bed-side. His lord replied by saying that he was in the habit of sleeping all night long, and that he had seen nothing. But on the ensuing night he kept himself awake, as well as his page, and behold! his deceased wife made her appearance. Her lord enquired who she was, and what it was she wanted. She said she was his own wife, his faithful housewife. He then enquired "Are you not now dead and buried?" She answered, "Yes! it was on account of your curse, and your many sins that I died, and was compelled to die; but if you be

sincere in your wish to have me restored to you, I may again become your faithful housewife." Her husband answered that he should be content provided she could do so. She then explained to him and forewarned him that he must not curse as he had before done, for that then she should again be doomed to die. He promised that he would not; and she was restored to his arms as formerly, managed his house, eat and drank at his table, and bore him several children.

Afterwards it happened that her husband was one day entertaining a few guests, and having supped, he requested his wife to bring some excellent gingerbread they had from a little chest in another room. It was some time before she returned, when her husband becoming impatient, uttered the fatal curse and she disappeared in a moment. Thinking she had gone out again, he went and sought for her in her chamber, but she was not there. There indeed he found part of the dress she had on: the other part had disappeared, a small portion only being met with in the chest over which she had been leaning, but his wife was nowhere to be found, and was never again seen.*

* Luther's Tisch. Reden.

Prætorius Weltbeschr. l. 35-7-8.

Wendunmut. v. 312. n. 256.

THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

THE MAGIC GLASS.

THERE were two lovers, both nobly born and beautiful, and passionately attached to each other; but they were unable to obtain the consent of the young lady's step-mother to their union, whose influence was all powerful, which was the source of the deepest affliction to both. Now it happened that there was an old spae-wife who had access to the house, and soon perceiving the cause of the lady's sorrow, she accosted her thus: "Be comforted, fair girl, for what you have most at heart will yet be brought to pass!" Happy at hearing these words, so boldly said, the lady enquired how she could assure her of that. "Why, young woman," returned the old lady, "that is a gift, the gift of heaven, to see into future things, so that your destiny can no more be hidden from me than many other affairs. To convince you, I will not only tell, but I will shew you every thing so clearly in a glass that you will have reason to praise my art. Yet we must choose a time when your parents are from home, and then you shall see a wonder."

The young lady waited somewhat impatiently until her parents went on a visit to a country seat. She then went directly to her brother's tutor, said

she was going to have her fortune told, and requested him to accompany her, and stand by while she looked into the fatal glass. At first he tried to dissuade her, on the ground of its unlawfulness, and mischievous tendency, such enquiries being frequently followed by very bad effects. His dissuasions, however, were in vain; she remained firm in her resolution, and by her earnest prayers even prevailed upon him to attend her. When they entered into the place, they found the old hag busily engaged in taking out her conjuring apparatus, and preparing for her incantations. She seemed to dislike the appearance of a second person; and easily saw the slight estimation in which she was held by the lady's friend. Upon this she displayed a large blue silk kerchief, covered with figures of dragons, snakes, and other monsters, which she spread over the table, and upon it placed a green glazed shawl. She next brought a gold silk cloth, and finally upon this she laid a pretty large chrystal globe, but concealed under a fine white silk covering. Then while making the strangest evolutions in the world, she murmured forth some unintelligible words; and this being done with a singular expression of awe, she approached the chrystal globe, took it fearfully in her hands, and beckoning the lady and her conductor to the window where she stood, she pointed ominously to the prospect beyond.

At first they could see nothing, but gradually there appeared, as if rising out of the globe, the form of a lady arrayed in a rich bridal dress. Yet noble as her features were, they had a shade of deep anxiety and sorrow : her complexion was deadly pale, such as no eye could rest upon without the spectator feeling a strong emotion of pity. The young lady beheld her own likeness and shrieked with terror ; for it grew larger and larger, as her lover approached her from the opposite side ; not the noble and attractive being she had beheld, but with fierce and enraged aspect, calculated only to inspire dread. He appeared as if come from a sudden journey, both booted and spurred, and wore a grey mantle with gold clasps. He bore two newly furbished pistols in his belt ; one of which he seized and pointed at his heart, the other was directed at the lady's forehead. The spectators, though scarcely able to sustain the sight, saw further ; he snapped the pistol held to the lady's temples, and they heard a low and plaintive echo in the distance. Such was the horror they then endured, that they stood riveted to the spot ; until recovering a little, with weak and trembling steps they left the old hag's apartment who appeared almost as much terrified as themselves.

In fact, she had not herself foreseen the full extent of the impending evils to ensue. Dreading the consequences, she hastily packed up the fatal instru-

ments of her art, disappeared, and was no longer heard of. Yet disastrous as such a destiny appeared, it was unable to extinguish the passion felt by the young lady for the object of her choice. Love was stronger than death, and her sole safety lay in the determination of her parents to refuse their sanction to the marriage. Yet strange, she now more than ever sought to obtain it, not only by tears and entreaties, but by the most resolute threats and denunciations, if it were longer withheld. These, however, were met by still more determined and effectual measures, and her step-mother at length succeeded in compelling her to yield her hand to a certain court favourite who resided near and had long solicited her love. The day was fixed, and her sufferings were now truly pitiable, while the despair of her refused lover was equal to her own.

Her nuptials were to be celebrated in the most splendid style—a throng of noble and fashionable persons, not excepting princes, graced the occasion. The bride was conducted in the princess's own carriage with six horses, attended by her nearest relatives, and by knights and outriders, followed by a grand procession. The rejected lover was not ignorant of these proceedings, and with the madness of despair, he swore never to leave her alive in the arms of his rival. He procured a pair of the best pistols, intending first to kill the bride, and with the second to

shoot himself. The place where he took his station was only about ten or twelve yards from the path by which the bride would have to pass in going to the church, whence he could perceive every thing that passed. He watched the gorgeous array of carriages and riders, attended by an immense procession of people, approach nearer and nearer, seized his opportunity, and pushing his way as close to the bride's vehicle as possible, fired into it. But the shot passed too soon to reach its object, and only caught the head dress of another noble lady who was leaning forward. The latter falling into a swoon, the criminal, while they were occupied with her, succeeded in making his escape through a back door of the house, from which he issued; while all hastened to afford assistance to the wounded lady. He next swam over a small river which obstructed his way, and eluded all pursuit.

The affrighted bride having somewhat recovered the shock, the procession was ordered to move on, and the nuptial ceremony was solemnized in all due form. But her heart was ill at rest, her thoughts wandered back to the images seen in the chrystal globe, and the dreaded result stood fresh impressed upon her mind. Her hateful destiny too was before her; her marriage, indeed, proved unfortunate, for her consort was a harsh narrow-minded man, who treated her extremely ill. Yet resigning herself to her fate,

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she ever led a chaste and virtuous life; presented him with one lovely child, on which she lavished her tenderest care; but she did not long survive.*

* Joh. Rüst *Zeitfeerkurzung*, c. 255. fol. Erasmi. Francisci *Sitten Spiegel*, pp. 64. fol. Brauner's *Curiositäten*, c. 72. 80.

THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

THE DEVIL TURNED PLEADER.

It happened in the Mark, that a certain soldier having a sum of money by him, entrusted it to the care of his host. When leaving his house he requested to have it returned, but the landlord then denied having received any such money. The soldier justly incensed, used many bold oaths, and set the house in a storm, while the other contented himself with sending for the police, and threatened to have him well chastised for disturbing the peace and credit of his house. Here was a fine opportunity, and the devil visited the soldier in his prison, and said to him : "To-morrow they will take you before the judge, and they will undoubtedly have your head for defamation of the host, and assaulting him as you did, breaking the peace, and hurting the credit of his house. In this dilemma, if you will consent to be mine, body and soul, I will rescue you from danger." But the soldier would not consent. "Then," said the devil, "do this : when you shall be brought up for trial, and they begin to press you hard, and call upon you to defend yourself, give out that you are no speaker, say not a word, and they will grant you a pleader to state your case. Then look round and you will see

me standing in a blue bonnet and white feather, and I will manage the affair." Now all this occurred, and when the landlord stoutly denied the soldier's accusation before all the court, his counsel in the blue bonnet stepped forth: "My good Host," he cried, "how can you stick to that lie? the money is now lying under the bolster of your bed. Let the judge and sheriffs order search to be made, and they will even find it to be so."

Then the landlord swore an oath and exclaimed: "If I ever meddled with the money may the devil carry me in a whirlwind away!" But soon when the money was found and brought into court, the counsel with blue bonnet and white feather, said: "I knew well enough I should have one of them; either the host or his guest," with which words he twisted the landlord's neck out, and disappeared with him through the air.*

* D. Mengering, Soldaten Teufel, cap. 8. c. 153.

THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

REBUNDUS IN THE CATHEDRAL AT LUBECK.

WHENEVER, in old times, a reverend canon of Lubeck was about to exchange worlds, satiated with the good things of this, he was sure that morning of finding a white rose under the cushion of his chair in the choir. Hence it was very naturally the practice of the said ecclesiastic, to turn it over, the first thing he did, to see whether this grave symbol of his departure was lying there or not in the morning.

Now it so happened that one of these canons named Rebundus, turning over the cushion of his chair, was shocked to behold the fatal signal—it was worse than a bed of thorns, and instead of sitting down upon it, he took the rose and dexterously stuck it under the cushion of a brother canon, who, however, had already satisfied himself that it was not under his chair. Rebundus then enquired with a careless air, whether he had looked under his chair: to which the other replied that he had. But continued Rebundus, “Are you sure you have examined it well, for if I am not deceived, there is something white just appearing under where you sit!” Upon this the other canon threw up his cushion to convince him he was wrong, when there lay the rose. Yet he

stoutly maintained that it could not belong to him, for just before he had looked sharp enough to have found it if it had been there. Saying this, he took and stuck it again under Rebundus's cushion, but he swore vehemently that he had no right to it; he would have nothing to do with it, and threw it back. In this way bitterly reviling each other, it passed from hand to hand. They were waxing still more wroth, as the chapter bell rung for matins; while Rebundus still continued to asseverate in the strongest manner that the rose was none of his. Exasperated beyond all patience, the other cried out: "May the Lord in Heaven grant that he who is in the wrong may from this time forth himself be made the signal instead of this rose, and make such a clatter in his grave to the very last day, that our canons may always know when they are going to die!"

But Rebundus considering all this as mere rant, said in a laughing tone: "Be it so! Amen, Amen!" Rebundus, however, was the next canon that died; and sure enough, before another followed, a terrible noise and knocking was heard, and repeated as often as a canon died. "Rebundus is beginning to be very restless," was the usual saying when one of them was taken very ill; "we shall lose our good canon ——!" For it was no slight noise he made; he gave three resounding strokes upon the top of his long, broad grave stone, about as loud as a thunder bolt or

half a dozen waggons discharging coal. At the third stroke a loud echo sounds through the vault, along the aisles and the whole of the church, so as to be heard even into the adjoining houses.

One Sunday morning during service, he made so terrible a clatter, as fairly to shake the iron railing over the vault almost into pieces, just as if it had been shivered by a thunder bolt. This made a strong impression upon the congregation, and at the third stroke all the people began to run out of the church, imagining that it was about to fall upon their heads. The preacher however, exhorted them to keep their ground, for that there was no cause for fear, if they would only stand firm and join in prayer; it being merely a bad spirit at work with the devil's hammer, on a Sunday, in this way it was intended to disturb the solemnity in which they were engaged; but it was the more necessary to despise so weak an attempt and strengthen their faith.

In a few weeks, however, from this time, died the good deacon's son, for Rebundus was in the habit of knocking also, when any of the good ecclesiastic's relations were about to exchange worlds.*

* Friedlieb's *Medulla Theologica*.

Erasm. Francisci höll. Proteus, 1057, 1065. also from oral tradition.

THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

THE GALLOWES GUESTS.

A CERTAIN landlord, resident in a stately city, happened to be travelling in company with two wine merchants over the vine mountains, where they had been purchasing a stock of wine, towards home. Their way lay by some gibbets where three unlucky wights were hanging who had been executed many years ago. Then one of the merchants observed: "Thou villain Host, these three companions of thine, hanging here, have often been thy guests!" "Ho, ho!" cried the host, as if greatly offended, "you are mighty merry; but I think they will hardly have the pleasure of supping with me to night!" What came to pass! When our good Host arrived, and was helped from his horse, he went and sat down in the bar, yet he was evidently very uneasy—he went to his own room—grew worse, but was unable to call. Just then in stepped the boy for the boots, and found his master sitting half dead upon a chair. He called for assistance, and when his wife had succeeded in recovering him a little by dint of strong salts and pinches, she enquired what was the matter with him? He then acquainted her that during his ride, he had in sport invited the three felons in chains

to sup with him, and that on going into his room he had found them seated, and they came up to shake hands with him, just as he had before seen them suspended aloft. "They sat down to table, and winked to me that I should join them; but when Boots just now came in they all three vanished." The whole of this was thought to be the effect of an intoxicated imagination, which had cast a retrospective eye over his sins, and conjured up the forms he saw. He convinced people, however, that it was no such thing, by taking to his bed, and dying three days afterwards.

THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

HILDEGARD.

THE Emperor Charles going upon a campaign, was compelled to leave the side of his beautiful bride Hildegard, who remained behind at his palace. During his absence, his step brother, named Taland, attempted to seduce the affections of his lovely consort ; but as virtuous as she was beautiful, she resisted all his arts, resolving that she would rather die than submit to stain the honour of her absent lord. But being unprotected, she feigned to listen to his wishes, declaring that when he could present her with a more elegant apartment than that she now occupied, he should take her there. Taland instantly gave orders for the completion of a beautiful and richly-decorated bridal chamber with three grand doors, well secured, and one day invited the fair queen to accompany him to see it. Hildegard affected to obey him, and following him to the spot, she requested him to shew her the way and enter first. He sprang forward with a gratified and respectful air ; and the next moment the door closed behind him, fast locked and bolted, without the lovely queen. " Here," she cried, " you are my prisoner until my husband's return ;" and the queen then went away. And there, sure enough,

she kept the gallant gentleman until the emperor returned from his victorious campaign over the Saxons; and then, for the first time, taking pity upon him, she listened to his sighs and prayers, believing that she had now inflicted sufficient punishment on his folly, and ordered him to be released.

When he first came to pay his respects to the emperor, the latter enquired, what made him look so very pale and thin. "The cause," replied the wily Taland, "is in the wicked and abandoned conduct of her you call your queen. When she found that I was inclined to keep too watchful an eye over her during your absence, and that she could give loose to no excesses or extravagances, she had a new building erected for the purpose of confining me.' Beholding his emaciated form the emperor gave credit to his words, and incensed at the imaginary wickedness and hypocrisy of his queen, he secretly commanded some of his attendants to throw her into the sea. But the queen had time to make her escape and concealed herself in the house of one of her friends. Being discovered, however, the king gave fresh orders for her death. For this purpose she was conducted into a wood; but she encountered on the way a certain noble belonging to the family of Freudenburgh, who was then hastening with a message from the Countess Adelgund to her sister Hildegard.

Learning the extreme peril in which she was, he

rescued her from the hands of her vile attendants, and gave them one of his hounds, which they killed, and exhibited its blood to the emperor as a proof of their fidelity to his orders.

Queen Hildegard having been thus fortunately rescued, joined the company of a noble lady whose name was Rosina von Bodmer, on her way to Rome. Soon she obtained great reputation for her skill in medicine, an art she had exercised during her whole life. In the mean while heaven struck the impious Taland with sudden blindness and leprosy. No one could afford him any relief, till at length he heard that there then resided a celebrated doctress at Rome who cured all kind of infirmities. As the emperor happened to be journeying towards Rome Taland joined his train, and on his arrival visited the celebrated lady; acquainted her with his name, and entreated her to try her best skill for his restoration to health. He had no suspicion that the lady he was then addressing was the much-injured queen. The latter declared that he must apply to the priest for relief, confess his sins and repent; and that then probably she could afford him the assistance he desired. Taland went to confession, and again returned to the lady, no other than the queen, who restored him to perfect health. Both the Pope and the king were greatly astonished at this proof of her art, and ordered her to be introduced into their presence. She ex-

cused herself by saying that the day following she was engaged to attend the church of St. Peter's. Thither too they went, and it was then that she made herself known to them, and related the whole of her wonderful adventures, and how she had been betrayed, all which the king listened to and acknowledged with feelings of high gratification. He received her with joy, and restored her to her former rank and place in his affections, while he adjudged the false Taland to death. The queen, however, so strongly interceded in his behalf, that his life was granted, though he sunk into the utmost contempt and humiliation*.

* *Annales Campidonenses.*

Nic. Frischini *Commædia. Hildegardis Magna.*

Das Alt. Gedicht *Crescentia.*

LOTHAR.*

THE ARCH ROGUE.

THERE once lived years ago, a man known only by the name of the Arch Rogue. By dint of skill in the black art and all arts of imposition, he drove a more flourishing trade than all the rest of the sorcerers of his age. It was his delight to travel from one country to another merely to play upon mankind, and no living soul was secure, either in house or field, nor could properly call them his own.

Now his great reputation for these speedy methods of possessing himself of others' property excited the envy of a certain king of a certain country, who considered them as no less than an invasion of his royal prerogative. He could not sleep a wink, and he despatched troops of soldiers, one after another, with strict orders to arrest him; but all their researches had been in vain. At length after long meditation the king said to himself: "Only wait a little, thou villain cut-purse; and yet I will have thee!" So forthwith he issued a manifesto that the royal mercy

* The above is the author's assumed name. His work is entitled *German Traditions and Tales, with specimens of those of other nations*, Leipzig, 1820. A number of his international comparisons and illustrations are curious; but too much at length, in the style of dissertations, to admit of insertion here.

would be extended to so light-fingered a genius, upon condition that he consented to appear at court, and give specimens of his dexterity for his majesty's amusement.

One afternoon as the king was standing at his royal window, commanding a fine prospect of woods and dales, over which a tempest appeared to be just then gathering; some one suddenly clapped him upon the shoulder, and on looking round, he saw a very tall, stout, dark-whiskered man close behind him, who said, "Here I am!" "Who are you?" inquired the king. "He whom you look for!" The king uttered an exclamation of surprise, not unmixed with fear, at his amazing assurance, for he was quite alone, and he looked a little dashed. The stranger observing this, said; "Don't be alarmed! only keep your word with me, and I will prove myself quite obedient to your orders, and keep the peace."

This being agreed, the king acquainted his royal consort and the whole court that the great sleight of hand genius had discovered himself; and soon in a full assembly his majesty proceeded to question him; "and mark what I say," he added, "nor venture to dispute one of my orders. To begin: do you see yon rustic not far from the wood, busy ploughing the field?" The conjuror nodded assent. "Then go," continued the king; "go and rob him of his plough and oxen, without his knowing any thing about it!"

At the same time he flattered himself that this was not possible, nor conceived how he could possibly set about it in the face of open day; in which case, thought he, I have him in my power, and will make him smart for it.

The conjuror proceeded to the spot; and as the storm appeared to increase, the rain beginning to pour down in torrents, the countryman letting his oxen rest, ran under a tree for shelter, until the rain should have ceased. Just then he heard a jolly singing in the wood; such a glorious song he had never before heard in his life. In fact he felt wonderfully enlivened; and as the weather continued to look quite dull and sulky, he said to himself, "Well, where's the harm if I take a glass! Yes, I must see what sport is stirring there;" and away he slipped into the wood, still farther and farther in search of the jovial songster; until he followed his nose so long that he could neither see nor hear any thing of it at all.

In the mean while, the conjuror, that wicked songster in the wood, was not idle. He changed places with the rustic, taking care of the oxen while their master went singing through the wood; and darting out of the thicket, in a few moments he had slashed off the oxen's ears and tails, and stuck them, half hid, in the ploughman's last furrow. He then drove off the beasts pretty sharply towards the palace.

In a short time the rustic found his way out of the wood; looks towards the spot for his oxen, and can see nothing. Then searching on all sides in the utmost anxiety, he finally comes to examine his last furrow, and beholds, oh horror! the ears and tails of his poor beasts stretched upon the ground. Imagining that the thunder bolt must have struck, and the earth swallowed them up, he poured forth a most dismal lamentation over his lot, roaring aloud till the woods echoed to the sound. When he was tired, he bethought himself of running home to find a pick and a spade to dig his unlucky oxen out of the earth again as quick as possible.

As he went he was met by the king and the conjuror, who enquired the occasion of his piteous lamentations. "My oxen, my poor oxen!" cried the boor, and then related all that had happened to him, entreating them to go with him to the place to witness the disaster. The conjuror then said; "Why don't you try whether you can pull the oxen out again by the horns, or by the tail?" With this the rustic, running back, seized one of the tails and, pulling with all his might, it gave way and he fell upon his back. "Thou hast pulled thy beast's tail off," said the conjuror; "try if thou canst succeed better with his horns; if not, thou must even dig for them." Again he pitched himself down in the attempt; while the king laughed very heartily at the sight. But as the worthy

man now appeared excessively troubled at his misfortunes, the king promised him another pair of oxen ; and the rustic was content.

“ You have made good your boast,” said the king to the conjuror, as they returned to the palace ; “ but now you will have to deal with a more difficult job, so muster your wit and courage. To night you must steal my favorite charger, out of his stable, and let no body know who it is.” So, thought the king, I have trapped him at last, for he will never be able to out-wit my master of the horse, and all my grooms to boot. To make the matter sure, the king ordered a strong guard under one of his most careful officers to be placed round the stable court. They were armed with stout battle-axes, and were enjoined every half hour to give the word, and pace alternately through the court. In the royal stables others had the like duty to perform ; while the master of the horse himself, was to ride the favorite steed the whole time, having been presented by the king with a gold snuff-box, from which he was to take ample pinches in order to keep himself awake, and to give signal by a loud sneeze, that he was awake. He was also armed with a heavy sword with which he was to knock the thief upon the head when he approached. The rogue first arrayed himself in the master of the bedchamber’s clothes, without his leave. About midnight he pro-

ceeded to join the guards, furnished with different kinds of rich wine, saying that the king had sent him to thank them for their cheerful compliance with his orders, that the impostor was already secured, and that his master now permitted them to take a glass, and not to give the word quite so loudly as her majesty had not been able to close her eyes! He then marched into the stables where he found the master of the horse still astride of the royal charger, busily taking snuff and sneezing every now and then. The master of the bed-chamber poured him out a sparkling glass, to drink to his majesty's health, who had sent it; and it looked quite too excellent to resist. Both master and guards then began to jest over the Arch Rogue's fate, taking, like good subjects, repeated draughts—all to his majesty's health. They soon began to experience the soporific effects; they gaped and stretched, sunk gradually upon the ground and fell asleep. The master, by dint of fresh pinches however, was the last to yield; but he too now blinked, stopped the horse, which he had kept upon a good walk, and said, "I am so confoundedly sleepy I can hold it no longer—take you care of the charger for a moment, bind him fast to his stall,—and just keep watch." Having uttered these words he fell like a heavy sack of corn upon the floor, and snored aloud. The mighty conjuror took his place upon the

horse, gave him whip and spur, and away he galloped through the slumbering guards, through the court gates, and whistled as he went.

Early in the morning, the king eager to learn the result, hastened to his royal mews, and was a little surprized to find the whole of his guards fast asleep upon the ground; but he saw nothing of his charger. "What is to do here?" he cried in a loud voice, "get up! rouse, you idle varlets!" At last one of them opening his eyes, cried out, "The king! the king!" "Aye, true enough, I am here," replied his majesty, "but my favourite horse is gone. Speak! answer, on the instant!" While the affrighted wretches, calling one to another, rubbed their heavy eyes, the king was examining the stalls once more, and stumbling over his master of the horse, turned and gave him some pretty hearty cuffs about the ears. But he only turned upon the other side, and grumbled a little: "Let me alone, you rascal, my royal master's horse is not for you." "Rascal!" then, exclaimed the insulted king—"do you know who it is?" and he was just about to call his attendants, when he heard hasty footsteps;—and the conjuror stood before him. He was laughing very heartily, and said, "My liege, I have just returned from an airing on your noble horse, he is indeed a fine animal; but once or so I was obliged to give him the switch."

The king felt excessively vexed at the rogue's

success; yet he was the more resolved to hit upon something that should bring his fox's skin into jeopardy at last. So he thought, and the next day addressed him thus: "Thy third trial is now about to take place, and if you are clever enough to carry it through, you shall not only have your life and liberty, but a handsome allowance to boot. In the other case you know your fate: now listen! This very night I command you to rob my queen consort of her bridal ring, to steal it from her finger, and let no one know the thief or the way of thieving." Thought the king to himself, "Now at least I have caught him; for this is not possible, for how can he devise any means? well, we shall see."

When night approached, his majesty caused all the doors in the palace to be fast closed, and a guard to be set at each. He himself instead of retiring to rest, took his station, well armed, close to the queen's couch upon an easy chair.

It was a moonlight night; and about two in the morning the king plainly heard a ladder reared up against the window, and the soft step of a man mounting it, and just as he had reached the top and looked in, the king said: "Let fall!" and the next moment the outside shutter gave way, and something fell with a terrible crash to the ground! "Wit!" exclaimed the king, and ran down into the court, telling his consort he was going to see whether the

conjuror had died of the fall! No, he was not dead, but quite as whole and brisk as ever; for he had only dropped a dead body which he had stolen from the gallows into the court below. The moment he heard the king's steps upon the staircase, he replaced the ladder, mounted, and going into the chamber said in the king's voice: "Yes, he is stone dead, so you may now go quietly to sleep, only hand me here your marriage ring, it is too costly and precious to trust it, while you are asleep, in bed." The queen here imagining it was her royal consort, instantly gave her diamond ring without the least suspicion, and in a moment the conjuror was off through the window with it on his finger. Directly after the king came back. "At last," he said, "I have indeed carried the joke too far. I have repaid him; he is lying there as dead as a door nail; he will plague us no more!" "I know that already; you have told me exactly the same thing twice over, though I think it a little hard that you should have required me to give up my ring." "How came you to know any thing of that?" enquired his majesty. "How? from yourself to be sure," replied his consort; "you informed me the conjuror was dead, and then you asked me for my marriage ring." "I ask for the ring!" exclaimed the king, "then I suppose you must have given it to him!" continued his majesty in a tone of great indignation, "and is it even so at last? By all the

saints! this is one of the most confounded unmanageable rascals in existence; I never knew any thing equal to it;" and he then informed the queen of the whole affair, though before he arrived at the conclusion of his narration she was fast asleep.

Soon after it was light in the morning, the wily conjuror made his appearance; he bowed to the earth three times before the queen and presented her with the treasure he had purloined. The king, though excessively chagrined, could not refrain laughing at this sight, adding: "Now hear, thou king of arch rogues; I only caught a sight of you through my fingers as you were coming, or you would never have come off so well. As it is, however, let all old grudges be forgiven and forgotten. Only take up your residence for a time at my court, taking care at the same time that you do not carry your jokes too far; in which case I might find myself compelled, if nothing worse, to withdraw my favor from you."

LOTHAR.

CASTLE CHRISTBURG.

It was many years after the famous Tir-hill fight*, so fatal to the then existing order of German knighthood, when the magnificent and beautiful castle† of Christburg, not far from the city of Dantzick, was laid in a heap of ruins, and so many noble families were compelled to seek a foreign soil, that a poor mendicant, "all tattered and torn," sought refuge under its decayed walls from the bitter blasts. Being unacquainted with the current reports, which bestowed a legion of spirits upon the old uninhabited vaults and other remnants of its former splendor, he built himself a little hut close upon the castle site, where he intended to close his earthly pilgrimage. Daily and duly, however, he continued to practise his old profession, begging alms in the neighbourhood, and frequently returning richly laden with breadcrusts to his solitary dwelling.

About a year had passed over his head, when in

* The battle took place in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

† In some traditions it is mentioned under the name of the Banned or Curst Castle.—*Lot.*

one of his evening rambles among the castle ruins, he remarked a light glimmering through the bushes which overspread its time-worn walls. Indulging no notions of a supernatural kind, he stood still, and peeped through an opening into the vaults below.

There in a spacious and lofty cellar he saw a large table, covered with well filled pitchers, bumpers and bowls. His mouth watered at the delicious sight. "There is neither butler nor lacquey that I see," said he to himself, "and who else is likely to refuse me a good draught?" So he quickly found out the door, which had a latch like any other door, and he opened it. Mounting a few steps he entered into the drinking room, which was only just light enough for him to see. Other steps at the end of it led into the vaults, which were very dark, and made him a little uncomfortable; but a row of vats stood before him, and he was content.

And behold! he found he was not quite alone; a respectable old man sat at a table in one corner, apparently employed in reckoning. Supposing he had now met with the owner, the intruder saluted him, entreating that he would afford him one glass of wine.

"Yes," answered the man, "drink! take as much as will agree with you, and come again in the morning." His mild manners took the fancy of his

guest ; he filled a glass of wine, which he four times repeated, and enquired as he went out, if he might really venture there again.

“ Yes,” was the reply, “ come when you please, seven times a week ; but not twice a day. Be discreet and hold your tongue ; you are a lucky fellow.”

The beggar went and came again ; regaled himself, and drank so much during the next seven days, that he had cause to fear it was beginning to make inroads upon his constitution. He then bethought himself of taking only half of his daily allowance and keeping the rest for sale, with the proceeds of which he might buy fresh food and raiment.

A mendicant selling wine was rather a rare sight in the city. His purchasers laughed ; all were eager to have a taste, and declaring that it was drink fit for the gods, they shewed him the way to the town-house, for it was too good for the palates of ordinary citizens, and the patricians could afford him a good price. So he willingly went ; the alderman emptied his pitcher, and requesting him to get more of the exact flavour, promised not to haggle with him about the price.

As often as he went with a fresh supply, he obtained the same handsome reward ; but towards the fifth day they began to enquire as to the source of so rich a spring. His vow of silence luckily occurred to the beggar ; he began to invent a story, but as they

threatened to chastise him if he did not reveal the whole truth, he threw his pitcher at the alderman's head, and ran as fast as his heels could carry him.

When he next paid a visit to the cellar, it appeared that the old wine merchant who sat reckoning in the corner, was acquainted with all that had passed. "Look to yourself," he said, to the beggar, "for they are in pursuit. In fact they have spied you out, but they will not come here again."

They had indeed caught a glimpse of him as he entered the ruins; they followed, but their reception was such, that half dead with fright, they had no inclination to proceed. For his pursuers, the moment they reached the awful precincts of the castle, beheld a solemn funeral procession, that rose like an exhalation from the ground, advancing before them, until seized with an agony of fear they turned back, reached the city with some difficulty, took to their beds and died.

This shocking occurrence, to which the voice of the people added fresh terrors, placed the beggarman in perfect security. He lived unmolested in his hut, drank his wine, forgot that he was a poor mendicant, and by comparing old and new dates, thought himself a very lucky fellow.

One day there joined his company just such another miserably clad wretch as he had once been. He had been equally roughly handled in the world,

had no where to lay his head, and his good brother uncorrupted by his late prosperity, humanely offered him a share of his-own roof. In fact he took him into partnership; they beat up the neighbouring districts in different directions, made common stock of their net proceeds, and their firm continued for a considerable time. Nothing, however, was said to the new partner respecting the wine.

But one evening returning home earlier than usual with a well filled scrip, he heard as he came nearer loud sounds of revelry and mirth; he thought a whole party must be assembled somewhere in the vicinity. One voice, at least, was in full key; he found the door and windows open, as he drew nigh; and all this loud jubilee came from within, as if intended to be heard through the country far and wide. He entered and found no one besides his old friend; all the sounds of revelry were his; his countenance was lighted up with joy, his eyes sparkled, he sang, and two flasks stood between his knees, one empty, and the other full of wine. "Welcome, old boy!" he cried, as his friend came in; "sit you down here!—drink, and sing a song for once in your life!—I am richer, man, than all the Redcross Knights in Germany that ever flourished!" In silent astonishment the old man seated himself, drank as he was bidden, and soon began to sing. The other flask was speedily emptied; and after this good drinking bout, both

fell asleep. The new partner dreamed only of the oddity of finding so rich a beverage, in so poor a place; and the first question he asked himself when he awaked was, where the deuce, does he get it from? His friend being still asleep, he searched his pockets, and examined every article in the house, to get, if possible, into the secret. All in vain! yet the next day, the next, and the next, the flask was always full; he looked, he enquired from his friend, but could get no satisfactory answer, more than, "The butler has forbidden me to say a word about it; he gave it me."

But the curious old fellow was dying to know the secret, and determined to keep a sharp look out. With this view, he had recourse to an old stratagem: just as they were going to take a glass, he suddenly fell down in a fit, began to kick and make mouths; till getting under the table, he gave it such a hearty jog as quite upset the whole drinking apparatus, and every drop of wine was lost. During the continuance of his fit he took good heed of every thing his friend did; who thinking it a good opportunity to obtain a new supply before the old man recovered, took a key out of his pocket, and went. He was no sooner gone, than up sprang his friend, and glided softly after him. It was already dusk, and he had some difficulty to keep him in sight, till with the help of the moon, he saw him enter the old castle, and actually disappear

down one of the vaults. He had now like to have fallen into a real fit; the ruins gleamed awfully upon his sight. Yet he had reached the entrance, his foot was upon the first step: he went on through the overhanging shrubs, and he saw his partner, not far off, unlock a small door. He saw a light glimmering at a distance, and when the door opened, it became still more visible; but, he had scarcely gone a few steps further towards the door, when it slammed to, with a hideous noise, and not without catching the old inquisitive beggar a pretty sharp hit on the elbow. At this he made a sad outcry, which echoed along the inner vaults; a figure was seen going up the steps, and the old man in an agony of fear, leaving the skirt of his coat fast in the door way, ran off quicker than he ever ran in his life, and only looking once round to see whether he was pursued, he at length reached the hut, more dead than alive. Resuming a little courage with the return of light, and anxious for his friend's safety, the old beggar determined to visit the ruins, being now broad day, in search of him. He found the way, and came to the bushes which he had passed the evening before; but he could no where discover the little door: the whole scene appeared to have been changed. Thinking he must have missed the way, he wandered up and down the ruins; yet all his researches proved vain. Perceiving it was now near sun-set, he began to be alarmed, and set off home at full speed, the speed of

an old beggarman. He now came to the resolution of venturing no more near the fatal spot, but continued to beg honestly in the neighbourhood. A year had elapsed, and it was the eve of St. Martin's day. Once more, as formerly, seated upon the same spot, where he had last been regaled by his lost partner, a victim to his fatal expedition, sat the old beggarman. Twilight was already coming on, when lo! the door opened, and in walked a figure of which he had some faint recollection; he fixed his eyes upon him for a moment, and ran towards him; it was his old friend. "What, is it possible," cried he, "is it indeed, you?" "It is, sir, sure enough," replied the other; "the same who took you into partnership, and gave you shelter here. And yet you were so very ungrateful and unreasonable, as to upset all my wine in return; a plague upon your fits; and thus compelled me to get into a horrid scrape, by disobeying the butler's commands."

The strange beggar then related all he had seen, how he had spent a whole year with the spirits of the under world; been initiated in all their secrets, and condemned to learn the most hard and frightful lessons of their power. At length to his great relief, he was informed that the day of his release was at hand; that he must instantly depart, and acquaint the upper world with the secrets he had seen*.

* Both these adventurous beggars are said to have once formed a part of the Council at Dantzic, but to have subsequently

lost their property, and been subjected to the severest privations. The oldest of these lame gentlemen, known by the name of Thomas Penny, was exceedingly disliked by the people, and on one occasion, in a grand row, he was literally thrown out of the window into the street, by which he became a veritable cripple. It was currently reported of him in Dantzic, that he had there displayed an immense heap of copper coin, but so badly executed in the mint, as to have given rise to the nickname of Penny's money, an appellation, which we are aware, has been retained to the present day. To this we may add the origin of the term sterling, to complete the primitive descent of pounds as well as of pence.

In the time of Richard I. money coined in the east parts of Germany came into special request in England, on account of its purity, and was called Easterling money, as all the inhabitants of those parts were called Easterlings. Soon after some of those people skilled in coining were sent for to London, to bring the coin to perfection, which was soon called Sterling from Easterling. King Edward I. established a certain standard for the silver coin of England; but no gold was coined until the reign of Edward III. who, in the year 1329, caused several pieces to be coined, called *Florentes*, because they were coined by Florentines. Afterwards he coined *Nobles*, current at 6s. 8d. and half nobles, at 3s. 4d. called half-pennies of gold; and quarters, at 1s. 8d. called farthings of gold. The succeeding kings coined rose nobles, and double rose nobles; great sovereigns, and half Henry nobles, angels, and shillings. James I. coined unites, double crowns, and Britain crowns, shillings, six-pences, and inferior pieces. Charles II. converted most of the ancient gold coins into guineas.

FREDERICK, BARON DE LA MOTTE

FOUQUÉ.*

Few modern writers of Germany have become greater favorites with the English reading public, or have received more gratifying proofs of its admiration in numerous versions from their productions, than the author of the following specimens. For many years past, indeed, his name has been familiar to us, no less through the medium of our contemporary journals, than by distinct translations of such of his ingenious and fanciful effusions, as have acquired for him most celebrity with his own countrymen.

Among these last may be enumerated the tale recently so much admired, entitled "The Magic Ring," of which a very pleasing and able version has just appeared; the romance of Undine, presented to us along with a few other of his shorter pieces by the pen of Mr. Soane, to which German prose fiction has been so largely indebted; and not least, the wonderful history of Mr. Peter Schlemihl (a tale said to be only edited, however, by the Baron), from the hand of one who has conferred so many obligations

* *Nene Erzählungen, Kleine Romane.* 1811. 1818. *Wunderbuch* conjointly with Apel and Laun. 1817.

upon the poetical literature of various nations. To these versions, which are written much in the spirit of their original, mention might here be added of a variety of ingenious articles, accompanied by as excellent specimens, contained in the pages of a northern magazine, from the hand of one of its former editors; a gentleman long conversant with the language and literature of Germany. To him and to his able associates indeed much praise is due, from the most learned scholars, (as well as the novelists) of the north, whose enlarged spirit of critical research into the writings of our own illustrious countrymen, they have at once so justly appreciated and replied to, both in their criticisms, and in their translations from works of the most profound research and approved merit; of the Schlegels, the Richters, and the Ehlenschlägers of the age.

Nor are their opinions concerning the peculiar merits and characteristics of the author before us, among the least valuable portion of their labours; characteristics so admirably illustrated and developed as to leave little either novel or necessary to be added to the subject. Respecting his graceful and attractive manner of embodying and adorning some of the most favorite old traditions of his country, there does not appear to be any diversity of feeling; any more than on the high degree of fancy, of pathos, and of art, with which, out of such simple materials, he suc-

ceeds in composing pictures whose admirable expression of nature, and whose allegorical force and beauty, enchant at once the imagination and the heart. There is a consistency of plan, united to a sincerity of tone, and earnestness of feeling, which cannot easily be mistaken for the qualities of any contemporary writer, in the same class of fiction; and which have the effect of rivetting down the attention, even to the most wild and improbable portion of his stories.

In common with most great and popular novelists, the Baron's productions are of a very voluminous as well as a diversified character; embracing subjects of a dramatic, as well as a poetical and romantic kind. A collection of the former, entitled, "*Dramatische Spiele*," was put forth by his learned contemporary, A. B. Schlegel, dated Berlin, 1804. There subsequently appeared his "*History of the noble Knight Galmy, and a beautiful Duchess of Bretagne*," a Romance, 1806. "*Alwin*," a Tale, 1808. "*Sigurd the Snake-slayer*," 1808. "*Hero of the North*," 1810-14. "*Eginhard and Emma*," 1811. "*Old National Dramas*," 1813. "*The Seasons*," 1811-16. "*Wilhelm Neuman*," "*The Muses*," &c. 1812. "*Undine*," 1814. 2d Ed. 1818. "*Peter Schlemihl's Wonderful History*, by A. Chamissow," 1814. "*Dramatic Poems for Germans*," "*The Love Singer*," a Romance, 1814. "*Corona*," an Heroic Poem, 1814. "*Lady's Pocket*

Book for 1815," with plates. "The Magic Ring," a Tale of Chivalry, 1816. &c. &c.

These will perhaps be sufficient, though forming only a portion of this writer's productions, to shew their nature and extent, there being very little inducement on the part of the editor to present his readers with a dry uninteresting catalogue. He may just mention however, that in the remaining list is to be found a version from the Baron's hand of Mr. Moore's beautiful poem of Lalla Rookh—a version, doubtless worthy of the highly gifted powers, and the luxuriant fancy of its prototype.

The Baron's pseudonymous title, one so frequent in Germany, appears to be that of Pellegrin, under which some of his effusions were first announced. He also enjoys the title of Knight of St. John, and Major in the Prussian service, and is an honorary member of the literary society of Iceland. He is said to reside on his estate at Henhausen near Râthenau; and he was born at the city of Brandenburg, on the 12th day of February 1777, and is consequently about fifty years of age.

LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

THE FIELD OF TERROR ; OR, THE HAUNTED FIELD.

It happened that some little time before the peace of Westphalia, there assembled at the foot of the Riesen-berg in a beautiful part of the country of Silesia, a number of persons who were the relations, and had lately succeeded to the property, of an opulent deceased farmer. This man had died without children, and had left several farms and fields scattered about that fertile country, and his heirs were now met together to divide the inheritance. For this purpose they had assembled in a barn in one of the principal villages, and they found no difficulty among themselves as to the allotment of every part of the estate, except with regard to a particular field which was known by the name of the Haunted Field, in consequence of the wonderful stories that were told respecting it.

This field was now entirely evergreen with wild flowers and weeds, which nevertheless from their strong growth betokened at the same time the excellent nature of the land, and its desolate and neglected condition. For many years had now passed since it had been disturbed by the ploughshare, or received the seed from the hands of the industrious husband-

man ; as it was related that no sooner had the ploughman at any time entered within its bounds than the oxen became frantic under the yoke, and ran off in affright, and that the ploughman and the seedsman struck with the like panic would fly in dismay, affirming that some supernatural beings, under pretence of assisting them in their labours, approached them with such hideous aspects that no one could look on them and keep their senses.

The question now arose to whom this Haunted Field should be allotted. Every one felt an insurmountable objection to it himself, but thought his neighbour might perhaps manage it, and as is the way of the world, was desirous of shifting the burden off his own shoulders. They could, however, come to no agreement, and it was now late in the evening and time to depart, when one of them proposed an expedient which he hoped would satisfy all parties. " We are bound," he said, " agreeably to the testator's will, to bestow a legacy on his poor cousin who dwells in this village. The maiden is to be sure, only very distantly related to the departed, yet she is virtuous and frugal, and well deserving of a good husband, and goes by the name of the pretty Sabine. Now I purpose that we present this maiden with the Haunted Field, and we shall in that way discharge the wishes of our lamented relation, and it may perhaps prove a rich dowry to her if she can find a

husband that will venture to cultivate it." They were all delighted at this proposal, and immediately despatched one of their number to communicate to the cousin the intelligence of their bounty.

It was about the same time in the evening that Sabine heard in the twilight, a gentle tap at her cottage window, and on asking who knocked, was answered by a voice, at the first sound of which the rustic bolt was drawn back and the little window thrown open. It was the brave young Frederick whom she had been long expecting, and who being born as poor as herself, had for the last ten years devoted himself to the wars in order to win some little subsistence to compass his marriage with the pretty Sabine, whose kind heart was all his own. It was a delightful picture, to see Sabine leaning out of her wired lattice with tears of joy starting in her beautiful eyes, and the brave young Frederick looking up to her and proffering her his faith. "Ah! Frederick," she said, "God be praised, thou art returned safe; this has been my constant prayer morn and evening, and tell me, Frederick, have you made your fortune in the campaign?" "Fortunes are not so soon won," said Frederick, shaking his head and smiling, "and prizes do not fall to every one. However I am better off than when I departed, and if you have a bold heart I think you may venture to marry." "Ah!" sighed Sabine, "thou kind-hearted Frederick, to take a

poor naked orphan for better and worse." "Nay," said Frederick, "give me but one friendly yes, and promise to be mine, and I will warrant we shall thrive and live like princes." "And hast thou got thy discharge and art no longer a soldier?" Frederick looking into his knapsack that held his treasures brought out a silver medal which he reached to Sabine, and as she received it, the light of the little lamp in her chamber fell on the piece. There was a burst drum figured in an old fashioned manner, and over it was written the words—"God be praised, the war is ended."—"Perhaps," added Frederick, helping her to decipher the medal; "in truth it is not yet peace, but we shall have no more fighting at present, and our colonel has discharged his men." At this intelligence Sabine held out her hand as a pledge of her affection to her lover, and invited her betrothed to come into her little chamber, where he seated himself down by her side and related how he had won his gold and silver in honorable battle, and in the open field, from a foreign officer of rank whom he had made prisoner, and obtained the money as his ransom. After an approving smile conferred on her brave soldier, the industrious maiden took up her spindle, rejoicing that there was no ill-got gain belonging to either of them.

Just at this moment the cousin arrived, to communicate the message entrusted to him. Sabine,

with maidenly blushes, presented to him the stranger, as her intended husband, and the cousin added, "This is well! I am arrived just in time, for if your betrothed has not brought back a fortune from the wars, this will be a welcome gift, which I am directed to present to you in the name of your relations, as it was the will of the testator that you should be remembered in some way or other." Frederick was too much offended at the boasting manner in which this communication was made to testify any joy on the occasion. But Sabine, in a humble manner, thanked God for his gracious dispensation, and ignorant of the evil motives of mankind, she with a joyful heart bowed her head in token of her great satisfaction. But when she heard that the Haunted Field was assigned to her as her portion, and in satisfaction of her just claims, the sordid behaviour of her relations struck her to the soul, and she could not restrain her tears at the grievous disappointment. The cousin with a malicious smile said he was grieved to find she thought herself wronged, as it was in fact a much larger share of the inheritance than really of right belonged to her. And thus speaking he was taking his departure, but Frederick interrupted him, and addressing him in a cool and deliberate manner, "Sir," said he, "I see you are disposed to make a jest of this matter, and that you have all conspired together, not to give my young bride a single farthing. But we will accept your pre-

sent in God's name, in the hopes that in the hands of a brave and active soldier the Haunted Field may be a better bargain than a parcel of covetous envious old relations wish it to be."

The cousin abashed at the presence of the bold young man returned no answer, and made the best of his way back. The bridegroom then kissed the tears from the eyes of his young bride,* and hastened away to the priest to arrange matters for the marriage.

After the lapse of a few weeks Frederick and Sabine became man and wife, and commenced their slender house-keeping. The young man had expended the greater part of his gold and silver pieces in the purchase of a yoke of fine oxen, and in the buying of seed, and of implements requisite for his husbandry, reserving no more than sufficient to support himself and his wife in the most frugal manner until they should be enriched by the next year's harvest.

As Frederick with his oxen and plough, now took his departure for the field, he looked back and smiled at his good Sabine, saying, that he was now about to lay out his gold, and that he should next year have it all back, and to spare. Sabine looked anxiously after him, wishing in her own heart that he might return home in safety.

And home truly he came, and that too before

* In Germany the appellations of Bride and Bridegroom are attached to the respective parties on their betrothal.

the ringing of the curfew, but by no means so full of cheer as when he set out joyfully singing in the morning. He was himself dragging along the plough, which was battered and broken, and was at the same time leading one of his oxen lame and wounded along with him, and himself bleeding on the shoulders and head. Still his soldier-like courage did not fail him, and calling on his wife with a cheerful countenance, "Prepare for salting," he said, "for this goblin in the Haunted Field has provided us with an abundance of beef. This ox that I have brought back with me has run mad, and injured himself so much that he will not be fit for any further work. The other ran off to the mountain, and there I saw him plunge from a steep rock into the river below, where I fancy he now lies at the bottom."

"Oh! these cousins, these wicked cousins!" cried Sabine, weeping, "already has their accursed present robbed thee of thy hard-earned gold, and what is more, thou art thyself hurt and bleeding, my brave young soldier!" "My hurt is of no consequence," said Frederick, "it was but the oxen that crushed me between them when they ran mad, and I endeavoured to stop them: but it matters not grieving, and in the morning I will start afresh."

Sabine was now so terrified at what had happened, that she endeavoured to dissuade her husband from any farther attempt at cultivating the unlucky

field. But he declared in reply, that the field should have no rest as long as he lived, and "land that one cannot plough one must delve," said he, "and I think this goblin will not frighten a good steady soldier in the way he does a poor brute animal." He then slaughtered the wounded beast and cut him up, and the next morning as soon as Sabine was ready to begin salting the meat, Frederick was again on his way to the Haunted Field, and departed with his pickaxe and his spade, with as good a heart as on the morning before he had set out with his good yoke of oxen and his new shining plough.

He returned from his work in the evening as on the previous day. He looked pale and wearied, but was in good spirits. "This is rather hard work," said he, laughing, "for there comes a lubberly goblin, first on this side, then on that, bantering me with his foolish talk and tricks; but he seemed to wonder at last that I took no heed of him, and from that I begin to get fresh courage. Besides what has an industrious man to fear that goes straight forward and minds his work?"

Many days now passed away in the same manner. The brave Frederick continued unwearied, delving and sowing and destroying the weeds. And he had now cultivated a good portion of the Haunted Field by the aid of his spade alone, for he never relaxed in his exertions, and his land began to pro-

mise a crop, if not very rich, still a handsome return for his trouble; and he now cut his corn and carried it all home himself, for his land was yet too poor to afford him reapers to help him, and he would not let Sabine venture into the field, more particularly as he was expecting her soon to present him with an infant. The child was born, and in three years two more, and so his life went on without any remarkable occurrence. By hard striving and industry he compelled the Haunted Field to yield him one crop after another, and thus like an honest man redeemed his word to Sabine, that he would find sufficient to support her.

It happened one evening at harvest time that Frederick had remained at work until near dark, when all at once he perceived at his side a strong built swarthy-looking man like a collier, with a huge furnace-iron in his hand, who said to Frederick, "What! are there no oxen left in the land that thou workest with thine own hands? Thou should'st be a rich farmer if one may judge from the extent of thy land." Frederick well knew who it was that thus addressed him, and did as people are accustomed to do on these occasions, that is, held his tongue and worked even the harder, and tried to turn his thoughts another way. But the goblin did not on this occasion disappear as these beings commonly do when they are thus treated, in order to appear after-

wards in a more hideous form, but again addressed Frederick, and said in a friendly tone, "Friend, thou wrong'st both me and thyself. Answer me truly and sincerely, perhaps I may find a cure for thy misfortunes." "Well then, in God's name speak," said Frederick, "and if there be mischief in thy words the blame be with thee." Frederick then rose from his work and related in a true manner to the collier all that had happened since he took possession of the field, nor did he conceal his hatred to the goblin, and how difficult it was, owing to his persecution, to work out a subsistence with his bare pick-axe and spade, and support his family.

The collier heard all with a serious countenance. He then stood still for some time in a musing attitude, and at last spoke as follows:—"It seems, friend, that thou knowest who I am, and that is commendable in thee, that thou hast not sacrificed the truth but spoken boldly out, notwithstanding thou hast so much cause to be angry with me; and to confess the truth thou hast indeed had too much reason. But now since I find thee a right honest churl, I will make thee an offer that will recompence thee for all that is past. Thou must know then, that when I have had my fill of sport in woods and mountains, I have a fancy to dwell in a comfortable house, and live a sober and orderly life for some half year or so. How now, if thou wert to engage me as thy servant for the next

six months?" "Now that is ill done," said Frederick, "to banter an honest man in this way."—"No! no!" said the other, "it is no bantering—I am really serious, thou shalt find me a truly hard-working drudge, and as long as I serve thee, no hobgoblin will venture to be seen in the Haunted Field, so that thou mayest work thy oxen there without interruption." "That I should like well," said Frederick, after some thought, "if I only knew whether thou wouldest keep thy word, and moreover if it is right to deal with thee." "That you must settle yourself," said the stranger, "but my word will never be broken as long as the Riesen-berg stands; and moreover, I am not a malicious-minded spirit—somewhat sportive, and tricky, and wild, but that is all,"—"Why then," said Frederick, "thou must needs be the famous Rubezahl!" "When thou thinkest so," said the collier, interrupting him, "learn that that powerful spirit will not allow of a name so ignominious, but calls himself the Monarch of the Hills." "That would be a droll affair," said Frederick, laughing, "to have the King of the Hills for my serving-man;" "Thou mayest call me Waldmann then," answered the other. Frederick now stood considering for a considerable time, and at last said, "Well! so be it—I don't think I do wrong in engaging thee; I have often observed that people employ irrational animals to turn the spit and do other household offices; why not a goblin?" The collier uttered a

heartly laugh, and said, "Now such an offer was never made by any of my kind before! But that I heed not—'tis my humour, and so 'tis a bargain, my honored master!" Frederick, however, made it a condition that his new servant should on no account whatever discover to Sabine or the children, that he had lived in the Haunted Field, or in the old caverns of the Riesenbergr; nor at any time play any goblin tricks about the house or farm. Waldmann pledged his word to all this, so the matter was concluded, and home they both went together in a friendly mood.

Sabine was not a little surprized at this addition to their household, and could scarcely look upon the swarthy gigantic servant without fear. The children were at first so much alarmed that they would not venture out of doors when he was at work in the garden or in the croft; but his quiet, and good natured, and friendly behaviour soon reconciled all the household; and if he now and then had a frolicsome fit, and chased the dog and the fowls, they thought it only sportiveness and good humour, and a single word from the master was sufficient to bring him back into his usual bounds.

Frederick, now relying on the promise of the spirit of the mountain, inconsiderately expended his long treasured gold in the purchase of two fine new oxen, and again went joyfully forth to his field with his plough newly repaired.—Sabine looked after him

anxiously, and anxiously awaited his return at night, fearing that he might again have all his prospects blighted, and be worse hurt himself than on the former occasion. But with the curfew, home came Frederick, singing through the village, driving before him his yoke of fine oxen, and kissed in great glee, his wife and children, and shook his servant kindly by the hand.

Waldmann also often took out the oxen to plough, while Frederick laboured in the garden, or in the barn. The greater part of the Haunted Field was now cultivated, and every thing went on prosperously, to the surprise of all the inhabitants of the village, and to the chagrin of the envious relations.

The harvest was now finished, and winter approaching, when Frederick went one day with his team to gather wood for the hearth and the oven. It so happened too that Sabine was at the same time called away to see a poor widow in the neighbourhood who lay ill of a fever, and whom she was accustomed to befriend to the best of her means. She knew not well what to do with her children, but Waldmann desired her to leave them in his care, and as she knew that they were always amused with his tales she did so, and departed on her pious errand.

In about an hour's time from this, Frederick returned home from the forest. He placed his waggon in the shed, and put up his oxen in their stalls, and

was cheerfully turning his steps to the house to warm his benumbed limbs at the fire, when the piercing cries of his children suddenly alarmed his ears. He rushed into the house and burst open the kitchen door, and there found all the children shrieking, and pushed together behind the oven, and Waldmann madly laughing and leaping about, making hideous faces, and his hair all in fire and flames.

“What’s to be done here?” said the master in an angry tone. The fire was instantly extinguished on Waldmann’s head, and he stood in a humble posture before his master, excusing himself by saying that he was only amusing the children. But the children ran crying to their father, and told him that he had terrified them with frightful faces, and ran to them now with a ram’s head and now a dog’s—“’Tis enough,” said Frederick to him—“depart, friend—we dwell no longer under the same roof.” And he therewith took him by the arm, and pushed him out of the house and beyond the garden, telling the children to remain quiet in the chamber and not terrify themselves any more, as their father was now come and they were as safe as in Abraham’s bosom.

The strange servant made no resistance, but as he now stood beside Frederick on the wintry ground he said laughing, “Hear! master! suppose we strike a fresh bargain, I have, I confess, made a great disturbance, but it shall not happen again; I fell unfor-

turnately into a fit of my old humour." "For your own pleasure," said Frederick; "but you might have terrified my children out of their senses. There is an end of our contract." "My half year is not yet expired," said Waldmann arguing, "and I insist on going back to the house." "Thou shalt not again touch my threshold," said Frederick; "thou hast broken the contract by playing thy accursed pranks; but I will pay thee thy full wages—there they are—take them and depart." "My full wages," said the goblin with a contemptuous laugh; "hast thou then forgotten my treasures in the mountains?" "'Tis more on my own account than thine," said Frederick; "I don't wish to remain in any one's debt." And with that he forced the money into Waldmann's pocket. "And what will become of the Haunted Field," said Waldmann, with an angry look." "What God wills," said Frederick. "I would rather lose fifty fields than that you should injure one hair of my childrens' heads. Away with thee, or I shall serve thee in a manner thou wilt not like." "Softly," said the goblin, "when spirits such as I assume a man's form it is generally a strong one, and thou might'st perhaps come the worst off in such a contest, and then God be merciful to thee!" "That he has ever been, and has given me a good strength of arm as thou shalt find. Back to thy mountains, thou odious brute—I warn thee for the last time." On this the goblin attacked

Frederick in a furious manner, and an obstinate contest ensued. They wrestled and threw each other without the victory being decided for the one or the other, until at last Frederick by a masterly stroke brought his opponent to the ground, and kneeling on his breast he began to beat him with his fists, exclaiming, "I'll teach thee how to attack thy master, thou accursed mountain spirit!"

Rubezahl, however, laughed so heartily at this, that Frederick, thinking that he was mocking him, repeated his blows with renewed vigour, until the goblin at last cried out—"Enough, enough! I was not laughing at thee, but at myself, and cry mercy!"—"That's another matter," said Frederick, "rise then," and he helped him up on his legs. "I have had a sufficient trial of human life," said the spirit, laughing—"none of my kind, I think, ever carried the sport so far.—But hark! friend, thou must nevertheless allow I made a brave resistance; for thou know'st I could easily have called a host of mountain spirits to my aid had I so pleased. Truly I am almost killed with laughing."

Frederick stood regarding the merry Rubezahl, and said, "You will I fancy bear me a grudge, and send me ill luck not only in the Haunted Field, but in other matters; but still I cannot repent of what I have done. I have only exercised my just authority and protected my children. Were it to happen again

I should treat thee in the same way." "No, no," said Rubezahl, "do not give yourself that trouble—I have had enough for this time. But listen to my words—go on working thy Haunted Field, and I promise thee not the shadow of a goblin shall henceforth be seen in it as long as the Riesenbergr stands, and so farewell and prosper, my honest strong-fisted master."

And on this, with a familiar nod, he disappeared, and Frederick during the remainder of his life never saw him again. But Rubezahl kept his word to the full and more. An unheard of prosperity began to manifest itself in all the affairs of Frederick, and he became in a short time the richest farmer in the village. And when the children played in the Haunted Field, which both they and Sabine now walked in without fear, they would often relate how the good Waldmann had appeared to them and told them humorous tales, and how they found choice confectionaries, or beautiful carved toys, or golden ducats in their pockets on their return home.

LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

THE MANDRAKE.

THERE arrived one fine summer evening in the city of Venice, the far-famed commercial queen of Italy, a young German merchant of the name of Reichard, a joyous and spirited boon companion. This happened at the time when almost all the German states were disturbed by the thirty years' war, and on that account the young merchant, who longed for a pleasant journey, was not a little rejoiced that his business led him for a season into Italy, where wars were not so frequent, and where, as he had heard, he should find the richest wines and the most delicious fruits, to say nothing of the women whose beauty is so justly celebrated.

The first thing he did on his arrival was to hire a gondola, and he soon became immersed in all the gaieties of Venice, and found no want of companions to share his festivities. Day after day passed in reiterated pleasures, and in the society of a set of joyous comrades, all of whom evinced the utmost hilarity, during their carousals, one only excepted. This was a Spanish captain, who was indeed a par-

taker in all the sumptuous entertainments that Reichard gave to his friends, but he was observed seldom to exchange a bow with any one, and a settled gloom, from some cause or other, seemed at all times to pervade his countenance. The company, however, never reproached him with this, as he was a person of rank and character, and was moreover accustomed frequently to defray the whole expence of their nightly banquets.

Notwithstanding this latter circumstance, and that the young merchant became more sparing in his hospitality, than he had been on his first arrival in Venice, still his money began to fail, and he saw with no little uneasiness of mind, that a course of life so licentious and extravagant must soon come to an end, and his money be all expended.

As his case was no uncommon one to his comrades, they only laughed at his disconsolate situation, and passed their jokes on his downcast looks, while at the same time they joined together in consuming the small remainder of his means. It was at this time, that the Spanish captain one evening kindly drew Reichard aside, and entering into a friendly conversation with him, led him into an unfrequented spot in the suburbs of the city. The young merchant felt no little uneasiness at this proceeding, but, thought he, my comrade knows he has nothing to expect from

me but my skin, and that might cost him more trouble than it is worth.

But the Spanish captain seating himself on the ruins of an ancient and mouldering castle, motioned the young merchant to him and thus addressed him : " It appears," said he, " my much esteemed young friend, that you are deficient in a quality which to me is become almost a burthen. I mean the power of possessing at any one moment as large a sum of money as you could wish, and of repeating this as often as you please. Now this privilege, and many other things to boot, I will dispose of to you for a very reasonable sum."

Reichard on hearing this avowal, said with surprise : " What wish, then, can you have for money from me, when you thus throw away the power of possessing it at will?"

" The case is this," said the Spanish captain. " I know not whether you are acquainted with a certain little creature, which they call a Mandrake. It is a very diminutive black looking imp, enclosed in a vial. Whoever possesses one of these creatures may by its means obtain whatever is most desirable in life, particularly an unbounded quantity of money. In return the Mandrake requires the soul of the possessor for his master Lucifer, provided he dies without having transferred the Mandrake into other hands. This can only be done by selling it, and that too for a smaller

sum than the possessor himself has given for it. Mine cost me ten ducats, and if you will give me nine for it, 'tis your's."

Whilst the young Reichard was considering this proposal within himself, the Spaniard thus continued his speech. "It would be an easy matter," said he, "for me to deceive any person with this glass and pass it off as an article of another kind, as indeed happened to myself, who received it at the hands of an unprincipled merchant. But I wish to keep a clear conscience, and therefore make this honorable and open proposal to you. You are yet young and capable of enjoying life, and will have opportunities sufficient to rid yourself of the thing, in case it should become burthensome to you, as it has done to me."

"Excuse me, Sir," answered Reichard again, "I hope you will not take it amiss, but I am very much on my guard, from the number of times I have been cheated since I arrived in this same city of Venice."

"How now, young fool," said the Spaniard in an angry tone; "you need only recollect the feast of last night, and then reflect for a moment, whether it was worth my while to become a cheat for the sake of nine beggarly ducats."

"Who treats well, must pay well," said the young merchant modestly, "and a handicraft only, not a purse, has a golden bottom. As you last night ex-

pended all your money, my nine ducats may be very acceptable to you."

"You may think yourself well off," said the Spaniard, "that I do not this moment cut your throat. But I forbear, in the hopes that you will rid me of this little Mandrake."

"Will you allow me a trial of it," said the young merchant with prudent foresight.

"How can that be," said the captain, "I have already explained to you that it will neither remain with, nor serve any one who has not previously paid a just price for it."

The young merchant was embarrassed. The darkness of the night, and the loneliness of the spot inspired a fear in his mind, although the captain assured him he should not attempt to force the purchase on him, on account of the hard conditions annexed. At the same time all the delights that the possession of the little Mandrake would make him master of floated before his eyes, and he at length resolved to venture one half of his remaining money in the purchase, first seeing if he could obtain it at a lower rate.

"Thou fool!" said the captain, "it is for thine own benefit, and that of those thou may'st hereafter sell it to, that I fix the highest possible price, that it may not be so soon sold for the lowest possible coin, and the purchaser's soul become the property of

Lucifer, when he is not able to sell it for a less sum than that at which he bought it."

"Aye, well!" said Reichard laughing, "I shall not sell the wonderful thing, depend upon it. If you will let me have it now for five ducats." "Even so, for my own sake," said the captain, "although it shortens the little imp's period of service, and brings perdition the sooner on some poor soul or other."

And on this he handed over to the young man, on payment of the purchase money, a small thin glass vial, in which Reichard by the light of the stars could observe a little black object frisking and frolicking about.

He immediately put his new purchase to the proof, and on wishing for it, found the sum he had laid out doubled, and grasped the ten ducats in his hand. He then repaired in high glee to the tavern, where he found the rest of the company still drinking, and all wondered to see their two comrades, who had left them in low spirits, return with such glad countenances. But the Spaniard soon took leave without stopping to partake of a sumptuous supper which Reichard ordered to be prepared, although it was then late in the night, first paying the mistrustful host before hand, for by aid of the little Mandrake both his pockets were now ringing with ducats.

They whose boundless desires would lead them to possess a charm like the little Mandrake, may best

conceive what a life of pleasure the young merchant led from this time forth. But a prudent and pious mind will easily imagine that it was highly profligate and licentious. The first thing he did was to attach himself to a former flame, the beautiful Lucretia. He purchased for her a castle and two delightful villas, and procured for her and himself every possible luxury of life.

Now it happened one day that he sat with his mistress Lucretia in the gardens of one of his country houses, on the bank of a swift running brook. The time was spent in laughing and jesting, until Lucretia suddenly and unexpectedly seized the little Mandrake, which Reichard kept in his breast fastened to a golden chain. Before he could prevent it she had already broken the chain and held the little flask against the light. At first she could not help laughing at the frolicksome caperings of the little black imp, but suddenly exclaimed with a cry of affright, "Ah ! what a horrid toad !" and flung chain and flask and the little Mandrake altogether into the brook, where the rapid stream soon swept it from their eyes.

The unfortunate young merchant endeavoured to hide his chagrin, lest his mistress should ask him farther respecting it, and might perhaps denounce him to justice for witchcraft. He passed it off, therefore, as a curiosity, and as soon as possible disengaged

himself from Lucretia to consider in private what steps were most advisable to take. He still possessed the castle and the two country houses, and he had also a considerable quantity of ducats left in his purse. But how agreeably was he surprized when the first thing he found, on putting his hand into his pocket, was the vial with the little Mandrake! The golden chain indeed was left at the bottom of the brook, but the vial and the little imp were duly returned to their rightful owner. He could not avoid a sudden exclamation of joy, "And now," said he, "I possess a treasure of which no power on earth can rob me!" And he would have pressed the dear little vial to his lips, if the little jumping imp had not looked so grim at him.

But if Reichard had before led an abandoned life it was now ten times more so. He looked down with pity and contempt on all the potentates and rulers of the earth, convinced that there was not one who could command so many pleasures of life as he. In the luxurious city of Venice no one could count so many rarities of the table as were to be found at his costly banquets. And whenever any moderate man admonished him for his extravagance---"Reichard is my name, and my riches (Reichtham) are so boundless that no expence in the world can exhaust them." And he would often laugh at the Spanish captain in an extravagant manner, for having parted with so

invaluable a treasure, and for having afterwards, as was reported, retired into a monastery.

But all things on earth endure *only* for a season, and this truth the young Reichard was doomed to experience, and so much the sooner as he abandoned himself to every kind of sensual pleasure. An unconquerable lassitude seized on his exhausted powers, in spite of the little Mandrake which he on the first day of his illness called ten times in vain to his assistance. No relief, however, came to him, but in the night he was visited by a terrible dream.

It seemed to him as if one of the medicine bottles at the side of his bed suddenly began to dance, striking with violence all the other vials that surrounded it. On further observation Reichard recognised the vial with the Mandrake, and said---“How now, little Mandrake, dost thou not only refuse to help me, but must break my medicine vials into the bargain?” But the little Mandrake began to sing in the vial thus :---

Hey! little Reichard, Reichardlein, come,
Be patient, and bear thine eternal doom;
We will find thee plenty of room.
The devil a bit will he help the sick,
'Gainst death avails neither herb nor stick,
Mine thou art, however thou kick!

And he thereon began to grow suddenly long and thin, and in spite of all Reichard could do, crept out

through the pitcher cork, and through his fingers, and became a huge black demon, who began a horrible dance, flapping his broad bat-like wings, and at length laid his heaving breast on Reichard's breast, and glued his grim face so fast and so close to Reichard's face that Reichard believed he was growing like him, and cried out for a looking-glass. He awoke in an agony of fright, and in a cold perspiration, and thought he saw a black toad run with great haste from his breast and hide itself in his bed clothes. He felt in the bed, shuddering, but found only the vial, but he observed the little black imp seemed exhausted and lay dormant.

Alas, what a long night was this to the poor sick patient! He dared not trust himself to fall asleep, lest the black monster should again surprise him, and yet he dared scarcely open his eyes lest it should be lurking in some corner or other of his apartment. If he closed his eyes for a moment he imagined the monster had secretly got into his bed, and he sprang up from it in horror. He rang again and again for his servants, but their sleep was not to be broken, and the fair Lucretia since he had been sick, was no longer to be seen in his chamber. So he was left all alone to his miseries, which were the more heightened when he thus reflected---Ah God! thought he, if this night be so long in its duration, how long will be the endless night of hell! He resolved therefore, if God

should spare his life till morning, to rid himself at all risks of the Mandrake.

When morning at length appeared, he felt himself somewhat refreshed and invigorated by the cheerful light, and began to consider whether he had yet turned the Mandrake to all possible advantage. The castle and the villas, with their furniture, did not seem to him sufficient, and he instantly desired a huge heap of ducats under his pillow, and as soon as he found his wishes fulfilled he began to consider where he should find a purchaser for his vial. His physician, he recollected, had a number of natural curiosities preserved in spirits, and he was in hopes to add the little Mandrake to his collection, as an object of that description, well knowing that the doctor was himself a pious man, and would have nothing to say to it in its real shape. He could not indeed conceal from himself that he was playing the poor devil a sad trick; but said he to himself,—“better to incur a small sin that may be washed away in purgatory than to deliver one’s self up irrevocably to the devil. Charity begins at home, and my desperate case admits of no delay.” Having made this resolve he straightways carried the little Mandrake to the doctor. It had by this time recovered all its wonted agility and played a thousand frolicsome tricks in the glass, which attracted not a little the doctor’s admiration. He observed it more narrowly and evinced

his desire to become possessed of so singular a *lusus naturæ*, as he termed it, if the price were not beyond his means. Reichard, in order to satisfy his own conscience to the utmost of his power, put as high a price on it as he could, and four ducats, two dollars and twenty groschen was the price he asked. The Doctor however, refused to give more than three ducats, and moreover, required a couple of days to consider of it. On this the young man fell afresh into an agony and bloody sweat. He at once renounced the Mandrake, received three ducats in exchange, and immediately distributed them among the poor by the hands of his servants. He, however, concealed the gold that was under his pillow as well as he could, believing that all the prosperity of his future life depended on it.

He had now a second attack of his fever. He lay almost in a state of constant delirium, and if he had not been rid of the burthen of the Mandrake would certainly have died through terror. He began at length to recover, and his convalescence was only retarded by his anxiety respecting the ducats, which he had hidden under his pillow, but which from the time he first recovered his senses, he had looked for in vain. At first he was scrupulous of asking any person respecting them, but when he did he could obtain no tidings of them. He sent to the fair Lucretia, who he believed had visited him in his illness, but

she returned for answer, that she knew nothing of the matter, and said, she supposed from the question, that he was still raving. He arose in a melancholy mood, and resolved to convert his castle and villas into money. But to his surprize he found them in the possession of persons who exhibited to him a release for the purchase money under his own hand and seal, for he had in an unlucky hour, given the artful Lucretia a carte blanche, and saw himself now reduced to poverty, and so straightway packed up his few articles to wander forth a poor beggar. At this moment the physician who had cured him, appeared before him with a very grave countenance. "Ah! Doctor," cried the young man in tribulation, "I entreat you, as you would become celebrated in your profession, to furnish me with a speedy poison, for I know not where to buy a loaf to save me from starvation." "Do not despair," said the Doctor, with a composed aspect, "I will present you with the cost of my attendance. But here is a new medicine which I have inclosed in this box, and which is requisite to strengthen your constitution in future, and for this you must, if you please, pay me two ducats." "With all my heart," said the young merchant and paid the sum to the Doctor, who immediately quitted the room. As soon now as Reichard put his hand into the box he felt the Mandrake vial between his fingers,

and a ticket was attached to it with the following lines.

"I wish'd to cure thy body's smart,
Thou laids't thy snares for soul and heart,
Yet conscience quickly told me true,
The wicked scheme you had in view,
So pray leave off your counter-trick,
I hand you back your Mandrake quick,
It likes me ill—this kind of truck—
A gallows imp for gallows' luck."

The young Reichard at first shuddered when he found he had again purchased the Mandrake, and that too at a very low price. At the same time he was not without some feelings of joy; and as he was determined to rid himself of it again on the first opportunity, he resolved by its means, to revenge himself on his mistress Lucretia, and punish her for her inconstancy and neglect.

And this he effected in the following manner. In the first place, he wished to have in his pockets double the number of ducats which he had placed under his pillow, and which in an instant almost weighed him down to the ground. The whole of this large sum he placed in the hands of a neighbouring money scrivener, and took an acknowledgement for it, reserving only to himself one hundred and twenty gold pieces, with which he repaired to the residence

of his Lucretia. With her he immediately renewed a life of dissipation, as he had done some months before; and Lucretia won by the re-appearance of his treasures, pretended a revival of her attachment. Reichard one day, when the little Mandrake was playing all kinds of frolicsome tricks in the vial, shewed it to his astonished mistress, as the same kind of creature as the one she had formerly thrown into the water, and of which he said he possessed many varieties. With the curiosity natural to women, she was seized with a sudden wish to possess it; and as the crafty young man said he must have gold for it, she thoughtlessly gave him a ducat as its value. When the bargain was concluded, Reichard straightway left the house, and called upon the money-scrivener for a part of the sum he had lodged with him. But he did not replenish his purse in that quarter, for the scrivener regarding him with surprise, declared he had never seen him before. Reichard now took the receipt out of his pocket, but found to his great consternation that it was a naked and blank piece of paper. The scrivener had in fact written his receipt with a prepared ink, of which, after the lapse of a few hours, not the slightest trace was left. The young man thus saw himself again unexpectedly reduced, and would have been a beggar, if he had not happened to have retained ninety ducats, the remains of his prodigality. He that has too short a bed must

lie close; and he that has none must lie on the ground; he that has no chariot must ride on horse-back; and he that has no horse must travel on foot. So after spending some days in idleness, Reichard saw that in that way his money must soon come to an end, and that from being an opulent merchant he was now reduced to the sorry condition of a poor pedlar.

He therefore looked out for a pack for his goods, and procured another for the remainder of his money. It was with bitter feelings that he now strapped his pack on his shoulders, and offered his wares for sale in the same streets which a few weeks before had witnessed his pride and consequence. He was every where well received, and many persons offered him more for his goods than he himself expected. The citizens are very kind, thought he to himself, and if I can continue in this way, a little time will repair my lost fortunes. I will then return home to my native country, and the more happy, for having escaped the snares of the accursed Mandrake, and extricated myself by prudence and caution.

In this happy mood he repaired in the evening to a tavern, and there laid down his boxes. Some of the guests came around him; one of whom more inquisitive than the rest, said, "What curious thing is that, friend, that you have in the vial, that seems to play so many antics?" Reichard turned round, and

now saw to his great horror, that among some other boxes which he had purchased, he had bought one which contained the Mandrake. He instantly offered it to this man for three groschen, as he had given four for it, and to all around for the same price. But they all viewed the little black imp with disgust, as he did not inform them to what purpose it might be applied; and as he was incessant in crying his poor wares, and interrupted their conversation, they at last turned the hapless pedlar with his boxes, and his little black imp, out of doors.

He then repaired in great trepidation to the man who had sold him the casket, and offered him back the little Satan for a small sum. But the man was going to bed, and said he recollected nothing of the business, but that if he wished to return the odious vial to its original possessor, he must send it to Lucretia, who had sold him this with some other toys; and so bade him a good night.

"Happy man!" sighed Reichard deeply, "that canst thus sleep in peace!" As he was near crossing the great square to go to Lucretia's house, he thought he heard something rustling behind him, and ready to leap on his neck. He rushed forward in affright, and entered Lucretia's apartment by a well known secret door. His shameless mistress was seated amidst a company of new admirers. At first they exclaimed at the rudeness of the pedlar. The company then

bought nearly the whole of his goods for Lucretia, who now recognized him, and indulged her mirth at his ridiculous appearance. None, however, would purchase the Mandrake; and as he offered it to them once more, "Away with the loathsome toad," said Lucretia, "I have already had it in my possession, and sold it for some groschen to a beggarly pedlar like this, who persuaded me to give him a ducat for it." "As you value your good fortune," said the young merchant in an agony, "you know not what you throw away, Lucretia. Let me speak with you alone for five minutes and I will warrant, you will to a certainty purchase the vial."

She accordingly stepped on one side with him, and he then discovered to her the wonderful properties of the Mandrake. But she began forthwith to exclaim, "Do you take me for a fool, you dissolute vagabond. If what you say were true, you would have wished something better from Satan than this box and these straps; away, or I will denounce you as a sorcerer, and have you burnt at the stake in spite of all your boasting."

The two lovers of Lucretia in order to please their mistress then fell on the terrified young man, and thrust him down stairs, so that, what with rage at this treatment and the apprehension of being burnt as a wizard, he made all haste to quit the city of Venice. By noon next day he had passed beyond the territo-

ries of the state, and then stood on the borders execrating the city as the source of all his misfortunes.

In the violence of his gesticulations he happened to snatch the little Mandrake out of his pocket. "Now, you good for nothing wretch," said he, "I will speedily turn you to account, and that too to get rid of you the sooner."

And he immediately wished for himself an untold sum of gold, still greater than the last, and so holding his pockets he secretly approached the best city that offered itself. He there purchased a splendid equipage, hired servants, and proceeded on his journey in pomp and magnificence, towards Rome. He there felt assured he should be able to rid himself of the little Mandrake amidst such a crowd of men of various desires and manners. As often now as he expended his ducats he took care to replenish his purse by the Mandrake, in order that when he sold the vial he might have the whole sum undiminished. This seemed to him only a just compensation for the anxiety which he suffered; for not only was he persecuted by the visits of the horrible black fiend in the night, but he also saw that the little Mandrake danced so madly in the vial that he now considered his prey as almost certain, and the expiration of his imprisonment as near at hand.

His riches and his liberal expenditure had no sooner introduced him among the best society in

Rome than he began to seek an opportunity of selling the Mandrake. He invariably offered it to every person he met for three groschen, German money, and soon became the laughing stock of the community. Gold however makes friends. He every where met with a warm reception on account of his riches; but as soon as he began to speak of the *vial* and the three groschen, German money, people smiled at him and got out of his company, so that he sometimes said, "I might as well sell myself to the devil altogether, for people think I more than half belong to him already."

A despair so terrible at length seized on him that he could no longer stay in Rome, and he resolved to seek his fortune in war, and to see if he could not by that means rid himself of the Mandrake. He heard that two Italian states were engaged in hostilities, and so earnestly prepared himself to take part with one or the other. Provided with a beautiful cuirass bordered with gold, a superb hat and feather, two choice light muskets, a well tempered and brilliant sword, and two highly ornamented daggers, he rode out of the gates mounted on a fine Spanish horse, followed by three well-armed attendants on noble steeds.

We may well imagine that a cavalier so gallantly armed, and moreover willing to serve without pay, would meet with a welcome reception in any camp.

The brave Reichard was immediately appointed to a company, and now led the life of a gallant soldier, and was as happy as his anxiety from possessing the Mandrake and the persecuting nightly dreams, would let him be. Instructed by his ill success in Rome, he was now cautious in pressing on his friends his merchandise. Indeed he did not mention the matter to any of his comrades, in order the more unexpectedly to conclude a bargain with them on some day or other.

One fine morning a firing was heard from the neighbouring hills. The officers who were at play with Reichard threw down their dice, and instantly the trumpets sounded to horse throughout the camp. Every one being now mounted, and falling into order, they proceeded towards the foot of the hills. There they saw the infantry on both sides already engaged, and the enemy's cavalry coming down on the plain. Reichard's spirits were excited, as his high-mettled charger neighed and pawed the ground, and the leaders gave the word of command and the trumpets sounded. A squadron of the enemy's horse advanced against them to intercept them, but were routed immediately, and Reichard, with his brave followers, were not the last to pursue. But suddenly they heard a strange whistling in the air—many horses fell. It was heard again, and a knight and his horse were overthrown and lay, struck by a cannon ball, in their blood. Reichard now thought he should be safer

with the larger body, when to his surprise he found it close behind him advancing to attack the cannon. The brave young soldier held his place for some time, but when he saw the shot falling thickly around him, and a large body of the enemy's cavalry approaching with drawn swords: "What folly is this," he said to himself, "to be found here, for here I am still more likely to meet my death than in a sick bed, and if one of those accursed whistling balls hit me, I am the Mandrake's and the devil's for ever." And he had scarcely uttered these words, than he turned round his Spanish horse, gave him the reins and the spur, and fled to a neighbouring wood.

He pushed his horse forwards under the high trees until he stood still, exhausted. He then dismounted, unbuckled his cuirass and armour, took off his horse's bridle and saddle, and said as he threw himself on the grass: "I must think no more of fighting as long as I have this little Mandrake in my pocket." He then began to consider what course he should take, but soon fell into a deep slumber.

After some hours quiet sleep, a whispering as of men's voices, and a sound like approaching steps came upon his ear. He was however heedlessly composing himself to fresh slumbers, when a thundering voice cried out, "Wretch, art thou dead or alive? speak, before this powder be wasted on thee." He now opened his eyes and saw a musket presented

to his breast. He that held it was a fierce-looking soldier, who with his comrades stood around him, having already seized on his horse and accoutrements. Reichard cried out for quarter, and entreated in the greatest agony that if they were determined to shoot him, they would first buy from him a vial in the right hand side pocket of his waistcoat. "What a strange fool!" said one of the soldiers, "buy it, I shall not, but shall take it nevertheless!" and so immediately seized the Mandrake and put it in his breast. "In God's name," said Reichard, "if you would keep the creature you must buy it, otherwise it will not stay with you." The soldiers laughed and withdrew with the horse and other plunder, without troubling themselves further about Reichard whom they thought to be mad. He however felt in his pocket, and there found the Mandrake safe as usual. He then called out to them and shewed them the vial. The soldier who had carried it off put his hand in his breast, and not finding it ran back and took it afresh. "I tell thee," said Reichard agitated, "it will not stay with thee by these means, give me but the smallest farthing for it." "Yes, yes, Mr. Conjuror," said the soldier laughing, "but don't think to rob me in that manner of my hard-earned money," and running after the others he held the vial carefully in his hand. On a sudden, however, he stopped and cried: "The devil! 'tis gone again." As he was

looking for it in the grass, Reichard again called to him: "Come back again, for here it is again in my pocket." When the soldier saw this he now first conceived a real desire of possessing the Mandrake, which now as usual when it changed hands seemed full of play and frolic, for by these means it knew its servitude was drawing nearer to an end.

The three groschen seemed to the soldier too much, on which Reichard impatiently cried out: "Well then, niggard, since you so wish it, let it be a bargain; give me then one and take your purchase." And so the bargain was concluded, the money paid, and the little Satan transferred. Whilst the soldier stood still to examine and laugh at the creature, Reichard was reflecting on his future destiny. He stood there with a light heart indeed, but light pockets also, and without a prospect of any good employment; for he did not venture to return to the squadron where he had left his servants, arms, horses, and money. At one time he felt ashamed at his dastardly flight, and at another he thought he might perhaps be pursued as a deserter. It then occurred to him that he might join the troops to which these soldiers belonged. From their discourse he had found that they served the opposite party, where nobody would know him, and he felt well enough disposed now that he was rid of his Mandrake, and all his gold, to venture his life for a good booty. He

therefore made an offer which was accepted and he departed with his new comrades to their camp.

The commander did not hesitate to engage a tall active well-grown young man like Reichard, and he now lived for a considerable time henceforth as a soldier. But he was oftentimes not a little dejected in his mind. Since the last battle the armies on both sides remained inactive, as negotiations were pending between the hostile states; there was indeed no danger of being killed, but at the same time there was little opportunity for booty and plunder. The soldiers were obliged to live quietly in their camp on their small pay and their poor rations. Now it happened that many of the soldiers had enriched themselves by spoil in the late campaign, while Reichard, once so caressed by fortune, was almost the only one among them who lived like a beggar. He naturally soon became weary of such a life, and one day as he received his small monthly pay, (too small to procure any pleasure and too much not to attempt something with,) he resolved to repair to the sutler's tent, and there try whether the dice would not be more favorable to him than commerce and war had hitherto been.

The game took its usual chequered course, and the wine passed freely round till late in the night, when at last all the dice seemed to conspire against the half-intoxicated Reichard. His pay was staked and lost,

and no one would now give him credit for a halfpenny. He now felt in all his pockets, and as he there found nothing, he felt at last in his cartridge-box, but there met with nothing but his cartridges. These he drew forth and staked them in play, and as the dice were falling saw that his opponent was the same soldier who had bought from him the Mandrake, and by whose aid his antagonist was certain to win. He would have called halt! but the dice fell and decided the cast in favor of his opponent. He departed to his tent, muttering curses as he went against his bad fortune. One of his comrades who had also lost his money, but was more sober than he, took him by the arm. This man asked Reichard by the way whether he had got a stock of cartridges in his tent. "No," said the enraged Reichard, "if I had any more stuff I should try my luck again." "Then," said his comrade, "you must prepare some, for if the commissary comes to examine and finds a soldier without cartridges he will order him to be shot forthwith." "That were a bad case," said Reichard with an oath, "for I have neither cartridges nor money." "Well" said his comrade, "the commissary will not come before next month." "Ho! that is well," said Reichard, "before then I shall have my pay again, and can buy cartridges enough." On this they bade each other good night, and Reichard began to sleep off the fumes of his wine.

He had not however lain long, when the corporal called out—"Holla! a muster in the morning, and the commissary will be in camp at break of day!" Reichard was by this suddenly roused out of his sleep. The cartridges came across his half inebriated senses, and he anxiously enquired of his comrades in the tent if no one would lend him some, or sell him some on credit. They however all called him an idle drunkard and bade him go back to his bed. In the greatest apprehension of being shot in the morning, he sought again through all his clothes for money, but could find no more than five farthings. With them he ran from tent to tent in the dark night to purchase cartridges. Some laughed, others swore, but no one complied with his wishes. At last he came to a tent where he heard the voices of the soldiers who had the day before won the cartridges from him. "Comrade," said Reichard, touchingly, "you must help me or none. You yesterday took from me all I had, and in the morning if the commissary finds no cartridges by me he will order me to be shot, and you will have my death at your door. Then for God's sake lend me some, or borrow, or sell me some." "I have made an oath against giving and borrowing," said his comrade, "but to get rid of thee I will sell thee some. How much money have you left?"—"Five farthings," answered Reichard sorrowfully. "There then," said the soldier, "and that you may be convinced that I am a good natured fellow, I will

give you five cartridges for your five farthings, but now begone, and leave me and my tent in quiet." He reached him the cartridges out of the tent, and Reichard gave him the money, and then slept in peace till morning.

The muster-roll was called, and Reichard passed by means of his five cartridges. Towards noon the commissary departed, and the soldiers withdrew to their camp. But the sun shone so intolerably hot that Reichard's comrades repaired to the sutler's tent, whilst he himself remained sitting with a piece of dry bread in his hand, sick and fatigued with the exercise of the day. "Alas!" said he, "that I had but one of all the ducats I have so lavishly and so foolishly expended." And he had scarcely expressed this wish, when he found a bright new ducat in his left hand. A thought of the Mandrake instantly shot through his mind, and embittered the joy which he felt at the sight of the golden ducat. At this moment his comrade who had sold him the cartridges came in haste into his tent. "Friend," said he, "the vial with the little black tumbler, the one you remember which I bought from you in the forest, is escaped from me, and I may perhaps have by accident given it you for a cartridge, for I lapped it in paper and laid it among my cartridges." Reichard looked carefully in his cartridge box, and in the first folded paper, he found the small vial. "Now that is well," said the soldier, "I would not willingly lose the thing, though it looks

so disagreeable, for it seems to me as if it always brought me good luck. There, comrade, take back thy farthing, and give me the creature." Reichard cheerfully granted his request and the soldier returned rejoicing to the sutler's tent.

But the poor Reichard was very miserable since he had seen the Mandrake again; nay, and had it in his hands, and carried it about with him. In every folding of the canvas he thought he saw it smiling at him, and that it might probably strangle him in his sleep. Although he was in want of refreshment, he threw away the ducat he had wished for, and as he thought the Mandrake might possibly conceal itself in his tent, he rushed out in the evening and sought a thick shady wood where he fell down exhausted with fear and fatigue. "Alas," said he, "that I had but a canteen with water to quench my thirst." And instantly a canteen with water stood by him. First after looking at it with much longing, he asked himself where the canteen could come from. The Mandrake then crossed his mind, and he anxiously felt in his pocket, and finding the vial there, he fell into a fit of terror and into a deep sleep. During his sleep he was visited by the same horrible dreams as before, and the Mandrake seemed to grow larger and longer, and to lay itself grinning on his breast. He was about to remonstrate with it, as it did not now belong to him, but the Mandrake said with a hollow

laugh, " You bought me for a farthing and you must sell me for something less, else the bargain is void."

He then looked upwards with affright and thought he saw again the shadow retiring to the vial in his pocket. Half bewildered he hurled the vial down a precipice, but found it instantly again in his pocket. " Alas, alas," he cried, " once it was my joy and my treasure that it was always returned to me, out of the water or out of the deep; now it is my torment, my eternal torment!" And he began to run through the dark wood; and struck himself against the trees and the stones, and heard at every step the vial rattling in his pocket.

At break of day he arrived at a beautiful cultivated plain. He was very heavy at heart, and he began to hope that all was nothing more than a disordered dream; and perhaps the vial in his pocket might be no more than a common one. He drew it out of his pocket and held it against the morning sun, and there to his horror he saw the little black Satan dancing between him and the joyful light, and stretching out its misformed arms towards him like a pair of tongs. He uttered a loud shriek and let it fall to the ground, but the next moment again heard it rattling in his pocket. His only chance now, was to procure a piece of money below the value of a farthing, but he enquired in vain, so that he began to lose all hope of selling the horrible

dwarf who now soon threatened to become his master. He would no longer ask any thing from the detestable little imp, and his anxiety deprived him of all exertion, so that he was obliged to beg his way all through Italy. While he looked so distracted, and moreover was always asking after half farthings, every one took him for a madman, and called him the crazy half-farthing man, under which name he was known far and wide.

It is said that the kite sometimes pounces on the roe, and buries its talons in its neck, while the poor animal runs madly through the brakes struggling in vain to escape from its fiend-like enemy. So it happened to poor Reichard with the satanic imp in his pocket, and as it would excite your compassion too strongly to relate all his misery, I will say no more of his long and helpless flight, but tell what befell him after the lapse of several months.

He had one day wandered to the side of a wild mountain, and seated himself sorrowful and silent by a little stream that pursued its course through the tangled brakes, and seemed to wish to soothe him by its gentle murmurs. Suddenly the tramp of a horse was heard on the adjoining rocks, and a tall, black, wild-looking horse, bearing on his back a man of gigantic figure in a blood-red gorgeous dress, approached the place where Reichard sate.—“Why so sorrowful, friend,” said the stranger, addressing the wretched and despairing youth, “one would sup-

pose thou wert a merchant and had bought something at too high a price."

"Too low, alas, on the contrary," said Reichard, with a feeble trembling voice.

"So I believe," said the stranger, with a horrible laugh; "and have you ever such a thing as a Mandrake to sell? or am I mistaken when I conjecture you to be the mad, half-farthing man?"

The young man scarcely dared to allow his assent to this question escape his pallid lips, expecting every moment that the rider's cloak would expand with blood dropping wings, and that his horse would turn into a black monster, snorting flames of fire, and bear him, a poor miserable wretch, to the mansions of eternal torment.

But the rider said in a somewhat milder tone and with less horrible gesture, "I see for whom you take me, but be comforted, I am not that person. On the contrary, I may perhaps help you out of his clutches, for I have now been seeking you for some days past in order to purchase your little imp from you. You have indeed unhappily given too little for it, and I myself am not acquainted with a coin of a lower denomination. But listen and attend to my words. On the other side of yonder mountain there dwells a valiant young prince: to-morrow morning I will send against him a horrid monster, as soon as I have separated him from his followers in the chase.

Remain thou here till midnight, and depart just as the moon appears over yonder rock, and pursue thy way along the dark ridge to the left, delay not, hasten not, and thou shalt come to the spot at the very moment when the wild beast has the prince under his claws. Attack the monster without fear and he will flee, and straightway plunge into the sea; then beg as a favor from the grateful prince that he will order some half-farthings to be coined for you, give me two in exchange, and for one of them will the little imp be mine."

So spoke the grisly horseman, and without waiting for an answer, rode slowly off into the forest.

But where shall I find thee, when I have got the half-farthings," cried Reichard after him. "At the Black Fountain," said the stranger: "any child can tell you where it is:"—and with measured and gigantic steps the swarthy steed departed with his dark master.

He that has lost his all at play has nothing more to risk. Reichard, therefore, in his despair resolved to follow the advice of the grim horseman.

The night approached, and the red moon appeared over the pointed rock. The young man then arose, and proceeded along the cliff. He pursued his solitary way in the dark, except that now and then a moon-beam would glance through the cleft rocks. Reichard here felt no desire to loiter,

and he could not hasten his speed: he determined to comply as far as in his power with the horseman's request, and resolved not to lose the thread which seemed to lead him to light and hope.

After some hours the distant light of day began to beam on his dark path, and the fresh morning breeze fanned his face; but just as he was ascending from the deep path, and beginning to enjoy the sight of the forest and the blue waves of the sea that lay stretched out before him, he was alarmed by a dreadful shriek. Looking round he saw a young man in a hunter's dress, already under the fangs of an infuriated wild beast. Reichard's first impulse was to run to rescue him, but when he looked at the monster again and saw that it resembled a horrible and furious ape, and bore huge horns on its head, his courage forsook him, and he had nigh, in spite of the pitiable cries of the young man, hid himself again among the rocks; but the words of the horseman now occurred to his recollection, and animated by the fear of eternal perdition he ran and attacked the apish monster with his club. The beast had already clasped the hunter in its arms, and now threatened to gore him with its horns; but when Reichard approached, he let his prey fall and ran off with a horrible gibbering, Reichard pursuing him, till he cast himself from a precipice into the sea and disappeared under the waves.

The young man now ran back in triumph to the rescued hunter, who declared himself to be the sovereign prince of the country, and called his protector a valiant hero, requesting him to demand from him, as an acknowledgment, any thing in the world that it was in his power to grant.

“Are you really in earnest,” said Reichard rejoicing, “and will you pledge your princely honour to grant my request?”

The prince confidently assured him that he would to the utmost of his means.

“Then,” said Reichard, with tears of joy, “then for the sake of heaven, coin me a pair of half-farthings.”

As the prince stood looking at him in amazement, some of his followers came up, to whom he related all that had happened, and one of whom immediately recognized Reichard for the crazy half-farthing man, whom he had formerly seen.

The prince now began to laugh, while the poor Reichard clasped his knees in agony, imploring him to keep his word, as he should inevitably perish if he was denied the half-farthings.

But the prince replied, still laughing, “Arise, friend, I give you my princely word that I will have as many half farthings coined as you can wish for. At the same time, if farthings of one-third value are as convenient, there needs no mint for them, for my

neighbours declare my farthings are so light, that three of them generally pass for one or more of another state."

"If that were absolutely certain,"—said Reichard, doubting.

"At any rate," said the prince, "you will be the first that has found them too good: but, if that should happen, I here give you my solemn word to coin you worse, if that indeed be possible."

And he forthwith ordered one of his servants to deliver to Reichard a bushel of his farthings. Reichard ran, like one possessed, to the borders and became wild with joy, when he found in the first tavern on the road, that it was with grumbling and hesitation that any one would exchange a common farthing for the princely ones which he had selected for the experiment.

He now enquired for the Black Fountain, but the children in the tavern, who heard him, ran off in affright. The host himself told him, not without shuddering, that this was a haunted spot, frequented by evil spirits, and which few persons had ever seen, but that he knew it well. The entrance was not far distant, through a cave, with two withered cypresses before it, and no one could miss the way that ventured in; from which God prevent him and all good Christians.

Reichard now became very sorrowful again; but

resolved to exert his courage for the last time, and so commenced his way. The cave appeared horribly dark, even at a distance; the two cypresses seemed withered through horror of the hideous gulf, which discovered, as Reichard approached, a wonderful stone in its lap. He saw a number of grim visages peeping out, some of which bore a resemblance to the apish monster on the shore; but when examined, they were merely oddly formed pieces of rock. The young man entered on his way with trembling. The Mandrake in his pocket felt heavier at every step, as if it would have drawn him back; but his courage on this account increased the more, as he well knew their different interests. At last the cave became so dark that he could distinguish no more of the horrid forms. He now felt his way carefully, before him, with a staff, lest he should fall into some hidden abyss, but he found nothing but soft moss under his feet; and if it had not been for a strange whistling and croaking, he would have been exempt from all fear.

At length he emerged, and found himself in a wild mountain basin. On one side he saw the huge grisly black steed of the horseman unharnessed, and standing with his head aloft, motionless, like some brazen colossal statue. Opposite there gushed a well from the rocks, in which the horseman was washing his head and hands. But the evil stream was dark

as ink, and made every thing it touched as black as itself; for when the gigantic figure turned towards Reichard, his hideous face was as black as a Moor's, which formed a horrid contrast to his red dress. "Fear not," young man, said the grisly figure, "this is one of the ceremonies I am obliged to observe to please the devil. Every Friday I am bound to wash myself here in contempt of him whom you call Creator; and so to my sorrow when I require a new dress I must heighten the crimson of my coat with drops of my own blood, and 'tis this indeed which gives it so rich a colour. Moreover I have bound myself, body and soul, in such a manner that I have no chance of escape; and what think you the niggardly miser gives? a hundred thousand gold pieces the year. With that I can never get free, and wish for that reason to purchase thy Mandrake. And that I do to play the old curmudgeon a trick; for he has my soul already, and so the little satanic imp will return to hell, without gaining anything after his long service, which will make the old dragon mad with rage." And with this he laughed; that all the rocks resounded, and startled the huge black steed, that seemed hitherto motionless.

"And now," said he, turning himself to Reichard, "have you brought your half-farthings, comrade?"

"No comrade of yours," retorted Reichard, half trembling, and half offended, opening his purse,

“Nay, do not give yourself airs,” said the giant bargainer; who was it that set the wild beast on the prince, and enabled you to conquer him?”

“All your sorcery went for nothing,” said Reichard, and related how the prince was accustomed to coin not only half farthings, but even pieces of less value.

The red man seemed angry at having thus given himself so much unnecessary trouble about the monster. He then received three base farthings for one good one, gave Reichard of one them, and received in exchange the little black imp, which was very heavy as he was drawn out of his pocket; and lay gathered up dejected and melancholy at the bottom of the vial. The purchaser again burst into a loud laugh, and exclaimed, “That will not at all help you now, master Satan—gold! gold! as much as my black steed can walk under!” and immediately the giant’s steed groaned under a huge burthen of gold. He then received his master on his back, and walked away in the same manner that a fly ascends the walls, straight up the steep rocks, but with such horrible gestures and dislocations, that Reichard fled in all haste out of the cavern to be rid of the sight.

It was not until he had emerged on the other side of the mountain, and had nearly got out the jaws of the abyss, that a joyful feeling of his liberation first came over his spirits. He now felt a confidence in

his heart that he had expiated his first great errors, and that in future no Mandrake could attach itself to him. He lay down on the green grass for joy, caressed the flowers, and bade the sun a joyful good morning. His mind now recovered its accustomed hilarity, but divested of his former bad passions and affections. And although he might with great justice boast of having circumvented the devil, he never indulged in such self praise. On the contrary he devoted his renewed strength to honorable exertions, and attached himself to a pious and respectable course of life. And in this he succeeded so well, that after some years hard labour, he was enabled to return to his native country in the character of a substantial merchant. He there took a wife and was accustomed in his old age often to relate to his grandchildren and great grandchildren the tale of the Mandrake as a useful warning to them.

LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

HEAD MASTER RHEINFRIED AND HIS FAMILY.

"SHUT the door, Margery, my dear," said her old grandfather, "and bolt it too very carefully. Our young gentlemen students are about to jubilate in the streets to night, as neighbour Schwertfeger informs me, and it may be better for quiet people who occupy the ground floor, like us, to be something upon our guard. Meanwhile, I will look to the window shutters; it is already getting quite dark, and it is high time to light a candle."

"But how will our old lodger find his way in, then, grandfather?" said the little maiden; "you know he is still out among the pine trees, and wandering about the old heathen monuments and tombs."

"Let him rummage there, as long as he pleases, child, we cannot hinder him. And he may please, likewise, to wait awhile before the door, when he comes; for, to say truth, I do not like his ways at all, and I am sorry that I ever promised the professor, on taking the house, not to turn the strange lodger out of doors."

"Oh, grandfather! it was surely hard enough upon poor Mr. Professor to be obliged to leave his nice family house, all owing to his wicked creditors; and it vexes me to think of it. For Mr. Professor

always looks so kind and pleasant, and not so old as the other professors; then he can tell so many fine stories of by-gone times, which though they almost make one's hair stand on end, are very pretty to hear. And as to the strange lodger, he is, perhaps, much better in his heart, than he sometimes appears to me."

"May be so, child; but I wish I had stayed in my own little house. Whenever I go past it, I feel a kind of sinking at my heart; it was much pleasanter there."

"Yet I think you used to complain and groan more there, than you do here, grandfather."

"How can you make that out, Margery? You know I only removed just to please good Mr. Professor. I wish from my heart he had continued to live here instead of us; at all events he would have paid no house rent! yet he would not listen to the idea for a moment; but now, my dear, let us think of the door! see that it is made quite fast!"

Little Margery did as her grandfather bade her; she turned the key three times in the lock; slipped the bolts as far as they would go, and then both seated themselves with a feeling of quiet and security, snugly round their little hearth.

"Shall I go on reading where I left off, grandfather?" said the pretty child with a smile. The good-natured old man nodded assent, at the same time

taking out of his portfolio, his lead pencil, paper and ruler, at his accustomed hour, in order to draw designs, which he afterwards exhibited for the instruction of the young artizans, as headmaster of the joiners' trade.

For the same reason he kept but little company, living quite retired, attended only by a single maid servant, and his little granddaughter.

She had, by this time, seated herself opposite to him, began to turn over the leaves of a huge richly bound folio in parchment, and proceeded to read as follows :

“ And it likewise once happened in the famed city of the sea, at Venice, that a gondolier, whose occupation there is to row backwards and forwards in boats, hung with black, upon the canals, had taken into his service a stranger, for his rower, of uncommon size and strength. Neither the gondolier, nor any one else, could learn whence the lusty varlet had last come, nor where was his native place. Some there were, more deeply read, who observing that this huge hireling was deprived of the use of speech, though he could drink well, and hail passengers politely enough, imagined that he must be some great animal metamorphosed through the wondrous power of some sorcerer into the human shape; and that from his strength and docility, he was most likely formed out of an elephant.

“ Be that, however, as it may, the gondolier was

well satisfied with his journeyman, who, if he devoured a good deal of food, also went through as much labour; and he troubled his head very little with inquiring into his descent and country, leaving all such conjectures to the solution of the learned.

"In this proceeding, however, he could not be justified, as no Christian master and householder ought to engage any servants, whose faith, good character, and conduct are not sufficiently known to him, since he must remain accountable both to God and man for the demeanour of such domestics, or other hired persons."

Here the old man sighed deeply, and leaned down his head, white with age, upon his hand. Margery stopped and looked at him with surprize. He then recovered himself, and forcing a smile observed, "Well, my love, read on; I want nothing. I was only thinking how much better it had been, if—but go on, Margery, my dear." And Margery thus proceeded:

"About the same period there happened to pass that way, a famous necromancer, who applied to the said gondolier for three able-bodied boatmen, in order to make a long and quick passage by night. The gondolier thought he was rendering him a great service by letting him have his dumb rower for one of the hands, which he calculated at the rate of five others. This he seemed to shew by the speed with which his

gondola began to skim the waves. But just at midnight there was heard, from the vicinity of the route it was then going, a most hideous uproar, in which the voice of the great sorcerer was most loud, and resounded far over the waters. A few of the boldest young men hastened with torches and arms towards the spot. Soon they saw the form of the huge rower conspicuous on the deck, engaged in sinking his own vessel, and stamping it deeper and deeper into the waves below; at the same time he seemed to be playing at ball with the sorcerer, and at a single blow struck off his head, after which boat and boatman both sunk together into the deep.

“ On the following morning the shattered limbs of the necromancer were found scattered in different places, washed up by the waves. What appeared still more remarkable was, the discovery of a dead elephant lying, apparently drowned, upon the sea shore, a few miles distant from the city. But whence the strange monster could have been brought, or by what means, no one knew.

“ It was surmised, however, by many, that the same necromancer had, by his infernal art, metamorphosed the huge animal into the human form, and employed it in this way, at Venice, for the purpose of effecting some of his diabolical schemes. That at this time he must for once have miscalculated the exact hour and planet under which he was operating;

and had unluckily, for himself, been deceived by the evil spirits, with whom he was tampering, so that in ascending the gondola, he did not even recognize the enchanted beast, as oftentimes indeed, happens to such practitioners in the black arts before attaining their end. Others again wished to infer that the magician had only assumed the strange ancient-looking form in which he appeared, and was in reality a very handsome young man, deeply smitten with a passion for the lovely consort of the Doge. That moreover he had sent the huge elephantine rower before him, in order to assist in the abduction of the noble duchess, or at all events to stir up some wild insurrection in the city, and in the state council of the Republic, favourable to his views. As it has been stated, however, he, in this instance, fell a victim to his own want of foresight in directing the potency of his own fatal arts.

“Hence we may learn”

Just at these words Margery was interrupted by a tremendous bustle in the street. She cast an anxious glance towards the windows, and at length whispered, “Ah, grandfather; I fear the young gentlemen students are even more wild than usual to-day!”

“It is only according to custom,” said the old man with a smile; “and birds of one feather will flock together, as the saying goes. So give no more

4

heed to it, love, than to the blustering of a storm towards spring, and go on quietly with the book."

Margery was once more applying herself with all diligence to the exact line and word, when suddenly there came three such thundering blows against the window shutters, that the fine old vellum book slipped out of her hand, and she hid her face in the cushion of the arm chair, which rattled, along with all the furniture in the room.

But not so the worthy head master; for hastening close under the window, he exclaimed in the same strong clear tone in which he gave the word of command, when serving *à la militaire*, in his youth; "Who has the boldness to disturb a free citizen in his own house? Let the wanton young blade give his name from the outside, and we shall soon see if he be as valiant as he would make us believe. As to this house, let him know it is the residence of Head Master Rhenfried—Philibert Rhenfried, President of the Honourable Joiners' Company, belonging to this town and country. What say ye?"

A low anxious wailing was heard on the outside, very strongly distinguished through all the violent mirth and uproar of the collegians, and gradually dying away along with the same in the distance.

"What was that?" enquired both the grandfather and the child at the same moment, with a look of surprise.

The students meanwhile made a fresh movement; and formed in a grand square in the mark. Torches were seen waving in the air, mingled with no few cudgels : and it is said that a number were observed to be sharpening their hangers upon the stones. Apparently they had pronounced their *pereat* upon many an unlucky professor's pate ; and in particular upon his, who had so greatly won little Margaret's regard. For though he was accustomed to banter in a friendly way with some of these wild spirits of the gown, he was extremely bitter and unrelenting, in cases of excessive wickedness and extravagance on their part, inasmuch that between the two, they hardly knew in which way to deal with him. However, they were in hopes, at least, of terrifying him out of the vexatious censorship, which he had assumed, and they were the more emboldened by the efforts of a new collegian, named Marcellin, who had been residing during some weeks, while on a tour, in the town, and ingratiated himself extremely with the whole fraternity by his superior courage and dexterity. Though a good deal older than the usual run of them, he it was who schemed and executed the most mad and juvenile tricks, while at the same time he won equal admiration by his superior abilities and acquirements. He had also conceived a great dislike to poor Margery's favourite, the Professor Nordenholm ; hated to hear him named ; could never be prevailed upon to call on

him as on the other professors, and felt infinitely delighted at the idea of beholding the rod which was now hanging over him, descend, in terrorem, upon his professional shoulders.

Their whole force marched forthwith until they formed a junction before the said Nordenholm's house; and there they set up a shout for Marcellin. Marcellin! echoed from a hundred voices, but it was in vain! no Marcellin made his appearance.

At length he was seen sinking quite pale and breathless, with difficulty supporting himself upon his sword-stick, out of the crowd about him. Some of the senior natives approached him with looks of eager and terrific inquiry, while the light of their torches glared strangely upon his livid and distorted features. "What!" cried he, scornfully as they gathered round him, "do you think this either well bred or right to dog me in so scandalous a stile to the very steps of a strange old master joiner, one whom I may not so much as call by name; and would you delude me by maintaining that this is the family house of the hated Professor Nordenholm?"

"Of a truth," replied one of the students, in no good humoured tone, "the head master resides in Nordenholm's family house, but who, as you so outrageously insist, has offered to dog your steps thither; and, moreover, how happen you to know any thing respecting Nordenholm's residence? you who de-

tested to hear him named, and gave yourself no sort of concern about him ! all this appears to me somewhat strange."

Marcellin's pride took the alarm, but at the word strange, he seemed greatly confused, and replied in a hurried, unconnected manner. This only plunged both parties deeper into the brawl, and shortly, in his excessive choler, he challenged two of the natives to meet him with sword and pistols on the ensuing morning.

After fierce words on both sides, they separated and went in different directions without attempting to resume any of their former schemes, and without a single *pereat* executed on any professional head.

Nordenholm watched their retreat through his half-closed windows barricadoed with huge tomes, and burst into bitter laughter, as he recalled to mind a similar convulsion, which was years before followed by the loss of his sweetest earthly enjoyments.

Meanwhile the head-master and Margaret had ceased to read, and were sitting nearer each other quite still and contemplative.

"No, read no more to-night, child," said the old man, "the evening seems to have set in so strangely; and then the history you began to read was so very extraordinary, who knows but still more wild and absurd accounts may follow it; better bring your spinning-wheel to the table, and then if you should

happen to call to mind one of your prettiest ditties sing it for me, my dear."

Margery smiled and nodded her head, at the same time beginning to spin in right earnest, but no pretty song seemed to rise up in her trembling little heart. She seemed rather to anticipate from her looks, though the streets were again quiet, that there was yet something strangely unusual and dismal in the approaching night that weighed heavier and heavier on her mind. Nor were her forebodings felt without reason, for just then they heard heavy footsteps pacing backwards and forwards in the room above them, the same which was occupied by the old lodger who had not yet returned home, and of which he always carried the key about him, being extremely jealous of any one entering it in his absence. At times, too, they thought they heard a fearful sobbing, and sighing, almost like that of a man dying of great pain. Margaret raised up her hands, as if directing her grandfather to the spot, but said not a word, while he went and took down his old broad sword hanging on the wall, then prayed a few moments within himself, and lastly went towards the door.

"Dearest grandfather, my own best grand-papa," whispered Margaret, "take me with you then! for whatever terrible there may be, it cannot be half so agonizing as I should imagine, were I to be left here

in the little study by myself--all alone, with such dreadful thoughts. Oh yes; you must take me along with you!"

And after a few moments, while the old man had been engaged in trimming the lamp for his lantern, and putting out the candle which they were before burning, he motioned to the timid girl to accompany him, and lighted her on the way. But she clung fast to him, and they began to ascend the stairs together. As they proceeded up the narrow stone steps, and along the creaking landing, they continued to hear more plainly the same strange moaning and whimpering from the lodger's chamber. They were now standing before the door, and could perceive there was a light burning within, apparent though the key-hole. "In God's name," cried old master Rhenfried, "what kind of being is within there, and in what manner engaged?"

The door flew suddenly open, wide open, and "Huzzah! halloh! who disturbs, who affrights me?" was repeated from a voice within, so horribly wild and mad, that master Rhenfried involuntarily stepped back, and the child fell upon her knees, muttering her prayers behind him.

In the middle of the chamber stood arrayed in a blood-red mantle, the strange lodger, and he trembled greatly. After a short pause, he said in a low hollow

voice, " See ! take your rent for one half year. It is upon the table ; there, take it away, for it fell due the week before."

" I shall not receive it to-day for all that," replied the old master, with a firmly recovered and determined tone of voice, " but I both will and must know what it is that so dreadfully agitates you, and by what means you gained access into my fast-locked and bolted dwelling !"

" What I moan, and what I sigh for," half sobbed and laughed the offended lodger, " Eh ! surely the spirits that haunt the gallows have a right to do that ; and why not he who regularly and orderly pays for his own lodging ? How did I gain access here, you say ?—Eh ! what kind of questions are these ?—why, the house door was standing wide open when I came ; upon my honour, I can assure you, nevertheless, that I remarked nothing else."

" For all that," said master Rhenfried, " I have earnestly to entreat of you to leave these lodgings to-morrow morning, for truly I am not accustomed to live with people whose doors fly off their hinges when they just approach them ; I will never live with them any more."

" But I do not happen to be of the same opinion," said the strange lodger, in a contemptuous tone, " I laugh at the idea of going out ; you know you are bound over to the former landlord to suffer

me to remain. So there is your rent, pick it up, it is all there."

The old master, glancing sideways at the glittering gold, observed, "Hand to hand; I can receive nothing from you besides; I see you have brought such curious old doubloons, all marked Venice, and I know not what date they may bear. I believe too I have said before-time that I am no exchange broker, and have no dealings in strange obsolete coins, though I were to gain ten times the amount by them."

"Here, however," cried the lodger, laughing, "are no Venetian doubloons. They are old Saxon gold coins, which your forefathers have been acquainted with these thousand years. And if you soddish folk no longer prize them, yet the former master here, the wonderfully wise Nordenholm, may surely contrive to exchange them. Now pray leave me alone, or take what is due to you!"

And as old master Rhenfried was turning reluctantly away, the strange lodger slammed to the door with such violence as to blow out their light. Slowly and sad did the grandfather and daughter descend the stairs, and along the landing which sounded dismally to their footsteps, until they again reached the snug little study, and felt as if a burden were suddenly removed from their mind. They lighted and trimmed their lamp, and master Rhen-

fried shouted aloud for the maid-servant, to go instantly with a message for Professor Nordenholm, entreating him to come thither without loss of time. Should he be gone to rest, he must nevertheless get up, and hasten as fast as possible to consider of some very important business.

In a short while the professor made his appearance, pale and terrified. "You have sent for me on account of the lodger—is it not?" he enquired in a low voice; "my God! I might well think how it would be! but let our pretty little Margaret go to bed. I have much strange matter for your private ear, and our conference may be prolonged far beyond midnight."

The head master expressed his assent, and bade the servant go along with Margaret, and both retire to rest. Margery looked a little anxiously round her, but observing that her good old grandfather, as well as the professor, was going to keep watch, she thought it would be better to try and forget her fears in sleep, and, without a word, she bade them both a sweet good night. Soon she fell into a soft slumber, and lost all recollection of the fearful occurrences of that dismal night: it had no longer power over her gentle spirit, for the smile that played upon her lips betokened innocent and angelic rest.

Meanwhile the professor and master Rhenfried were in earnest communion together, seated near one

another at the little round table. After a long pause, the former in a low and fearful tone thus resumed the discourse: "I ought in the outset, my dear Rhenfried, to remind you of a great calamity which happened to you, though I am also aware, that so singular a period of your excellent life, should, if possible, be wrapped in an impenetrable veil of oblivion; but it is all of no use now. I loved your lost daughter who disappeared ten years ago, and if she did not return my affection, there was a time when she seemed to receive it with a degree of sweet complacency and friendship. The cause of the beloved girl's loss, so inexpressibly bitter to my feelings, remains still as unaccountable to me as I suppose it yet does to you."

The old man made a sign for him to say no more, and seemed to be absorbed in deep meditation within himself. At length he said, "No! that dreadful occurrence is not such a complete mystery as you seem to think, though more severely felt, my dear sir, than any similar affliction that perhaps ever befell me. Yet, when I take all into consideration—your known integrity; your present sincerity; your kind attachment to my grand-daughter, and the confidence she seems to feel in you; I feel I can no longer withhold mine; I feel that you fully merit it, and I will state every circumstance I know relating to the fate of my poor unfortunate girl.

“It may now be rather more than twelve years ago when there came to my house, where till then I had resided so quietly and pleasantly with my little girls;—there came, I say, one day, a handsome young man who expressed a wish to see my workshop, and after examining my models, &c. very attentively, he began to talk about an apprenticeship. As you may imagine, I at first treated the matter as mere jest, and then rejected it as a piece of uncalled for mockery on his part, warmly entreating him not to think of amusing himself at my expense. Still the young gentleman insisted he intended neither jest nor insult; he was much attached to turning and joiners’ work of all kinds, and he had resolved to become acquainted with it in all its branches thoroughly, and upon principle, under the care and instructions of a skilful master. He then hoped he had succeeded, and he was resolved, with my permission, never to relinquish his design, until he had made himself fairly master of all that it was in my power to teach. Like a madman, as I was, I gave my consent, though I knew literally nothing either who he was, or whence he came; not even whether he had any testimonials with him. I shewed him every thing in my shop; drew up an agreement, as if the devil possessed me, and called him at his own request, by the name of Ludibert Wendelstern.”

“Ludibert!” said Nördenholm mournfully,—

"Alas, there is a Ludibert occurs, likewise, in my own history. But go on! go on! Dear master. Was he then, the man who deprived you of your angelic daughter?"

"He! he! no other on earth!" replied the old man; his face growing darker and darker as he spoke. "Right well did the cunning seducer know how to apply himself to my noble art; never had I an apprentice half so skilful, for he possessed fine talents, and in more branches than one. He could play the flute beautifully, and could sing as well; while with his rapier he was a perfect master."

Nordenholm earnestly signified his assent, and the old man continued, without noticing it.

"During our leisure hours he amused himself with instructing the rest of the apprentices and their companions in the noble science of defence, and having myself been a soldier, fond of the sword exercise, it afforded me no slight pleasure to witness their feats with the foil. On all occasions the young master exhibited the greatest politeness and good breeding in his conduct, and daily established himself more firmly in my good graces. This continued for the space of two years; when suddenly the scales fell from my deluded eyes, and I stood lost in astonishment and dismay. The young students had engaged in a similar piece of work to that we have witnessed this evening; and one of those who returned no

more that night to supper, and was never afterwards seen, was Ludibert Wendelstern. On the ensuing morning I found a paper lying in my daughter Agnes' chamber, but she was gone—gone for ever."

The old man here rose, and unlocking a small cupboard, took out two letters which he handed to the Professor, who recognizing the hand of his beloved Agnes, began to read, though almost blinded by the tears that came into his eyes.

"A happy destiny calls me away from you, my dear father; but I know you would never have yielded me your consent. Farewell, then, and take comfort; for I feel quite assured we shall soon meet again, when you will congratulate me a thousand, thousand times on the happiness which will soon be mine."

"That," said the old master, "was indeed a poor prophecy," and he drew his hand across his eyes, as if in pain: "she was far too confident, and that ever brings failure and disappointment along with it, for wretched mortals such as we are. There is only one thing certain, but that is quite certain; wherefore the Lord be praised."

He took his cap from his reverend white head, held it between his folded hands, and prayed within himself. Afterwards he continued, with more cheerful resignation:—"During four years I could learn nothing regarding her; but at the expiration of that period, one fine morning, an infant of about four years

old was found wrapped delicately up, and laid at my door. It was Margaret, and the following note was found attached to its arm; which I will endeavour to read to you:

"I have been lawfully united at the altar with my beloved Ludibert; and the sweet pledge of our affection which I herewith commit to your care, was, I assure you, by all that is holy, born in honorable wedlock. If you would not wish to curse, and to kill me, I beseech you to preserve the dear infant for me, until I come to claim her; till when her existence must remain a mystery. My noble consort maintains me in great wealth and splendor; yet, oh, best and dearest father, you cannot believe what abundance of wishful tears I shed—what sighs I pour, once more to cross our sweet home's threshold; and which I am fondly trusting soon to do. Oh, think often of your absent, but faithful, fondly-loving,

"AGNES."

"In the basket that contained the child was a large sum of gold and silver, with precious stones. This, however, I deposited as the subscription of some stranger for the use of St. Ursula's hospital. But I deliberated not a moment in announcing that the young child was my grand-daughter, the offspring of the marriage of my daughter with the stranger. And now, God be praised, our good city is pleased to give full credit to any assertion from the

lips of head-master Philibert Rhenfried : so far my good name helped me, and I troubled myself no farther with any needless inquiries. So at all events, my poor Agnes has not been the occasion of adding the sin of lying to the account of her aged father's soul. I have brought up her little girl to the best of my knowledge of what is good and right, and so by Heaven's mercy she has gone on improving, doubtless under its wise dispensations, to the fulfilment of God's purposes here below."

Nordenholm here pressed the old man's hand ; and leaning down his head, wept bitterly. After a long sad pause he then said : " Alas, my good master, I see how much you suffer, but your sufferings are not barbed with the stings of guilt ; therefore do you bear them freely and boldly. But woe alas ! I feel no sweet confidence in the same freedom. I have my misgivings, though I have nothing dreadful to reproach myself with. There is something weighs at my heart, which seems to grow heavier and heavier as the night proceeds.

" The cause of this first arose on occasion of the fore-mentioned festival, when I was young and happy, alas, doubly happy, for I then flattered myself with delightful hopes of winning your daughter's love ;—and came along with other students to enjoy ourselves here.

" After our rounds, we held jubilee in a grand decorated hall, where we were joined by a mask array-

ed in very splendid apparel. We had once, and only once, before observed the same man make his appearance, and concluded that he was one of our merry company who had some especial piece of mirth in view. This time the unknown made his obeisance, and with very humble voice, petitioned for leave to propose a question for the consideration of our society. Receiving our unanimous consent, he began ; — ‘ It is a question of honor and of duty ; — whether a lover have a right to carry off his beloved when he is persuaded that he can maintain her in all due and lawful honor and worthiness ; and is equally persuaded that her happiness and his own can be accomplished by no other means.’ He paused ; and the voices on both sides rose loud on the ear ; though most were perceptibly in favor of a mad assent to such a proposition ; many of the students being pretty well heated with wine, and full of adventurous spirit, eager for exploits. I, even I ! good master ; joined in the wild and wicked votes that carried the question ; but it was the first truly blameable act of my life. Even now within this last half hour, I have heard from your own lips, how very lamentably I may have assisted, by such a vote, by supporting such a proposal, in striking at my own sweetest hopes of happiness on earth.”

He hid his face in his hands, and was silent. The old master laid his hand gently upon his bowed head, and while he pronounced his forgiveness, also gave

his blessing : his repentance was enough. Nordenholm then rose with renewed hope and strength, and thus continued :

“ It seemed, at the same moment, as if I was carried away by a strange impulse of wilful rioting and folly, quite foreign to my usual calm and moderate feelings of enjoyment on such occasions. It appeared as if I no longer recognized myself ; I wished to be foremost in the mad career we were pursuing, every where ambitious to give a spur to the follies of the hour ; and in all companies striving to lead the revels, in singing, dancing, drinking or rioting. Shortly I heard reports that the stranger was exerting himself very strenuously among our colleagues to obtain some of the most bold and adventurous hands for the purpose of carrying into effect the identical exploit which had gained our unanimous applause ; and that he spared no powers of oratory, no influence, to gain his point. My rude and boisterous mirth seemed to offend his more genteel and delicate bearing ; and soon we had words together. Then he tore the mask from his face, and we beheld a perfectly strange, but beautiful youth, with a smile of scorn upon his features, which could not, however, impair their noble symmetry and lively expression. ‘ My name is Ludibert ;’ he cried, approaching me nearer, ‘ for that of my family, it is noble, princely ; but I shall not mention it to you. Enough that I

now cite you to appear and decide our difference in honorable combat : enough that I so far condescend.'

"The challenge was as quickly received ; every thing was prepared ; I met him with perfect ease and confidence ; for I was the unrivalled master of our ring, and stripped to our shirts, with single rapiers, we set to. Almost at the first pass, I was overpowered by the irresistible vigor of my rival's arm : I could not even stand my guard ; but was instantly struck senseless and bleeding to the ground ; a part of his weapon sticking in my breast.

"Many weeks afterwards, on my first return of consciousness, my first inquiries were respecting Agnes, and the tale of her abduction then saluted my ears. I could learn nothing of the time and place, while my ideas on the subject were so mingled with the occurrences of that dreadful night, that I could only feel remorse for the mad disposition which I had indulged, and confess myself unworthy of the happiness which once appeared in store for me.

"Yet alas, good sir, my cup was not yet full. There was a favorite subject, I don't much like to mention, which I once pursued for the sake of poetical embellishment, the research after strange old charms, and other magical influences ; and this, my despair respecting the fate of Agnes, now led me to employ, for the purpose of discovering whither the beloved girl had disappeared. Ah, my worthy master ;

fix not your eye so sternaly, so reproachfully upon me, much less turn away your sympathy from my sorrows; for know, God be praised, I have never either denied or misapplied what is holy by any instigation or pursuit of mine." At the same time he stretched out his right hand in token of such assurance, which the good master with a look of compassion accepted and motioned to him to proceed; as he did in the following words:—

"I knew that it has been conceived possible through a fit conjunction of times and circumstances, so to fabricate a magical mirror, that it shall retain the moon's beams in such a manner, as to exhibit by secret reflexion on the surface, every thing that passes upon the earth's sphere in succession, according as such magic mirror shall be directed and applied. This wonderful piece of mechanism I succeeded with infinite labour and great expence in procuring; and once in the garden of this your, but formerly my house, I began, when the moon was shining clear in the heavens, and at the full, about the eleventh hour of night, to try my secret experiment. That my own apparition would be seen, in case my image fell upon my glass; seen even from the farthest corner of the earth, I was well aware; but my whole soul was so intent upon learning the fate and residence of Agnes, that I could dwell upon nothing else.

"It now seemed as if some assistant being were

directing my hand in the motions of the mirror, which fortunately had been placed aright. At first only small strange forms cast their reflexions over the surface of the mirror; when at length, in the direction of the south, there arose one so enchantingly sweet and lovely before my eyes!—Oh my good master! father! she sat looking so beautiful and angelic, amidst the blooming orange bowers, in the soft moonlight which shed its beams upon the lofty pines that crowned the heights above——”

“ I see your eyes sparkle with delight;” interrupted the old man, in a tone of displeasure; “ you ought rather to take shame and sorrow to yourself, for having dared to dabble in any forbidden species of witchcraft, than to display the least feeling of exultation. Let me hear you describe what follows, with a becoming degree of seriousness and regret;—what farther appeared?”

With the humility of a repentant offender, the Professor cast his eyes upon the ground, and in a lower tone said, “ It was, indeed, Agnes! she was splendidly attired, and was again seen walking by moonlight leaning on Ludibert’s arm. I concealed my features cautiously, at a distance, to prevent them from falling upon the mirror. Next, you yourself, Sir, suddenly appeared in the garden; and on the mirror’s surface the pale and sorrowful cast of your features was plainly visible. Seized with alarm, lest you too

should catch sight of Agnes, I ran to the glass, beheld my own distorted features reflected there; and bursting into a thousand fragments the wonderful instrument fell from my trembling grasp."

"I know it all, as well as if it happened to day," said the white-headed Rhenfried; "yet amidst all the images that floated before my eyes I could distinguish no one; clouds of heart-sprung tears concealed them from view. For at that time I had not fully resigned myself to the will of God: I lay weeping upon my bed, but suddenly I heard a light whispering as if it had said in my ear, 'Rise, unhappy father; in Nordenholm's house it is known what is become of thy daughter.' I obeyed, and doubtless it was no good spirit, which had so whispered me in my chamber. Then when I came and found you labouring under such excessive terror, you know well that I retired without speaking a single word, and never more alluded to the appalling and mysterious subject. Long afterwards, however, a heavy weight seemed to oppress my soul; from which you may learn, my poor deluded friend, how very critical and dangerous a pursuit it is, that can involve in its forbidden operations even the peace of the innocent, who would willingly resist its incantations to their last breath."

Meanwhile they again began to hear the voice of the strange lodger above stairs, mingled with sobs

and sighs, and wild fierce laughter, even louder than before.

"Good God!" cried the Professor in much alarm;—"suppose the horrid noises were to awaken the child!" Already he had raised his hand with threatening gesture towards the room above; when instantly checking himself, he sank down upon his knees and said: "Help! help me to pray! good master; that will avail us much better here." Both then prayed, and all grew still!

When they had again seated themselves at the table, the old master first spoke:

"Assuredly, Mr. Professor, you must have disturbed my mind by some other means, besides those used with the magical mirror. You had better at once speak boldly out, and confess how it is that this strange unhappy lodger continues here; he is in some way connected with your proceedings."

"So indeed it is," replied Nordenholm. "For having learned that my Agnes was to be sought for somewhere in the south, I instantly collected the scattered remnants of my fortune, in order to seek her in those parts. The better to further my views, and gain access to various classes of society I assumed the title of Doctor and Professor. While I was absent, you were presented with little Margaret whom you found at your own door, but it was my fate alas, to encounter many less fair and pleasing

nights, cruel and frightful adventures, which bore me, like a whirlpool, into the gulf.

"I had journeyed as far as the city of Venice. There I heard mention of a certain sorcerer, who knew how to unravel all mysteries upon earth, and as I found all my inquiries after my lost Agnes were fruitless, I formed an acquaintance with him; and he is the very same strange being, whom we just now heard crying out and lamenting over our head. On consulting him he declared that he must have some fixed abode, where he might prepare his conjurations, and that having first provided him with a floor in my own house, he would attend to my wishes. When he got possession, however, he did not keep his word; pretending that the image of Agnes appeared only dimly floating before his eyes. Moreover, I heard it currently reported at Venice that this was merely the apparition of a real sorcerer, who had flourished centuries ago, and owing to some want of foresight in his art had fallen a sudden victim; and never since been enabled to enjoy the least repose."

"Just Heavens! that I feared," exclaimed Rhenfried. "Margaret has this very evening read me his dreadful history aloud! Come what may, however, no time is to be lost; we must rid the house of him, at all events." As he had said this, the old master proceeded once more to trim his lantern; took his

good sword under his arm, and strode boldly out of the room. Nordenholm ventured not to oppose him, but followed at a distance trembling with doubt and terror, up the steps and along the sounding staircase until they reached the strange lodger's room.

The grey-headed host knocked smartly at the door; it began to open very slowly, but not as if moved by a human hand; for the fearful guest was seated quite at the other end of the chamber, upon the ground, wrapped in a red mantle; several household implements scattered round him, and a dull blue fire flickering and casting its fitful shadows upon the opposite walls.

The strange lodger cast a keen glance at the intruders, with a smile of scorn upon his lips; and as they continued to gaze upon him, more fierce and fiery glances shot from his hollow eyes.

"Give yourselves no trouble;" he shouted in a hollow voice; "I well know your object, and what you want here; but nothing will come of it, at least during your lives; and it is a question even whether Master Philibert's grand-children will make me quit. For I am of a very tenacious nature, and apt to tarry long at a place."

The Professor here sighed deeply from the bottom of his soul. The Red Mantle tried to force a laugh, but in this he could not rightly succeed;

though he said in triumph; "One of you, I well know, is burdened with heavy thoughts. Of that at least I am certain!"

"For me," replied old master Philibert, very calmly,—“for me, I feel still more certain that I am not the person. Yea! and I know something yet more; that you will not venture to stay in this house another quarter of an hour; for I hereby conjure you, in pure and lively faith, with the fear of God before my eyes, confiding in him only, to depart from hence out of this house, and never to cross its threshold more. What is more, you shall decamp forthwith, secretly and quietly, without offering to disturb a single Christian soul within these walls, without any knocking, rumbling, or roaring of any kind. Now!—avaunt!—are you going? or will you have me appeal to more strong and terrible adjurations, in the name of the Lord. Will you wait, and rue your folly, or be gone?” At these last words, with quick, horrible and threatening gestures, the lodger gathered up his strange furniture and hiding them under his red mantle, he hastened towards the door, fiercely murmuring as he went by, “Thou cunning old Professor—thou arch deceiver—not a word in my defence, against that savage greybeard; dumb villain as thou art! I will away from these walls—but then what woe—what woe—yet—yet.”

His voice continued to utter this, close in their

cam, after he himself had disappeared. With the careful eye of a prudent householder and father, master Rhenfried, examined all parts of the room with his lanthorn, in order to ascertain that nothing of an unhallowed or diabolical kind had been left in the haunted room. He could discover nothing, except that upon the little table there remained the same old gold coins, counted out in payment of the strange lodger's rent.

"Hem!" said the master, thinking awhile to himself, "an honest ghost in his way; yet I must not venture to take possession of it; though, again it is doubtless a God-send, which ought not to be buried without turning to use, nor misapplied;—I will convey it then to St. Ursula's Hospital. Morning is already glimmering through the window-shutters; I think we will awaken little Margaret, and take her along with us, for the child is always eager, and even quite fond of walking that way; none so pleasant, she thinks, when I go along with her."

Very soon, then, the Professor and master Rhenfried were proceeding on their route, conducting the pretty Margery carefully between them, along the beautiful avenue of lime trees which leads with gentle ascent to the front of the Hospital. The little girl laughed and jested in so artless and engaging a manner, as to lighten up the sad contemplative features of her companions with occasional smiles. They met

one of the women of the establishment, and clasping her little hands, Margery addressed her in the most friendly voice :—" Ah, lady Sibyl ! ah, lady Sibyl ! thou that art wont to bring me always such sweet fruit, and get'st nothing but a pat on the cheek in return. Good morning, a very good morning, lady Sibyl."

Just at that moment was heard a confused uproar on the opposite side to where they stood, and a group of students made their appearance carrying a bier, apparently with some wounded person, to seek assistance at the hospital. Lady Sibylla, at this sight, breaking loose from the child, hastened to her post ; the two friends followed her thoughtfully, while Margery hid herself anxiously behind a rose bush.

The bier was now laid down, the students gathered round in a circle, while the woman began cautiously to examine the person's wounds. They all made way, however, for the Professor and Master Rhenfried, with marks of great respect, and one of them began to whisper them how the strange student, Marcellin, had engaged with and disarmed one of the senior students, and then confessed the injustice of which he had been guilty on the previous evening, upon which a complete reconciliation took place. " So it might have been, likewise, with the second duel," continued the relater, " or at least nothing fatal would perhaps have happened ; when suddenly—no one knew whence—an old strange looking man

clad in a red mantle stood in the midst of us all, murmuring some unintelligible words, and looking highly displeased at us. The combatants seemed to fight more and more furiously. In a moment the stranger stooping down, filled his hands with sand which he cast repeatedly with the speed of light in thick clouds between the rivals, at the same time loudly laughing, 'Hail to you, old master! well a day! have I played you a trick? now for Venice; now thou hast got it well—woe—woe!'

"We heard him say these words, though he was gone, nobody seemed to know how. Lost in astonishment, we at length turned our eyes to the duellists who both lay bleeding upon the ground; the senior was dead, and Marcellin we have here brought along with us in the situation you see. Their seconds have made their escape: and we, though less guilty, are come forward willingly to deliver ourselves up to whatever punishment may be thought due. No, we did not leave him helpless upon the ground."

The Professor and Rhenfried, not without evident reluctance and shuddering, drew nigh the bier; pale and bloody, Marcellin raised himself up; he knew Nordenholm; moaned, and then exclaimed in rage, "Thou black sorcerer—abandoned sorcerer—I swore to do it—I saw thy hateful visage when you conjured up the image of my sweet wife's father, all sorrowful and bathed in tears. Then sat she in her

orange bower, near Naples—in the soft moonshine—know you it—know you it well? In an agony of remorse she turned away from me, and thenceforth our bonds of love were broken asunder Nay, I have never since once beheld her any where on this wide and desolate earth. Then hastened I hither, to have my revenge on thee: and here I must sadly die. And yet now were all obstacles overcome; and the sweet saint were again mine—the partner of my ducal power and splendour—she, for whose sake I became a vile apprentice—and God knows what worse—yea, I had led her home—had her mine own in all the pride of love and splendour But now she is far away, and I am dying—dying, another and another victim of thy hateful infernal arts.”

A murmur was heard among the students, “The fever is mounting into his head;” others, however, were more doubtful, and hazarded a variety of conflicting conjectures. Master Rhenfried looked round him with a free and friendly air; he then took his cap off his fine grey head, and spoke in a clear but mild tone, “To the very respectable young students, and any other spectators who may wish to put questions on this affair, I here stake my life and honor, that professor Nordenholm is wholly innocent of causing this young man’s death.”

The murmurs became still, all moved respectfully in token of assent to the worthy old man, and they

began to advance excuses, and canvass the professor's conduct in a more favourable manner. He himself, however, appeared unconscious of what was passing around him, he stood the very picture of grief, the hot bitter tears coursing each other down his cheeks.

Master Rhenfried meanwhile bent over the dying man, and with gentle firmness said, " You will soon appear in the presence of the great God, my dear sir, and now you see before you the face of that man whom you have the most deeply betrayed and injured, even deprived of his last sweetest hopes on earth. But God be praised—I know, I confess, Him who purchased us with his blood; bore all our sins, and has paid the price even for yours. So take comfort, dear sir, I forgive you from the bottom of my soul, and if you depart with feelings of reconciliation and regret, be assured you will likewise meet with still greater compassion—pardon—blessed peace, in that better state to which you are now fast hastening. With whatever evil, deceit, and falsehood, Ludibert, you so vilely assumed the name of Wendelstern on earth, I do confidently predict that for this your sorrow and ruth, you shall yet retain your name, and become a fair bright star (stern) in Heaven, high above all your earthly pomp and state; in a sphere where friend and enemy may unite in the enjoyment of the same heavenly blessedness and delights. Go, take thy rest then, dear Ludibert, with

a meek and reconciled spirit, in holy hope, in lively assurance, that thou shalt wake 'mid the light of a brighter and happier morn."

The supposed Marcellin, now the unhappy Ludibert, stretched forth his hands to the good master, and mildly turning his eyes to the spot where stood the late hated Nordenholm, a friendly smile played upon his features; he pressed his hand, bowed down his head upon it, and died.

Now, too, it was first observed, that the female attendant had fallen into a swoon by the side of the bier. The old man gently raised up her head, and held her until she came to herself; when, refusing all farther assistance, with feeble step, and drawing her hood and cloak closer around her, she proceeded towards the hospital. The students again raised the bier, and in perfect silence bore the deceased slowly along towards an ancient half-dilapidated church at a short distance; while Nordenholm not a little consoled after seeing Ludibert's happy departure, with his usual promptness and decision pointed out to them, in few words, when they had laid down the bier at the church door, all that was necessary to be observed on such an occasion, and how they might best clear up their conduct by shunning not, and by disguising nothing from the civil power.

The students bowing respectfully and returning their unanimous thanks, while they at the same time

condoled with him, then took their leave, shewing by the sorrow of their countenances, how much their hearts were amended.

Meanwhile the spital woman had beckoned the aged Rhenfried to accompany her, and stopped as she was entering the hospital under the vaulted entrance, where she began to enter into earnest discourse with him. Seeing the professor approaching, the old master beckoned to him, and said, "Here, friend, this good woman wishes to communicate something to us; let us hear her!"

She then threw back her veil and hood, and there stood before them the long-lost and lamented Agnes; saintly pale, indeed, and bearing the traces of deep suffering, but whose features were not to be mistaken by the eye of a father, and of a lover. In the same serious and lofty frame of mind, produced by what had so recently happened, all three seemed now to regard earthly sorrows and earthly wishes with a spirit of serene and cheerful patience, and whatever the future might have in store for them, either to part with or bear, they were already prepared for, and saw as it were approaching along the vista of coming years.

Little Margaret who had laid herself to sleep beside the rose tree, overpowered with the last night's anxieties and fatigue, now came skipping towards them, and playfully caressing the weeping Agnes,

said, "How beautiful you look this morning, dear lady Sibylla, now you have thrown aside your black cap and hood, but you must not cry—women never cry!" But her delight knew no bounds when she learned that the lady was going home to live with her, and was to have the room of the strange old lodger for her own, who was never coming back any more.

This, too, she found to be all true; she was quite enraptured at the change, and under the delicate and incessant guardianship and attentions lavished upon her by the three friends, pretty Margery grew and flourished, until she bloomed in full beauty, one of the most fair and lovely flowers in the rich garland of Germany's gentle women.

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1429-19-4

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